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The Globe Edition

POETICAL WORKS

OF

SIR WALTER SCOTT

BARONET

WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL MEMOIR

ВY

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE

LATE FELLOW OF EXETER COLLEGE OXFORD



London
MACMILLAN AND CO
1867





THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

SIR WALTER SCOTT

London: R Clay, Son, and Taylor, Printers, Bread Street Hill.

DEDICATION

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The first of our living Statesmen is not only remarkable for the largeness of his political views and his consummated mastery of details, but for the generous confidence with which he regards the working classes of his fellow-countrymen, and for his untiring energy in promoting their welfare. He is also known as a lover of the beautiful and the noble in literature, especially as exhibited in the poetry of the heroic ages. A popular edition of Sir Walter Scott Poems has therefore a double right to the sanction of his name. The writer of the following Memoir avails himself of the privilege which has been accorded him, and with sent ments of the deepest admiration and respect, dedicates the book to Mr. Gladstone.



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Those about Scott may have been already impressed, like Mrs. Cockburn, his mental energy and determination to "know everything." But in the biography he adopts another tone, which reappears in his later letters. He conscious that industry had not come to him without a struggle. About one brothers he remarks, that he had "the same determined indolence that mark all." No description could, at first sight, appear less applicable to himself there be one constant attribute of real genius, it is vast capacity for and e ment of labour. Genius often makes us feel that it is almost synonymous patience, as Buffon and Reynolds called it. And it would be difficult to man of genius whose recorded works, -never more than a portion of the s whole work, -are more extensive and varied than Scott's. He had, in the hi degree, another charming quality, often, though not so essentially an attribu intellectual excellence-Modesty. Hence, throughout his life he undervalued self, and thought little of his own energy. Yet we cannot doubt that this "c mined indolence," like the irritability of temper which he so subdued that suspected its existence, was a real element in his nature. At school (1778-1 Scott's zeal for study is inferior to the ardour of Shelley; he takes no slightest interest in what is not only the most perfect, but the most essen "romantic" of literatures, -that of Greece; even in Latin going only far en to set the highest value upon the modern verse of Buchanan, and after him Lucan and Claudian. He was satisfied with a working knowledge of Fre German, Italian, and Spanish. Perhaps the family failing expended itse confining his studies to the circle marked out by strong creative impulse history, manners, romances, and poetry of mediaeval and modern Europe. I ing back now at the result, the Poems and the Novels, one is inclined to say Scott in all this followed the imperious promptings of nature. This, however, not his own judgment. He regretted nothing more bitterly than his want o severe classical training. "I forgot the very letters of the Greek alphabet," he in the Autobiography of 1808, "a loss never to be repaired, considering what language is, and who they were who employed it in their compositions." again, "I would at this moment give half the reputation I have had the fortune to acquire, if by doing so I could rest the remaining part upon a s foundation." Within the range noticed, however, his "appetite for books w ample and undiscriminating as it was indefatigable; few ever read so much adds, "or to so little purpose." Spenser, Tasso's "Jerusalem" in the Eng "above all, Bishop Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry," are specified; although throughout his life Scott exhibited a reluctance to employ his pow mind on subjects requiring hard thought, and was disposed to defer any upon which he was engaged to the last, yet in the main we may regard "determined indolence" as absorbed into the meditative atmosphere (if we use the word) of the poetical nature: as the undersoil whence so many master; imaginative writing were destined to grow. There is a strong general likeness this point between Scott and the greatest of his contemporaries in poetry: and words in which Wordsworth described himself would have borne an equal plication to his friend:—

My whole life I have lived in pleasant thought, As if life's business were a summer mood.

My life," Scott himself says, in one of the most remarkable passages of his sary (Dec. 27, 1825), "though not without its fits of waking and strong exertion, as been a sort of dream, spent in

Chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy.

have worn a wishing-cap, the power of which has been to divert present griefs , a touch of the wand of imagination, and gild over the future by prospects more ir than can be realized." Scott's character was essentially formed and finished early youth, and these words may be considered the key to his whole career nd character. Worldly wisdom, love of social rank, passion for lands and goods; these are the motives by which it has been often assumed that he was guided. ir. Carlyle even appears in his remarkable Essay to regard Scott as unentitled the claim of greatness, because he did not throw his strength into grasping e problems of modern life or the eternal difficulties of human thought, -and 22ts him as an eminently genial and healthy man of the world, whose writings ere rather pieces of skilful and rapid manufacture for the day, than likely to ove "heirlooms for ever." But so "antithetically mixed" was his nature, that the same time he was in the spirit hidden away with poetry and the past, d moving among romantic worlds of his own creation. Viewed from one side. ott, as printer and lawyer, with "a thread of the attorney in him," as "laird" d man of society, appears in unromantic contrast to most of his "brothers in mortal verse:" viewed from another, it may be doubted whether any of his stemporaries lived the life of the poet so completely.

A strong capacity for such work as his nature secretly preferred, and towards ich he was unconsciously finding his way, marks the boyhood of Scott. This nd its main exercise at first in a love for inventing and relating marvellous tales ich amounted to real passion. "Whole holidays were spent in this pastime, ich continued for two or three years, and had, I believe, no small effect in acting the turn of my imagination to the chivalrous and romantic in poetry and se." "He used to interest us," writes a lady who was then his playmate, "by ing us the visions, as he called them, which he had lying alone. . . Child as as, I could not help being highly delighted with his description of the glories had seen. . . . Recollecting these descriptions," of which we cannot but

regret that she preserved no memorial, "radiant as they were, I have often thou since, that there must have been a bias in his mind to superstition—the marvell seemed to have such power over him, though the mere offspring of his a imagination, that the expression of his face, habitually that of genuine benevoler mingled with a shrewd innocent humour, changed greatly while he was speak of these things, and showed a deep intenseness of feeling, as if he were awed a by his own recital." Scott, as he was throughout life, is again before us in little delineation; the kindness, the superstition, the shrewdness: and one alre sees "Waverley" and "Lammermoor" in their infancy.

Meanwhile that other element of poetry which is only second in Scott's writito the picture of human life,—the natural landscape,—began to assert its influe over him. Actors were thronging fast within the theatre of his imagination; first sketches of the background and scenery for the drama were now supplified a visit to Kelso, "the most beautiful, if not the most romantic village Scotland," Scott traced his earliest consciousness of the magic of Natural Wordsworth's passion was for

the Visions of the hills And Souls of lonely places.

The passion of Scott differed from this through the leading place which histor memories held in his heart. "The romantic feelings which I have described predominating in my mind gradually rested upon and associated themselves v the grand features of the landscape around me; and the historical incidents traditional legends connected with many of them gave to my admiration a of intense impression of reverence, which at times made my heart feel too big its bosom. From this time the love of natural beauty, more especially w combined with ancient ruins, or remains of our fathers' piety or splendour, because with me an insatiable passion, which I would willingly have gratified by travel over half the globe." Scott's transfer from the Edinburgh High School to College (1783-1786), probably gave him the first freedom to indulge this important within bounds which, though narrow in themselves, were of inexhaustible inte to his sympathetic imagination. Without "travelling over half the globe" could create a realm of his own, sufficient for himself and for his readers. I astonishing to look at the map, and observe within how small a radius from Ec burgh the hundred little places lie which he has made familiar names through the whole civilized world .- We have noticed that Scott's father, (with himselyouth,) is painted in "Redgauntlet." Nothing was ever better contrasted romance than these two characters; and one sees that the real Alan Fairford already beginning at college those adventurous ways which may have made old Writer to the Signet feel that the wild moss-trooping blood of Harden once more at work within the veins of his gallant boy. A wise confidence

Walter free. He wandered for days together over the historical sites of t neighbourhood, and when at home, in lieu of devotion to the prosaic myster of the Scottish law, was able to please his fancy by founding that collection wayside songs and historical relics which filled so large a space in the innoce happiness of his after-years, and was not less a necessary of life to him than I cabinet of rocks and minerals is to the geologist.

The mode in which Scott observed Nature is strictly parallel to his represent tion of human life. As he rarely enters into the depths of character, preferring exhibit it through action, and painting rather the great general features of an a than dwelling on the details for their own sake, so he mainly deals with the lan scape; two or three admirable pictures excepted. Compare his descriptions wi those by Wordsworth, Keats, or Shelley, and the difference in regard to the poir noted will be felt at once. Scott was aware of this. "I was unable," says the Aut biography, "with the eye of a painter to dissect the various parts of the scene, comprehend how the one bore upon the other. . . . I have never, indeed, be capable of doing this with precision or nicety." A curious testimony is bor to the truth of this remark by Scott's failure (like Goethe's) to master even t rudiments of landscape drawing. "Even the humble ambition, which I lo cherished, of making sketches of those places which interested me, from a defect eye or of hand was totally ineffectual." But this absence of power over landsca forms was compensated for by a singularly fine perception of colour, examples which have been given by Mr. Ruskin in the interesting criticisms on Sca contained in his "Modern Painters." Scott's almost total want of ear for muwas a calamity which he shared with a large number of great poets; the strosense of the melody in words and the harmonies of rhythm appearing to leave space in their organization for inarticulate music.

-Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard Are sweeter;

if true at all, is true only of the poet.

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Beside the irresistible impulse which directed Scott's reading to "romantic" at poetical literature, to story-telling, and to country wanderings, he was seriously it peded by illness from pursuing his college studies. And by the time the Academic course was concluded, the passion which governed his youth, and perha secretly coloured the complexion of his future life, had already fallen upon his Little has been told of this early love: force of feeling, and force to repress t signs of feeling, are two of the principal elements in Scott's character; he undergo evil with a pathetic simplicity; he suffers in silence. From what, however, we calkern, it is natural to read in the "love that never found his earthly close" that the source of that peculiar shade of pensive melancholy which runs like a silver three through almost everything he wrote, is heard as a "far-off Aeolian note" in all

poetry, and breaks out at last during his later years of misfortune with strang in his "Journal." This strong passion kept him safe from "the ambush of days," and threw over his whole life the halo of a singular purity. Meantime result was probably to reconcile him to work for his livelihood, and even for following his father's profession :- alien from Scott's nature as a conve office must have been. He was bound apprentice for four years (1786-179 acquaintance with Scottish law, which he used with effect in some of his was the chief fruit of this apprenticeship; for we can hardly reckon as a g half-introduction to business habits on which he afterwards relied with a security. It was not, however, as a "Writer to the Signet" that Scott fir tered the law (1792); having been turned towards the more liberal caree Advocate by the influence of the gently-born intellectual society with which became familiar. Burns, of whom he has left a striking description, he only so with most or all of the remaining eminent Scotchmen of the time he was acq Clerk of Eldin, Corehouse, Jeffrey, and before long the dearest of his early William Erskine, are prominent amongst many other names; for men lived then after the most social fashion in Edinburgh (that excellent feature in lif is lost when capital cities grow large), and clubs and conviviality of a abounded. This was a brilliant stage in Scott's career; perhaps the most tially happy: love, fearful yet warm with hope; open, numerous, an friendships; the first introduction to the literature most congenial to his that of Germany; last, not least, the first sight of the Scottish Highlands. regions, the romantic manners of which were to be so brightly painted writings, by one of the curious contrasts which are frequent in his life, he on a legal visit to evict certain Maclarens; -as he was afterwards the carry a gig, Mr. Carlyle's symbol of modern "respectability," into the d Liddesdale.

This district, under the name of which the best of the Scottish I are apparently included, lay within view of Scott's future home, and was nursing-ground of his genius. Great as he is in describing scenes from thistory, great in his pictures of the Highlands, great in delineating life is burgh or Perth or Glasgow, he seems to move with the largest and frewhen his tale or song is of the Border. For several successive years (179 he appears to have made excursions thither, (partially under the excuse fessional business,) when he explored the wild recesses, and observed the wild race who had not yet been civilized into uniformity; drinking in enjoy every pore, "feeling his life," as Wordsworth says of the child, "in every and as the friend who guided him through the land truly observed, makin' a' the time. This friend, Mr. Shortreed, was of no small value to Scott. he began to show one attribute of genius,—that of attracting others to cowith him. The old ballads, in collecting which he was assisted by Sh

formed the basis of the first book in which Scott displayed his originality; and we soon after find that he gained similar aid from Dr. Elliott, Messrs. Skene, Ritson, Leyden, and finally from Mr. Train, who provided some of the most effective materials for the Novels, and plays an important though hidden part through Scott's life.

This was the time when the shock of the French Revolution recoiled with the greatest force upon the country. England had joined that monarchical alliance which aimed at compelling France to restore the order of things lately swept away, which had succeeded only in uniting France as one man against her invaders, and which now, in turn, feared revenging invasion from the armies of the Republic. It is well known how powerfully and diversely the stirring politics of the time affected thinking men in these islands. The movement which was inspiration to Wordsworth, was reaction to Scott. It converted the poetical Jacobitism which was part of his imaginative inheritance from older days into a fervent Torvism. ardour impelled him now (1797) to take the lead in forming a body of Volunteer Cavalry, for which the political creed then dominant in Scotland afforded him ready followers. Something also of Scott's traditional interest in matters relating to war blended with his patriotic energy; and even the wish to prove, despite of nature, that lameness was no hindrance to physical activity, had its part in the rather excessive zeal with which for some years he threw himself into this mimic and (happily) bloodless campaigning. With similar fervency he entered into the politics of the day. But politics, like poetry, must be studied as an art with the best powers of the mind, if a man is to reach valid conclusions, or show himself a practical statesman; and as Scott, throughout his career, hardly gave to political questions more than the leisure moments of a powerful mind, there is no reason for wonder if this be not the most satisfactory feature in his life, nor one which needs detain the biographer. Scott's insight failed him here; and, as with his study of the law, the only valuable fruit of the years devoted to cavalry drill was a certain accuracy, -contested of course by professional critics, -in his descriptions of warfare. It may be suspected that he and Gibbon pleased themselves with finding, in the vividness of their narratives of battle, some tangible result from months wasted in camp. Genius, however, returns always to its natural track, and abandons imperfect interests. But Scott was as yet totally unaware of his Already indeed love had drawn from him a few lines of exproper vocation. quisitely tender sadness: he had translated the ballad "Lenore" from the German of Bürger, and may have been at work upon Goethe's early drama "Goetz;" yet he almost prided himself upon contempt of literature as a man's work in life. How singular is this utter self-unconsciousness! Here was the man who was to turn the minds of a whole nation to the picturesque and romantic side of poetry. He was to restore an ideal loyalty to the later Stuarts. He was to make the Middle Ages live once more. But, engrossed as he was at this time by foreign revolutions, no one in Edinburgh could have known less than the youthi cate of the change, itself hardly less than a revolution, which he was de work in the thoughts and sentiments of his fellow-creatures.

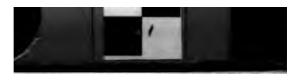
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We now approach the second step in Scott's life. In the course of long dream of youthful love was over. Little has been told, perhaps divulged, of the reasons for the final decision; the lines above alluded "To a Violet" in the following collection,) cannot be regarded as strict ev the facts; and Scott's stern habit of repression where he felt most, has o from us not only what he was compelled to bear, but how he bore it. He dark hour" during a solitary ride in Perthshire; the wise sympathy of (afterwards Countess of Purgstall) was some little aid; but the wor inwardly, and the evidence appears strong, that, like all passion supp deference to ideas of manliness or philosophy, this worked in him with fever. However these things may have been, next year he married (D a pretty Mdlle, Charpentier, (daughter to a French lady, one of the emigrants,) whom he met and wooed at the little watering-place, Gil Cumberland ;-a village which he afterwards described in his only nove temporary life, the tragic "St. Ronan's Well." A very brief acquainta ceded their engagement; it is probable that the congruity of sentiment between them was comparatively slight; and at the distance of "sixty year and more, it may be allowable to add that although attended by con happiness, faithful attachment on his wife's part, and much that gave to life, this marriage does not appear to have fully satisfied the poe mature.

We are here referring to that more hidden and more sensitive side of which it is the fate,—not altogether the happier fate,—of the poet to live makes the difference between him and other men; and to trace which, as a but firmly as we may, is the essential object of the biographer. But it is no that Scott would have been conscious of anything incomplete in this chaps story. Not only did he find the substantial blessings of home in his many it incidentally led him to the felicity, inferior to that alone, of practically did his own work in life. He now (1798) took a house in Castle Street, Ed and a cottage at Lasswade, within the north-eastern end of Eskdale. The for his attendance at the bar, where he "swept the boards of the Outer waiting for briefs which rarely came; and enjoying to the full the chaptivialities and frank goodfellowship of his town friends. Meantime, his togratually withdrawn to Lasswade, where he could live in the past with

and history; where the old Scottish memories to which Burns himself was n attached with more devoted passion, were around him; where, also, began 1 friendship with the chief house of his clan. To the three peers who bore t title of Buccleuch between this time and his death, especially to Charles, four duke, Scott was attracted by the whole force of his nature: not only respecting the with feudal devotion as heads of his blood and family, but loving them as men wi sympathised deeply with him in their views of life, religion, politics, relations betwee rich and poor, home-pursuits, and affections; and who systematically used gre wealth and power for the happiness of their friends and dependants. There a no pages in Scott's life more pleasing than those which paint his intimacy wi this truly noble family group; here he carried out with the greatest success I poetical identification between the old world and the new; and to him, in turn, t family name owes a distinction beyond that of Montmorency, Dalberg, or Howar Under these and other combining influences Scott now added to the ancient Bord Ballads, which he was collecting, his own original poems, -- some, written for Lew Tales of Wonder, based on German sentiment; others founded upon the natisongs, to which he gave a wider plan with consummate taste. He printed (179 his translation from Goethe's play, and becoming acquainted with Ellis, Ritso Heber, and others of that excellent band of scholars by whom our knowledge of the Middle Ages was placed upon a sure footing, turned resolutely to tl study of mediaeval imaginative literature, which (1802) issued in the "Bord Minstrelsy."

This book marks the great crisis in Scott's life. Henceforth, even if unco sciously to himself, his real work is literature. The publication was not only th first that made his name known, but led Scott into what proved the most serior business transaction of his life. Many years before he had made friends with James Ballantyne, a young man of whose ability and disposition he thought highl Ballantyne printed the "Minstrelsy;" at Scott's advice he established a house Edinburgh; and by 1805 the two became partners in trade. Before long, takir a younger brother, John, into the concern, they added a publishing house to tl printing; and Scott's fortune and fall were in due time the result. This partnersh is on all accounts the least agreeable chapter in Scott's life; it is only of intere now as illustrating his character. The essence of that character has been define as an attempt at a practical, not less than at an imaginative compromise between past and present,—between prose (one might almost say) and poetry; idea realized and realities idealized. The trade-partnership fatally partook in th perilous and delicate compromise. Beside the final loss of wealth and health Scott's memory has been hence exposed to some misinterpretation. the result, and the clear proofs how it came to pass, he has received almo equal honours for his practical sense and for his greatness in romant literature. Two men, in fact, are painted in the one Scott of the "Biography



SIR WALTER SCOTT

the able man of the world in his office, and the poet in his study; giving, with er, and mastery and ease, an hour to verse and an hour to business, and appearing to his friends meantime as the Scottish gentleman of property. Now, such a compound being as this could hardly have existed. It is against nature: and, it the estimate here given be correct, there is no nature which it is less like that Scott's. Where the poetical character truly exists, it always predominates; it cannot put off the poet like a dress, and assume the lawyer or the laird; it "moveth altogether, if it move at all." This point must be insisted on, because it is vital to understanding the man and his work. The very speciality of Scott is, not that he presented the ideal gentleman just described, who wrote poetry and novels as pastime, and entered into business like a shrewd Scotchman who knew the worth of money, but that he valued wealth in order to embody in visible form his inner world of romance, and lived more completely within the circle of his creations than any of his contemporaries. This poetical temperament has its perils, and might have driven a less healthy nature into injurious isolation and eccentricity. But, as a man of eminently sane mind and genial disposition, and fortified by the training of his early years, Scott had not to go out of the world, as it were, in order to "idealize realities." The common duties of life glowed into romance for him; his friends, Lowland and Highland, were dear not only in themselves, but as representatives of the two historical races of the land; his estate, when he bought one, was rather an enclosure of ancient associations, a park of poetry, if the phrase may be allowed, decorated with "a romance in stone and lime," than what the Lords of Harden and Bowhill would have looked on as landed property.

The picture here drawn, although different from the estimate often taken of Scott, rests upon the evidence of his writings, and of the copious materials contained in the Biography, and not only answers to what we read of his sentiments and mode of thought, conscious or unconscious, but can alone explain how he came to be the author of the poems and the novels. Mr. Lockhart describes him as the finished man of the world. Mr. Carlyle, again, seems to speak of him as, in the main, a manufacturer of hasty books for the purpose of making money and a landed estate to rival neighbouring country-gentlemen. Both views appear to be unintentionally unjust to Scott, and discordant with his recorded character; and both fail equally to explain how such imaginative writing as his in prose and verse had any room to come into being. Some great artists, we read, have enjoyed the possession of wealth. Others have been gratified by social position. what art has the love of money, or the love of rank, ever been the root of masterpieces? Who has moved the world with these levers? You cannot grow poetry without the poetical soil. If at first sight this be less visible in Scott than in men like Byron or Shelley, may not the reason be, not that the nature of the poet was absent, but that it was more closely and curiously combined with the man of

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common life than in others? The writer, at least, desires to submit this view the possible solution of a difficult problem.

Walter Scott, it will probably be agreed, ranks among the great of our ra both as a writer and as a man; but in his portrait, as in every true portrait, th Some weakness is blended intimately with his strength; as we h are shadows. noticed, he cannot escape "the weak side of his gifts." His wish was certainly conceal his inner or poetical mind from the world. Perhaps he sometimes c cealed it from himself. One fallacy hence arising (to return now to his commercial affairs), was an overestimate of his practical powers. "From beginning to end, piqued himself on being a man of business." Against this it is probably enough set the fact, that the books of his house were never fairly balanced till they w in the hands of his creditors. That the Ballantyne brothers had, each in his w equally vague ideas on the matter, was known perfectly to Scott, who by 1812 for himself involved in his first difficulties. Then the vast success of the Novels of more floated the house: but although the partnership was enlarged by the mission ot a really able commercial man, Constable the publisher, the reckl spirit which his adventurous nature brought with him, combined with the pecu money-difficulties of 1825, only hastened the concluding bankruptcy of 1826. Th twenty years of business, unsound from the outset, have supplied materials for long dispute, with whom the fault justly rested. But enough has been here sta to explain the general case; we need not go further into a matter of which, w even more than usual truth, one might say that both sides were honestly wrong, a all, partners in a catastrophe for which all were responsible. The so-called men business and plain commonsense, as we daily see, were not one atom more tr entitled to those epithets than the romantic Poet. But, -what had the "Ario of the North" to do in concerns like this?

A probable element in the ultimate failure of the House of Ballantyne a Company was the fact that the partner with capital sedulously concealed hims from the public. The news that Scott was one of the firm startled the world more than the news that he was the sole author of the "Waverley Novels." I obvious in how many ways this concealment must have hampered business. C reason of it was a certain pleasure in mystery, inherent in Scott's nature, a displayed also when "Triermain" and "Harold" were published. The w was, that both of these poems should be taken for the work of his friend Erski In case of the Novels, however, the desire to escape the nuisance of commonple praise and face-flattery was a further inducement. It was not so wise a motive the co-operated to prompt the commercial incognito. It might have been expected the would have been led to avoid this by natural shrewdness, and "the three of the attorney in him." But the peculiarity of Scott is that something drea like and imaginative, together with something practical and prosaic, united all the more important phases of his life; past and present, romance and re-

meet in him at once; he is in the world and not in it, as it were, at the sar time; he is almost too unselfconscious. The favourable side of this strange balanced nature has been already indicated; it gave us in his Poems and Nove together the most brilliant and the most diversified "spectacle of human life which we have had since Shakespeare; it gave Scott himself many years of pu and peculiar happiness. On the other hand, we have the failure, after long-continue struggles, of his material prosperity, and (closely connected with this) the narro and even unjust view which he always took, or rather, took always in public, literature and his own share in it. He could not fully work out his ideal of lif however we interpret it; his career has many curious inconsistencies. There nothing which Mr. Lockhart notes more pointedly than Scott's aversion from wh is called "literature as a profession." He endorses with approval, as Scott's ow view, the words of a friend, who wrote in 1799 to encourage him in perseverant at the bar, "I rather think men of business have produced as good poetry in the by-hours as the professed regulars:" an assertion of which (it need hardly I added) the writer does not furnish any proof. To the same effect it is adde (1815) "that Scott never considered any amount of literary distinction as entitle to be spoken of in the same breath with mastery in the higher departments practical life. To have done things worthy to be written, was in his eyes dignity to which no man made any approach, who had only written things worth to be read;" and the steam-engine, safety-lamp, and campaigns of the Duke Wellington are presently named as examples.

There can be no doubt that the biographer has here truly reported, not merel what he admired Scott for thinking, but Scott's own conscious idea regarding his life. And if this had been the whole truth, there can equally be no doubt the we should never have had a "Marmion" or a "Bride of Lammermoor." Indeed except as the opinion of so distinguished a man as Scott, it would hardly deserve examination. For what human being would seriously pretend to compare with each other things so generically different as a battle, a scientific invention, and song? In what balances should we weigh "Othello" and Trafalgar, the con mercial policy of Sir Robert Peel and "The Advancement of Learning,"-or decid which has been of most value to England? How is the one less a "deed" that the other? Scott's profound modesty as to his own genius was undoubtedly or motive in his estimate of literature; but even this could not have blinded so sensib a man to its untenability, had he not been swaved by something of that instinct for living an old-world life in the present, which lay at the root of his character. W have here one of his practical anachronisms. He puts himself in the place of the Minstrel of the "Lay" at Newark; he leans to the time when hands were more honoured, at least more powerful, than brains; he wavers in the delical compromise which was to have united the spirit of Scott of Harden and Scott Abbotsford. A similar sentiment governs his aversion from "literature as a pre-

Much might be said for and against this feeling; yet it is hardly mo true of Goldsmith, Southey, or Thackeray, that they made letters their profession than of Walter Scott. Few men whose work can be properly classed as literatu have written so much or so continuously; none, probably, have earned more by the writings. What he actually was as a man of business, meanwhile, is recorded his life. What he was as a lawyer has been described by himself. "My pr fession and I" (by 1800) "came to stand nearly upon the footing which hone Slender consoled himself on having established with Mistress Ann Page, There w no great love between us at the beginning, and it pleased Heaven to decrease it further acquaintance." In fact, at the point where we left the narrative, Scott already enriched by his marriage, was about to obtain the Sheriff-deputeship Selkirkshire; and soon after (1806) he left the bar for a Clerkship of Session; offices which together gave him a good income, and had the additional advanta; of duties that, except a certain amount of attendance and of rapid and accura penmanship, were almost nominal. The criticism to which these pleasant place seem to have exposed Scott from those who did not share in his political devotic to the house of Dundas, then paramount in Scotland, was unfair; but one cann say that he is entitled to more than the praise of prudence for obtaining ease as leisure by this ancient and easy method:

Deus nobis haec otia fecit!

And, in fact, before the salary from the clerkship, held at first in reversion, f in, the sale of Scott's works was already beginning, both directly in itself as indirectly through his partnership with the Ballantynes, to surpass, as it befo long reduced to comparative insignificance, any sources of revenue,—except the which he thus derived from the "profession of literature."

Enough, however, has been said on Scott's practical, though morally blameles inconsistency in this section of his career. Important as the matter of inconsumer for many years to his healthy enjoyment of existence, and at last in giving a direction to his writing, its real importance lies in that to which we gladly tur—that he was thus enabled to live the life for which he had been planned Nature. Is not what is most desirable for man contained in this, when "Nature holy plan" happens to be such as she marked out for Scott? There are several type of a noble life, some of which may be loftier or more striking than his; yet we not see how he could have done his peculiar work otherwise. One of the master in the highest human knowledge,—the science of man's nature.—defined the perfection of life as "the serene exercise of thought" (we must thus paraphrashis own word Theoria), "in a state of independence, and leisure, and security far as man may attain it, together with a complete measure of his days; in nothing incomplete can enter into blessedness. Such a life," he however ad "would be in itself above the height of humanity." Perhaps Wordsw

approached this ideal nearer than any distinguished man of Scott's generation, it is easy to see the features in which Scott fell short; yet on the whole, if the mate here taken be just, he also was not far from the lofty standard of Aristotle

We return to trace Scott's career; fortunate, if we have truly and distin traced what manner of man he was; for it is only if we feel this, that Mr. Le hart's detailed narrative of his life, the interest of which cannot be transferred an abridgment, gains its fullest charm and significance. Some contempor poets now became friends of Scott; he had only seen Burns as a boy, and curious that, closely as their lines met in some points, Burns has left no sign of fluence on Scott's writings. A greater effect was produced by his intercourse v Wordsworth, whose elevation and simplicity of mind impressed Scott with sense of his predominance, not the less striking because it was not consciou avowed. The same tacit recognition is traceable in Byron; one seems also find it among all Wordsworth's contemporaries in verse; they know that he is head of the family. "Differing from him in very many points of taste," writes S in 1820, "I do not know a man more to be venerated for uprightness of heart loftiness of genius." Wordsworth, in turn, has recorded his estimate of Scott's poas a poet in some memorable verses, his feeling for the man in an early lett "Your sincere friend, for such I will call myself, though slow to use a word of si solemn meaning to any one:" (ii: 167.)-Scott had for some years been Sherif Selkirkshire; and that he might live within the district he now (1804) moved Ashestiel, a single house within the old Ettrick Forest, upon the banks of Twe not much above its junction with Yarrow. "The river itself is separated from high bank on which the house stands only by a narrow meadow of the richest dure. Opposite, and all around, are the green hills. The valley there is narro and the aspect in every direction is that of perfect pastoral repose." "Not eq in picturesque beauty to the banks of Clyde," says Scott himself, "but so sequ tered, so simple, and so solitary, that it seems just to have beauty enough to delli its inhabitants." And again, as a crowning recommendation, he describes Ash tiel to his friend the distinguished antiquary, Mr. G. Ellis: "In the very centre the ancient Reged," otherwise known as the Scoto-British realm of Strathely These passages are extracted, because the general descriptions apply also to scenery of Abbotsford, except that the landscape is there wider, and more by and because they indicate one dominant motive in Scott's mind. . The presence ancient national associations was precisely the point which determined his che of property: the genius loci which, with an overpowering influence, bound him his life to the Border, and led him there from Italy to die.

By this time, through study, the collection of traditions, experience of men h or low in rank, solitary thought and imaginative vision, almost all the materials which Scott was to work were ready. When the first fruits of this long preparat appeared in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" (1805), its success was not less sarging

to the author than to the public. Begun as a ballad on a large scale to pleas Lady Dalkeith, gradually moulded into a metrical romance, or "Waverley Novel in verse, and interspersed with those allusive transitional pieces which no other English poet has managed so gracefully, binding past and present together in one Scott had here unconsciously put his ideal of life into form, and fairly "found him zelf." "Marmion," the most powerful of the poems, followed in 1808; when als Scott published an elaborate edition of Dryden. Some similar work in the way of skilful editing or compiling he almost always had on hand; he did as much thu for students as if he had not, at the same time, been the Scott who, in Words worth's phrase, was "the whole world's darling." "Labour," he said himself, "i shoulstely the charter by which we hold existence." Great regularity, with perfect order and neatness in the arrangements of his library, assisted him in accom plishing so much. Rising at six, he "broke the neck of the day's work" befor breakfast: soon after noon, he was on his horse; outdoor employment and conver action completed the day; but though study was not resumed, the eye and th mind of such a man were never idle. He knew when he had finished his work put his best into it, and had done: was in good-humour with all his tasks, and thought little of them when finished. So curiously had the "determined indo lence" of his nature been conquered by the imperious force of creative imagination During the next year or two we find him planning the "Quarterly Review;" activ in encouraging Mr. H. Siddons and a younger theatrical friend, Mr. D. Terry, on th stage; active also in his interest in the war against Napoleon, and (less felicitously engaged in local politics; then, publishing the "Lady of the Lake." "Doi Roderick," unsuccessful in its attempt to blend the past history of Spain with th interests of the Peninsular War, followed (1811); "Triermain," and "Rokeby," the scene of which is lain within the lands of the most valued friend of Scott' middle life, Mr. Morritt, in 1813: the "Lord of the Isles" (1815) and "Harold" (1817) complete the list of Poems.

Some general remarks on Scott's style as a writer have been reserved for the notic of his Novels. These have naturally overshadowed his fame as a poet; they ar more singularly and strikingly original—more unique in literature; and the form c the prose story, admitting readily of narrative details, and allowing the author t explain remote allusions as he advances, was more capable of giving free play for Scott's tastes and materials, than poetry, however irregular in its structure. Hence he did not make himself quite so much at home in his Poems. Perhaps they depen a little too much on archaeology; the ancient manners, dresses, and customs painte occasionally compete in interest with the delineation of human character; thos marvellous scenes from common life which are true in all ages, or those sketche of contemporary manners, which Scott has employed with such skill an power to counterpoise the antiquarian element in the Novels, could hardly find place in verse. He has indeed given us something of this kind in the beauti

Introductions to the "Lay" and "Marmion," and, less successfully, though e here with much grace, in "Triermain;" but they are not wrought up into whole; they do not form an integral portion of the poem. On the ot hand, the metrical descriptions of scenery, if not more picturesque and vivid the those of the romances, tell more forcibly; they also relieve the narrative, allowing the writer's own thoughts and interests to touch our hearts; an expeditused by Scott with singular skill. The "Edinburgh" of "Marmion" is a splent example; but others are scattered through the less familiarly known poems, whill it is hoped, will in this edition find a fresh circle of readers, who are little likely regret the study.

Scott's incompleteness of style, which is more injurious to poetry than to pre his "careless glance and reckless rhyme," have been alleged by a great writer our time as one reason why he is now less popular as a poet than he was in his o day, when from two to three thousand copies of his metrical romances were yes sold. Beside these faults, which are visible almost everywhere, the charge that wants depth and penetrative insight, has been often brought. He does not "wret with the mystery of existence," it is said; he does not try to solve the problems human life. Scott, could he have foreseen this criticism, would probably not have b very careful to answer it. He might have allowed its correctness, and said that man might have this work to do, but his was another. High and enduring pleasu however conveyed, is the end of poetry. "Othello" gives this by its profound play of tragic passion. "Paradise Lost" gives it by its religious sublimity: "Chi Harold" by its meditative picturesqueness: the "Lay" by its brilliant delineation ancient life and manners. These are but scanty samples of the vast range of poel In that house are many mansions. All poets may be seers and teachers; but so teach directly, others by a less ostensible and larger process. Scott never lays b the workings of his mind, like Goethe or Shelley; he does not draw out the me of the landscape, like Wordsworth; rather, after the fashion of Homer and writers of the ages before criticism, he presents a scene, and leaves it to work own effect on the reader. His most perfect and lovely poems, the short songs wh occur scattered through the metrical or the prose narratives, are excellent instance He is the most unselfconscious of our modern poets; perhaps, of all our poets; difference in this respect between him and his friends Byron and Wordsworth is l a difference of centuries. If they give us the inner spirit of modern life, or of natu enter into our perplexities, or probe our deeper passions, Scott has a drams faculty not less delightful and precious. He hence attained eminent success in o of the rarest and most difficult aims of Poetry, -sustained vigour, clearness, a interest in narration. If we reckon up the poets of the world, we may be surprise to find how very few (dramatists not included) have accomplished this, and n he hence led to estimate Scott's rank in his art more justly. One looks throu the English poetry of the first half of the century in vain, unless it be here a there indicated in Keats, for such a power of vividly throwing himself into others that of Scott. His contemporaries, Crabbe excepted, paint emotions. It paints men when strongly moved. They draw the moral; but he can invent to fable. It would be rash to try to strike a balance between men, each so great his own way; the picture of one could not be painted with the other's palett all are first-rate in their kind; and every reader can choose the style which give him the highest, healthiest, and most lasting pleasure.

It is, however, only by considering Scott in relation to his own age and t circumstances in which he formed himself, that we can reach a full estimate of h as a poet. This mode of viewing a man, it is true, has been sometimes press too far. Genius, in one sense the child of its century, in another is its fathe Circumstances explain much: but they do not account for it. The individuality the poet will always be the central point in him; there is an element in the so insoluble to the most scientific analysis of a man's surroundings. But much light andoubtedly gained by examining them. Scott received early, as we have seen, I direction in literature. Coming at the close of an age of criticism, he inaugurate an age of revival and of creation. It has been already noticed that there was some thing of reaction in this. Love of the ballads of Scotland, of mediaeval legene of German romantic poetry, had unconsciously impressed his style upon him befo 1800. Already his passion was to describe wild and adventurous characters. delineate the natural landscape, to seek the persons of his drama in feudal tim or in the common life around him. The weighty satire of Dryden or Johnso the cultivated world of Pope, the classical finish of Gray, although admired f theirown merits, had no share in his heart of hearts. The friend of Dr. Blackloc the child of the Edinburgh of Hume and Adam Smith, he was a "born romantic Beyond any one he is the discoverer or creator of the without knowing it. "modern style." How much is implied in this! . . . It is true that by 18c two other great leaders had already begun their career. Coleridge's fragme of "Christabel" was known to Scott, and influenced him in the "Lay. Wordsworth had published some of the most charming of his lyrics, these men had as yet produced little effect, and the new faith nowhere four fewer believers than in Edinburgh; where, partly through the reluctance the ordinary mind to accept originality, in part through the intense conservatis of literature, poets who now rank among the glories of England were treate as heretics with idle condemnation. It was some time before Scott could rai himself above this atmosphere, and say of the leading critic of the time, "On very ideas of what is poetry differ so widely, that we rarely talk upon the subjects. There is something in Mr. Jeffrey's mode of reasoning that leads to greatly to doubt whether he really has any feeling of poetical genius." Fe people are now likely to dispute this estimate; and no one did more to discrethe narrow criticism prevalent sixty years since than Scott. If Lord Macaula opinion be correct, that Byron's poetry served to introduce and to popul Wordsworth's, Scott's even more decidedly cleared the way for "Childe Har and the "Giaour." Indeed, much in Byron is modelled upon the older to whom he always looked up with a respectful affection which makes one o brightest spots in his own chequered story. "Of all men Scott is the most of the most honourable, the most amiable."

With the proceeds of "Rokeby" Scott made himself master of a cottage called Clarty Hole, but soon characteristically renamed Abbotsford, close to Tweed, about midway between Melrose, Ashestiel, and Selkirk. Bare essentially unimproveable is most of the land hereabout; Scott did somet for it by planting,—the favourite outdoor employment of his middle life; y an English eye the trees have a poor, sad, nay (what from his work one did expect), even a formal and unpicturesque, air; the wider views over the Be are rather desolate than impressive; there is neither the sweet "pastoral metholy" of Yarrow, nor the verdure and richness of Melrose. But to the inner of the poet this region displayed scenes more lovely than Sorrento, more rom than Monte Rosa. There was the Roman way to the ford by the house "Catrail" which had bounded

Reged wide And fair Strath-Clyde;

the glen of Thomas the Rhymer, famous in fairy tradition; the haunted ruin Boldside; the field of the battle of Melrose, the last great clan-fight of Borders :- Melrose visible eastward, the Eildon Hills cleft into their picture serration by Michael Scott, south; Tweed flowing below the house and audib it with its silver ripple Some ambition to found a line of "Scotts of Abl ford," fated not to be fulfilled; even some fancy less worthy of a great mine be himself a lord of acres, may have influenced him when he laid out so n money and energy on the lands of Abbotsford, and on the endless antiqua details of the house which he built there. Yet many phrases in his writings, far more, what we know of Scott's nature through life, afford convincing pr that the possessions he really and veritably sought for were these memories of past a these relics of that ancient Scotland for which he felt, "like a lover child," with a rare and noble passion. Abbotsford, with its Gothic architectur tasteful and poetically-imagined, if, to our more trained eyes, imperfect in n particulars-its armour and stained glass and carved oak, its library of prec mediaeval lore, poetry and history, its museum of little things consecrated by g remembrances, to Scott was a place where actual life was beautified by the of his imagination, a Waverley romance realized in stone, a castle of his wa dreams, and held, also, as it proved, like those he sung of, rather by s funciful and fairy tenure than by matter-of-fact possession. The gray mas Abbotsford, with its sombre plantations, is not more enriched and glorific Turner's lovely drawing, than the lordship of these barren acres was to Scott I the predominating poet within him.

In 1814 Scott was one of a cheerful company who coasted round Scotland a yacht engaged upon lighthouse business, touching at the Hebrides, Orkney Western Isles, and north of Ireland. A pleasant journal records the inciden of this trip, saddened at the close by the death of a dear friend, the Duchess Buccleuch. It is a curious point of likeness between Scott and Goethe tha both being poets eminently interested in seeing men, and cities, and will mature, and both also personally independent, yet the journeys of both weremarkably limited. Goethe never saw London, Paris, or Vienna. Excel a hasty trip in 1810, Scott made but this one visit to the North and West of Scotland, and hardly knew more of England than lay between Berwick an London. The world must have lost much by this; but it is possible that the poets were guided by a true instinct, and feared less the amount and vividness the impressions which would have poured in upon them might be overpowering to the free exercise of their genius.

With an exultation natural to him, Scott now witnessed the first fall of Napoleor He also completed his valuable edition of Swift's works. But the year is more remarkable to his biographer through that event which marks the beginning of the third epoch in Scott's life,—the publication of "Waverley."

III

During the period here closed, powerful rivals in poetry had risen to divid the popularity of Scott. Byron had carried the manner of his tales int more passionate scenes of life. Crabbe had enlarged that gallery of huma character which, if wanting in beauty, in originality and number stands alon amongst the poems of the time. The allegiance of those lovers of the inmos spirit of poetry who give the law to the next generation had been secured b Wordsworth. The brilliant dawn of Shelley was breaking on a yet unconsciou world. Our modern school had passed the circle within which Scott had onc been the chief magician. He felt this; and, never strictly a believer in his ow powers, had already set himself to put into the prose form which suited it bes some of the vast material which he had gathered; beginning with the last greatl romantic event in Scottish history, "Waverley," commenced in 1805 (whence the second title "Sixty Years Since"), taken up in 1810, was completed now, an published in July 1814. The last two volumes were written within three weeks c that summer of excitement, a fact of which Mr. Lockhart tells a very striking anec dote (iv: 172,3). From motives already touched on, Scott carefully conceale the authorship; and although long before his name was announced (1827) lit

doubt remained in the minds of intelligent men, this first novel wanted the impuls of his already acquired fame: yet the blow went home, the success was immediate and the writer had once more "found himself" in literature.

A few more dates will mark, in a general way, the course of the writer's geniu "Guy Mannering" appeared in 1815; "The Antiquary" and "Ok Mortality" next year; "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," 1818; "Bride of Lammer moor" and "Ivanhoe," 1819; "Kenilworth" and "The Pirate," 1821; "St Ronan's Well," 1823; the "Fair Maid of Perth," 1828. These may be considered the typical works of the series; though there is hardly one which does not displathe wonderful versatility of their author. Take even the feeblest of the "Waverle Novels," when shall we see the like again, in this style of romance ?- Goethe wa accustomed to speak of Scott as the "greatest writer of his time," as unique and un equalled. When asked to put his views on paper, he replied with the remark which he made also upon Shakespeare, Scott's art was so high, that it was hard to attemp giving a formal opinion on it. But a few words may be added on the relation borne by the Novels to the author's character. Putting aside those written in depressed spirits and failing health, the inequality of merit in the remainder appears almos exactly proportioned, not to their date, but to the degree in which they are founder on Scottish life during the century preceding 1771. In this leading characteristic they are the absolute reproduction of the writer's own habitual thoughts and interests Once more, we find in them a practical compromise between past and present We have had no writer whose own country was more completely his inspiration. Bu he is inspired by the "ain countree" he had seen, or heard of from those who wen old during his youth. As he recedes from Scotland and from "sixty years since," his strength progressively declines. What we see as the series advances, are not se much signs that he had exhausted himself, as symptoms that he had exhausted the great situations of the century before his own birth; and "St. Ronan's Well' remains the solitary proof that, had events encouraged Scott to throw himsel frankly into contemporary life, he might (in the writer's judgment) have been firs of the English novelists here, as he indisputably is in the romance of the past.

It has been observed that one of the curious contrasts which make up that complex creature, Walter Scott, is the strong attraction which drew him, as a Low lander the born natural antagonist of the Gael, to the Highland people. Looking back on the Celtic clans as we happily may, as a thing of the far past, softened by distance, coloured by the finest tints of poetry, and with that background of nobles scenery which has afforded to many of us such pure and lofty pleasure, we can not conceive without a painful effort that within a few years of Scott's own birther Highlander had been to the Lowlander much what the Hindoo,—the Afghar or Mahratta at least,—is at present to the Englishman. All that we admire in the Gael had been to the Scot proper the source of contempt and of repugnance. Such a feeling is one of the worst instincts of human nature; it is an unmistakeable part of

the brute animal within us; more than any other cause, the hatred of race to race I hampered the progress of man. There is also no feeling which is more persiste and obstinate. But it has been entirely conquered in case of the Saxon and the Ga Now this vast and salutary change in national opinion is directly due to Scc Something of the kind might possibly have come with time; but he, in fact, we the man whose lot was to accomplish it. This may be regarded, on the who as his greatest achievement. He united the sympathics of two hostile races by a sheer force of genius. He healed the bitterness of centuries. Scott did much idealizing, as poetry should, the common life of his contemporaries. He equa did much in rendering the past history, and the history of other countries in white Scotchmen played a conspicuous part, real to us. But it is hardly a figure speech to say, that he created the Celtic Highlands in the eyes of the whole cillized world.

If this be not first-rate power, it may be asked where we are to find it. admirable spirit and picturesqueness of Scott's poems and novels carry us alo with them so rapidly, whilst at the same time the weaknesses and inequalities his work are so borne upon the surface, that we do not always feel how uniq they are in literature. Scott is often inaccurate in historical painting, and pu · modern feeling into the past. He was not called upon, as we have noticed, represent mental struggles, but the element of original thought is deficient in a creations. "Scott's," says an able critic, "is a healthy and genial world reflection, but it wants the charm of delicate exactitude; we miss the consecrati power: " (National Review, April, 1858). He is altogether inferior to M Austen in describing the finer elements of the womanly nature; we rarely kno how the heroine feels; the author paints love powerfully in its effects and dominating influence; he does not lead us to "the inmost enchanted fountain" the heart. In creating types of actual human life Scott is perhaps surpassed Crabbe: he does not analyse character, or delineate it in its depths, but exhib the man rather by speech and action; he is "extensive" rather than "intensive has more of Chaucer in him than of Goethe; yet, if we look at the varie and richness of his gallery, at his command over pathos and terror, the laught and the tears, at the many large interests beside those of romance which realizes to us, at the way in which he paints the whole life of men, not the humours or passions alone, at his unfailing wholesomeness and freshness, li the sea and air and great elementary forces of Nature, it may be pronounce a just estimate which, -without trying to measure the space which separates the stars,-places Scott second in our creative or imaginative literature to Shalspeare. "All is great in the Waverley Novels," said Goethe in 1831, "materia effect, characters, execution." Astronomers tell us that there are no fixed poir in the heavens, and that earth and sun momentarily shift their bearings. analogous displacement may be preparing for the loftiest glories of the hun SIR WALTER SCOTT

XXXIV

intellect; Homer may become dim, and Shakespeare too distant. Perhaps the same fate is destined for Scott. But it would be idle to speculate on this, try to predict the time when men will no longer be impressed by the vividness "Waverley," or the pathos of "Lammermoor."

The leading idea of this sketch of Scott's character is, that, under the disguise worldly sense and shrewdness, the poetical nature predominated in his life. regard to his conduct and career, this point has perhaps been sufficiently illustrate Looking at him now as an imaginative writer; from many causes, amongst whi modesty and pride played an equal part, he has told us little of his own min Compared with Byron's (see the correspondence between them, -iii: 394), Scot letters are superficial; until misfortune unveiled him to himself, there are t "Confessions" in his journal. Then we find, what discerning friends had to noticed, that the strong man had carried with him through life the sensitiveness his childhood. One, to whose papers in Fraser's Magazine (1835-6) this sketch indebted for some observations not found elsewhere, remarks that Scott was of subject to fits of abstraction, when he would be so completely absorbed in this coming fancies, that he became unconscious where he was, or what he was writing Scott's stern repression and strong wish to do before the world only what the wo does, render these points at once more hard to trace, and more significant. 7 emotion of such a character is deep in proportion to the resistance which it meets for the other elements. The fervour which melted Scott would have consumed a l powerful nature. When among scenes of wild Nature he was so rapt and exci that his friends felt it the wisest and kindest thing "to leave him to himse (iv: 181). This was in the height of his vigour and assumed stoicism. Later on, some time before decline had seized him, he writes, "The beauty of the evening, sighing of the summer breeze, bring the tears into my eyes not unpleasantly:" again, "I spent the day wandering from place to place in the woods, idly stirred the succession of a thousand vague thoughts and fears, the gay strangely ming with those of dismal melancholy; tears which seemed ready to flow unbidd smiles which approached to those of insanity." And then he adds, "I scribb some verses, or rather, composed them in my memory." If the one eminent Engl critic who has expressed a formal judgment upon Scott as a writer, had not insis chiefly upon the rapidity of his writings, treating them as superficial and transi in interest, it would have been unnecessary to dwell upon this point; it reallno more than that imagination is never displayed but by a man of imaginal mind; that poetry can be written only by a poet. But even the charge of ou haste appears to be pressed by Mr. Carlyle too far. Scott's idea of poetical style must be allowed, errs upon the side of spontaneous impulse; he would rather be finished than overfinished, preferred vigour to refinement, and aimed at the quali he admired in Dryden, "perpetual animation and elasticity of thought;" did make the most of his admirable materials; atoned for the random and the reck

esqueness and movement. But there is nothing to be atoned for in perfect 'incompleteness cannot enter into it;" the rival forces, as in Nature, each other. In a word, Scott's was the Gothic mind throughout, not the he wants that indefinable air of distinction which even the lesser ancient have; no writer of such power has furnished fewer quotations; "he first sufficient words which came uppermost;" he does not bring his consummate expression, such as incorporates itself within the memory; and the phrase, matter and spirit, rarely seem to form one indivisible It is in this quarter that he is perhaps most in danger from the hand of To say that such was Scott's nature, and that he did best to follow it. in his genius or in his life, would be to assume that he was inof the peculiar attribute of genius, its capacity for improvement. Yet not conclude that his writing cost him little; it should be remembered tardly touched original work till he was of mature age, and had collected es; he is like the musician who plays the most difficult piece at sight, as rd and the result of years of practice. "What infinite diligence in the ory studies; what truth of detail in the execution," said Goethe. ith which Scott actually composed, in fact, consumed him; the fire of lestroyed the conductor. When we read that "Guy Mannering" was d within six weeks, we may say, "These things were his paralysis," came to Scott "in his sleep." "I will avoid," he says, in one of the rs where he speaks out, "any occupation so laborious and agitating, as just be to be worth anything" (vi: 400).

ne of all Scott's writings which has the highest qualities of pathos and of he one which, on the whole, may be called his greatest and most poetical, ne clearest example of what this essay aims most at proving, the dominant of the imaginative element in Scott. He dictated the "Bride of Lammer-rhile recovering from very severe illness (1819): but on regaining health, t was first put into his hands in a complete form, he did not recollect one cident, character, or conversation it contained." Of all that we know about is incident is the most remarkable, especially if we recall the conspicuous his temperament; it casts the deepest light upon his nature; it shows ten he wrote most powerfully, he was so inspired and penetrated by ct that it flowed from him as if by a kind of rapture or possession; it to ready to say that, when least himself, he was most himself.

any pages might be given to the criticism of Scott as a writer. It is time should resume his life, and try to complete the picture of his character. d once or twice visited London in his earlier days, when he was known s an antiquarian; in 1815 he was received there "with all the honours." ey," everywhere recognized as his, put him at the head of our imaginative s a poet, he was second in popularity to Byron alone. Byron's boyish

attack upon him in the "English Bards" had been long forgotten; forgiveness i had never needed from the exquisite sweetness of Scott's temper, who had laughed praised the writer's power, and added only, "spleen and gall are disastrous material to work with for any length of time." These two great men now met, each with equa esteem for the gifts of the other; and Scott sought Byron's friendship with that alacrity of warm admiration for force of mind and character which marks him through life, and is one of the surest signs of genius. Soon after came the final "Hundred Days" of Napoleon; Scott was among the first to visit the scenes of the campaign, and he found at Paris,—then a city representative of everything except France, a renewal of his English popularity from the politicians and soldiers of the "allied armies." Some animated letters, and an Ode on Waterloo (not equal to the occasion), were the fruit of this journey. Now followed several years of a splendid, and, on the whole, a singularly well-enjoyed prosperity. "What series," says Mr. Carlyle, "followed out of Waverley, and how and with what result, is known to all men; was witnessed and watched with a kind of rapt astonishment by all. Walter Scott became Sir Walter Scott, Baronet, of Abbotsford (1820); on whom Fortune seemed to pour her whole cornucopia of wealth, honour, and worldly good; the favourite of Princes and of Peasants, and all intermediate men." That there was another and a more poetical side to the "wealth and worldly good" in Scott's mind has been already noticed; Abbotsford, with its relics and historical territory; its visitors from all lands, including many of the best of his contemporaries; its happy life among friends of equal age, and children fast growing ur to be friends (two sons and two daughters), and healthy pleasures in forest and moor; and now at last, full enjoyment of the creative power, "the vision and the faculty divine,"-was a realized romance to Scott, the past living again in the present, common existence enriched and beautified by poetry. here gives several pleasing and brilliant pictures of his father-in-law's life in town and country; a day at Abbotsford and a dinner at Ballantyne's are hardly inferior to scenes in the "Antiquary" or "Rob Roy" in vividness.

These descriptions would suffer by abridgment; in place of them, let us try and form some image of the man. The first impression seems to have been that of a stalwart Liddesdale farmer, shrewd and quiet; the figure of good height, the forehead lofty, though not to the exaggerated measure of the bust; complexion ruddy; features massive, and inclining to heaviness. When he spoke, this rather inanimate air kindled into brilliant life in his eye and mouth, equally capable of expressing humour or pathos, and produced a greater effect by the force of contrast. The mutability of his features is noted throughout his life, and must have tried beyond their powers the artists who attempted his portrait. Whether through the early fever and its lameness, or some excess in field-sports and genial living or the corrosion of a mind that never left him at leisure to "do nothing," of through all causes combined, when little over fifty he had already the look of a

"gallant old gentleman;" and the sense of premature old age is written on ever leaf of his later journals. "I think I shall not live to the usual verge of huma existence; I shall never see the threescore and ten." Yet Scott preserved th spirit of his youth, and to the last was characteristically unwilling to allow him self beaten, even in climbing a slope without assistance. In these externs details one reads the man; Scott, with his many contrasts and antitheses of disposition, was eminently made "all of a piece." This harmony of natur was not less shown in his conversation, which left the sense of quiet power inexhaustible variety of anecdote, study of human character, and wealth of th well-stored memory, rather than of brilliancy. "He did not affect sayings; the points and sententious turns, which are easily caught up, were not natural to him The great charm of his table-talk was in the sweetness and abandon with which it flowed, always guided by good sense and taste; the warm and unstudies eloquence with which he expressed rather sentiments than opinions; and the liveliness and force with which he narrated and described." Abbotsford was centre of life and society in its brightest, most enjoyable, and most cultivated form unique in England, and which unhappily has never found a rival. No house, excep it were Voltaire's at Ferney, is reputed to have been equally thronged. Scott hospitality and kindliness were unlimited; he had the open nature which is the most charming of all charms; was wholly free from the folly of fastidiousness had real dignity, and hence never "stood upon it;" talked to all he met, and lived as friend with friend among his servants and followers. "Sir Walte speaks to every man," one of them said, "as if they were blood-relations." Let us complete the picture in his own words; they give us the two contrasting sides of his character. "Few men have enjoyed society more, or been bored, a it is called, less, by the company of tiresome people. I have rarely, if ever, found any one, out of whom I could not extract amusement or edification. Still, how ever, from the earliest time I can remember, I preferred the pleasure of bein alone to wishing for visitors."-Need it be added that he was fond of the compan of youth, and delighted as a mother in his children's presence? The letters to hi eldest son's young wife are the most attractive and graceful in the series.

Our sketch, inevitably incomplete, must not be concluded without some note c Scott's taste and feeling towards literature. This, says Mr. Lockhart, "engrosse the greater part of his interest and reflection." Beside his original works, and th voluminous editions of Swift and Dryden, Scott edited or superintended as man reprints as would have made the fame of an ordinary antiquarian. His own tast evidently led him by preference to our older poets. With Shakespeare his novel show a close familiarity. Scott's admiration for Dryden is expressed in the Life pre fixed to his edition: that which he felt for Johnson's two "Satires" was little inferior He deplores, in mature life, his ignorance of the Greek literature; of the Latin had no intimate knowledge; nor does his early interest in Goethe, "my old master

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appear to have been followed by the appreciation of those works compared with which "Goetz" was but crude and feeble. Dante, who represents rather the Roman than the Gothic mediaevalism, he did not admire; finding him "obscure and difficult," and remaining even seemingly ignorant till the year of his death that his own ancestor, Michael Scott, had found a place far down in Hell, where he is lodged by Dante in company of Amphiaraus, Teiresias, and other reputed sorcerers. In obedience not only to his own taste, but to a traditional fame now greatly faded, Scott was in the habit of reading through the "Orlando" of Ariosto yearly. judgments preserved on modern English poetry are few and uncritical. In an undated conversation he spoke of himself and of Campbell as much inferior to Burns; and ranked Miss Joanna Baillie far above each. He even couples her with Shakespeare in one of the "Introductions" to Marmion. But Scott's impressions fluctuated. Thus he knew no man (1820) "more to be venerated" than Wordsworth for "loftiness of genius:" again, he "always reckoned Burns and Byron the most genuine poetical geniuses of my time, and half a century before me:" (1826):-an opinion founded on that predominance of the impulsive character in them, which was the inspiration of his own poetry. On the other hand, Scott more than once expresses deep admiration for Miss Austen; the most unlike himself in style, if second only to him in genius, among all the novelists of the time. "This young lady had a talent for describing the involvements and feelings and characters of ordinary life, which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with."

After "Ivanhoe," published 1819, the sale of Scott's novels in some degree declined: a fact of which his partners in commerce never informed him. To this reticence, ultimately as unwise for themselves as for him, the negligences which grew upon Scott as a writer may be partly due. But to all eves he increased in fame and wealth; was caressed and courted as kings have seldom been, but without any taint to the simplicity and beauty of his nature; and reached perhaps the height of his visible popularity with his fellow-creatures on his triumphal progress through Ireland in 1825.—This was a year dark with panic and commercial ruin; Scott's firm, which had been always insecure and carelessly conducted, soon felt the shock. The poet, perhaps the least unbusinesslike member of the house, must have gradually withdrawn from active superintendence; and the clearest knowledge he ever obtained of his own affairs was when his bankruptcy, early in 1826, had been declared. The trying circumstances of the time stood for much in this failure. and Scott might have accepted it without discredit: but the shock roused all the determination in one of the most determined of men, and he resolved to pay the debt in full, and save by his own single-handed exertions what might be saved of his beloved Abbotsford for his family. "Scott's heart clung to the place he had created. There is scarce a tree on it that does not owe its being to me." His creditors consented; and the "Life of Napoleon," with the last volumes of the "Waverley" series, were among the results of this decision.

Hitherto something had been left to complete Scott's character. He had stil prove his complete fidelity to his vocation in literature. He had to give the more arduous proof that he could bear evil fortune in exchange for unusual go We cannot choose the date of our own trials. Scott's came upon him, not as w most men of genius, at their first experience of life, during the strength of you but after years of romantic success, and when the approaches of mortal disease l already enfectled the powers of endurance. In the eye of the world, --perha in the eye of the philosopher,—it might have been the wiser part to let this take their course, submit, and decline a struggle of no doubtful issue to his o health and life. But, if these pages present a true picture, all this was simply i possible to Scott. It would have been to break with what lay deepest and broad in him,—the nature of the poet. Accepting then his decision as that which ale be could adopt, the record of these later years, as told by Mr. Lockhart, a illustrated by Scott's journal, gives to his character the completeness of poeti unity. It is the fifth act in the drama of his life; it displays how the hero t the catastrophe, and overcame it, and rested at last from his labours. words of an aged uncle, who did not live to see the evil day, were never m completely borne out than now: "God bless thee, Walter, my man! hast risen to be great, but thou wast always good." It must have been w no little effort that he reappeared in the capital of which he had for ma years been beyond comparison the most distinguished inhabitant. "I went the Court for the first time to-day," Jan. 24, 1826, "and, like the man with the la nose thought everybody was thinking of me and my mishaps. Most were, doubtedly, and all rather regrettingly; some obviously affected." Though dee moved by the sympathy shown with him, he did not hold up his head until so pumphlets which he published upon a Scottish commercial question had succeed Then he writes, "People will not dare talk of me as an object of pity; no m por-manning." But adversity now came in no measured proportions; the cup a filled, and ran over. Poverty was not the only or the worst evil of the year. (son was absent in the army, the second for his education; the care of a sickly : much-loved grandchild detained the eldest daughter; and Scott, leaving his wife beyond hope at Abbotsford, was compelled to set himself to solitary labour wit a narrow lodging at Edinburgh. Soon a few pages in his journal, fearful the pathetic struggle which they betray, tell us of the irremediable loss. throughout the whole Scott maintains that noble and submissive courage w which, years before the time of calamity, he had looked forward to the unse future; whatever pain or misfortune might be in store, "I am already a suffici debtor to the bounty of Providence to be resigned to it."

This resignation bore its fruits: and a kind of after-summer of mild and peace radiance,—cheered by the fidelity of friends and the love of children, relieves bodily infirmities and painful task-work of Scott's old age. At this time occur

an interchange of interesting letters between him and Goethe. Scott gives characteristic sketch of his own position: "My eldest son has a troop of Hussa my youngest has just been made Bachelor of Arts at Oxford. God having be pleased to deprive me of their mother, my youngest daughter keeps my househe in order, my eldest being married," to Mr. Lockhart, "and having a family of I own. Such are the domestic circumstances of the person you so kindly enquir after: for the rest, I have enough to live on in the way I like, notwithstandi some very heavy losses: and I have a stately antique chateau (modern antique), which any friend of Baron von Goethe will be at all times most welcom with an entrance-hall filled with armour, which might have become Jaxthauser the castle in Goethe's Goetz, "itself, and a gigantic bloodhound to guard tentrance."

After a visit to London, where he was received by the best men of the tir with affectionate respect, and a short excursion to Paris, he completed the "L of Napoleon" in 1827. A crowd of other volumes followed this massive wor amongst which the "Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft" (1830), writt under the pressure of imminent illness, are only sufficient to give an idea how th curious subject, for which he had made large preparations, would have be treated by Scott in his better days. There was much in him of Michael Scott, I magician; much also of Reginald Scott, the courageous advocate of reason a humanity in a superstitious age. Half shrewdness, half or more than half beli--the poise of his mind between the romantic and the critical, eminently fitted h to write impressively on witchcraft and ghostly legends. Perhaps no single pois managed with more supreme skill in the "Novels." Let us add that, beside these labours, his warm liberality of heart led him to give others freely that assistan with his pen which his purse could no longer supply. Already he had cleared of vast load of debt, when Nature, on whom, between physical and mental exertic he had pressed hard since youth, avenged herself by serious strokes of paralysis 1830 and 1831. "Such a shaking hands with Death," he said, "is formidable Scott resigned his legal office; but it was in vain that those about him tried enforce the quiet of mind which was essential to Euthanasia, if not to life. longer master of the creative imagination, the power which had long obeyed bidding now compelled him as a slave; and do what his friends could to restra him, more than one of the novels was produced within these months of decay. length he was persuaded to try the southern climate. A final gleam of the Scott younger years broke forth for one moment when Wordsworth came (Sept. : 1831) to bid him farewell. For the last time the two great poets who, while f lowing the different paths which led both to masterworks, appreciated each oth with the deep sympathy of genius, together traversed the vale of Yarrow. This d was commemorated by Wordsworth in one of the finest occasional poems in c language. A serene beauty characterizes the Yarrow Revisited. Perhaps Work looked on the scene with less saddened eyes than Scott; perhaps both cood and gifted men were raised above the inevitable and transient ills by the sight of nature, and the warmth of friendship; by the conscience for them more than for most, was without reproof; by the peace which ind understanding.

—No public and no private care
The freeborn mind enthralling,
We made a day of happy hours,
Our happy days recalling.
And if, as Yarrow through the woods
And down the meadow ranging,
Did meet us with unalter'd face
Though we were changed and changing;
If then some natural shadows spread
Our inward prospect over,
The soul's deep valley was not slow
Its brightness to recover.

ral vessel, with a sense of propriety rarely shown, was provided for Scott, led in October for the Mediterranean. Malta, Naples, and Rome, mark cessive steps downward of his mind and body. Despite many manly and efforts to see and enjoy, these scenes, which would once have moved him sly, now passed with slighter remark; almost all that struck him were onnected with mediaeval and Scottish history. The Knights of Malta, the d relics at La Cava, the bandits of Calabria, the Orsini castle of Bracciano, dinal of York's villa, the tomb of the last Stuarts in St. Peter's,—they read summary of the life which was well-nigh over; they resume many of his interests. But they came too late.

—Nature's loveliest looks, Art's noblest relies, history's rich bequests, Fail'd to reanimate and but feebly cheer'd The whole world's Darling.

news of Goethe's death had been lately brought. Scott's impatience re: "He at least died at home!" he exclaimed; "Let us to Abbotsford." ug across Europe, but overtaken again by the disease as he went, he reached as if only to die (June, 1832). Much public sympathy was roused by the nce; the Royal family made daily enquiries; "Do you know if this is the here he is lying?" was the question of labourers collected in it;—but of all att was unconscious; barely rousing himself for a moment from stupor riends and children approached him. Then the one passion which had I all others compelled its way, and he was borne back to draw his last breath restord. Scott lay as if insensible in the carriage; "but as we descended

the vale of Gala he began to gaze about him, and by degrees it was obvious the was recognizing the features of that familiar landscape. Presently he murmus a name or two—Gala Water, surely, Buckholm, Torwoodlee. As we rounded thill, and the outline of the Eildons burst on him, he became greatly excited; a when, turning himself on the couch, his eye caught at length his own towers, the distance of a mile, he sprang up with a cry of delight."

For a few days, home, Abbotsford, Scotland, wrought on Scott so powerful that they seemed capable of a cure which would have been hardly less than mirated lous. "I have seen much," he kept saying, as they wheeled him through the rooms, "but nothing like my ain house—give me one turn more." At last begged to be replaced in his study. "Now give me my pen, and leave me for little to myself." But the pen dropped from his fingers. "He sank back, sike tears rolling down his cheeks; but composing himself by and by, motioned to to wheel him out of doors again." They thought he then slept. "When he wawking, Laidlaw," one of the many friends who were like brothers to him, "said me, Sir Walter has had a little repose. No, Willie, said he, no repose for Sir Walbut in the grave."

After this it was a gradual descent to the rest which remained for him. Of all t many gifts that had formed the character of Walter Scott, but one was no recognizeable through the gathering mist of death; that inexhaustible affectional ness and thought for others which had been the grace of his life. The intensi of love in him had throughout equalled the intensity of imagination; the me unselfconscious of our poets, he was perhaps also, so far as we can judge, t most unselfish. Scott, with his marked manliness of temperament, possessed equal measure the best of the qualities which are often called feminine. "For t least chill on the affection of any one dear to him, he had the sensitiveness of maiden." Warmth of heart and frankness of love were the very centre of his natur and to the centre, life, struggling hard, had now retreated. At the final momen when the sudden lightening of death came upon him, and he took an affecting far well of Mr. Lockhart, it was proposed to fetch his daughters. "Shall I send ! Sophia and Anne?" "No," said he, "do not disturb them. Poor souls! I kno they were up all night. God bless you all." These were his last words. On the 21 of September, 1832, the end arrived with the gentleness of sleep, in the presen of all his children. "It was a beautiful day, so warm that every window was wi open, and so perfectly still that the sound of all others most delicious to his a the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we kn around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes,"

Scott was laid by his wife within a family grave among the ruins of Drybur Abbey, in the centre of the obscure Border province where he was most at hor and which his genius has made a region more familiar than the places that th bave themselves seen, to children born in America and Australia. As, looki

omer and Shakespeare, one thinks of them surrounded by the beings to y have given a mysterious life, so Scott also lies among the real though rorld of his own creation. This, and the memory of his great-heartedness, has left us. Travellers from all lands still throng to visit the scenery of ourhood, the hillsides he planted, the garden he laid out, the house filled relics sanctified in his eyes by the love of poetry and of Scotland. To louse he fought and suffered. But it was never tenanted by his family; there like the castle of a dream; as if ready for the master's return, meanwhile and uncheered by life. His children have been long to their rest; the lands which he bought at the price of genius have mother race; and one young girl, the child of his daughter's daughter, rves alone the blood of Walter Scott of Abbotsford.

F. T. PALGRAVE

1866

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THE

AY OF THE LAST MINSTREL:

A POEM.

IN SIX CANTOS.

Dum relego, scripsisse pudet; quia plurima cerno, Me quoque, qui feci, judice, digna lini.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES, EARL OF DALKEITII,

THIS POEM IS INSCRIBED

BY THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

The Poem now offered to the Public, is intended to illustrate the customs manners which anciently prevailed on the Borders of England and Scotland. inhabitants, living in a state partly pustoral and partly warlike, and combinabits of constant depredation with the influence of a rude spirit of chivalry, often engaged in scenes highly susceptible of poetical ornament. As the description scenery and manners was more the object of the Author than a combined and regnarrative, the plan of the Ancient Metrical Romance was adopted, which a greater latitude, in this respect, than would be consistent with the dignity of a regnem. The same model offered other facilities, as it permits an occasional altern of measure, which, in some degree, authorises the change of rhythm in the text. machinery, also, adopted from popular belief, would have seemed puerile in a which did not partake of the rudeness of the old Ballad, or Metrical Romance.

For these reasons, the Pocm was put into the mouth of an ancient Min: the last of the race, who, as he is supposed to have survived the Revolution, might caught somewhat of the refinement of modern poetry, without losing the simple of his original model. The date of the Tale itself is about the middle of the sixte century, when most of the personages actually flourished. The time occupied is action is Three Nights and Three Days.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

A PECULIAR interest attaches to "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," not only a the first disclosure of the poet's powers, but as that, among all his works, which perhaps most closely identified with his personal career and character. Even scott had not himself told us, it would not be difficult to trace the various influence under which he composed this poem. His grandmother, in whose youth the Border raids were still matters of comparatively recent tradition, used to amus him with many a tale of Watt of Harden, Wight Willie of Aikwood, Jami Telfer of the fair Dodhead, and other Moss-trooping heroes. This prepared h mind for the deep impression which was made on it, when he was about twelvers old, by Percy's "Reliques of Ancient Poetry." It was under a larg platanus-tree in his aunt's garden at Kelso that he first read them, forgetting eve the dinner-hour in his enjoyment of this new treasure. "To read and to remembe was in this instance," he says, "the same thing, and henceforth I overwhelmed m schoolfellows, and all who would hearken to me, with tragical recitations from the ballads of Bishop Percy. The first time, too, I could scrape a few shilling together, which were not common occurrences with me, I bought unto myself copy of these beloved volumes; nor do I believe I ever read a book half's frequently, or with half the enthusiasm."

In the compilation of his own Border Minstrelsy he followed the impulse the derived; and when, after having for some years dabbled in poetry, he aspired t distinguish himself by something higher than mere translations or occasiona verses, his partiality for the Border legends governed his choice of a subject as we as the style of treatment. He hesitated for a while as to the particular story h should illustrate, but all those he thought of belonged to the same class. At on time he contemplated "a Border ballad, in the comic manner," founded on h ancestor's (Sir William Scott, of Harden) marriage with ugly Meg Murray, a the alternative of being hanged by his father-in-law. But finally he decided o "a romance of Border chivalry, in a light-horseman sort of stanza." Ilaving, the request of the Countess of Dalkeith, undertaken a ballad about the adventure of a brownie or goblin, called Gilpin Horner, he was discouraged in the attempt by the apparent coldness with which his two friends, Erskine and Cranstour listened to the first stanzas, and abandoned the idea till tempted to resum it by learning that, on second thoughts, his critics had formed a more favou able opinion of the effort. He applied himself to the work as an amusemer during his enforced leisure, when disabled by the kick of a horse at yeomann drill on Portobello Sands. As soon as he got into the vein, he dashed it off a the rate of about a canto a week. The goblin page sank into a mere mine feature as the poem grew upon his hands. The metre was borrowed from Coleridge's "Lady Christabel." The beautiful freedom and variety of this met Scott appreciated all the more, because it enabled him to introduce much of the style and phraseology of the old minstrels. The ballad measure in quatrains, wh

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at first naturally suggested itself, was set aside as too hackneyed and wearisom for a composition of any length. Against the measured short line, or octo-syllabic verse, there was the objection of the "fatal facility," to use Scott's own phrass with which it was written, the temptation it offered to mere verbiage, and it monotonous and namby-pamby effect. Shakespeare had laughed at it as the "butter-woman's rate to market," and the "very false gallop of verses," and Scott felt that his muse demanded a more stirring and varied measure. "Christabel" was not published till 1816; but a year or two before Scott began the "Lay" he had heard Sir John Stoddart recite some parts of it, which made deep impression on his mind. He saw that Coleridge had remedied all the defects of the octo-syllabic measure, by freeing it from its rigid formality, and dividing it by time instead of syllables; by the beat of four, as Leigh Huremarks, into which you might get as many syllables as you could, instead allotting eight syllables to the poor time, whatever it might have to say, varyin it further with alternate rhymes and stanzas, with rests and omissions, precisel analogous to those in music. The old bard himself was an afterthought. He was introduced as a sort of "pitch-pipe" to indicate the tone and characte of the composition.

In the poem the reader will find a romantic picture of the Borderers, in the best aspect of their character. Their name, like that of the kindred tovers of the see is "linked with one virtue and a thousand crimes." Scott has brought out the solitary virtue—dauntless bravery—into the foreground, and has thrown the crimes into the shade. Here we may offer some prosaic observations of their real character. At first national feuds lent a justification to the Borde raids. It was in the spirit of patriotism that the men on each side of the Cheviots harried one another's homes, and drove off one another's cattle. The instinct of hostility survived long after the two countries were at peace, and was quickened by the love of plunder. At the period of the following take they had degenerated into mere robbers, whom the rulers on both sides of the Border alike denounced. The best that can be said for them is that they had inherited the traditions of rapine which they sought to perpetuate; that which philosophers now call the doctrine of "continuity" was responsible for much a their wild temper; and that the savage habits which had been transmitted throug generations were not readily uprooted:—

"There never was a time on the March partes, Sen the Douglas and the Percy met. But yt was marvell yt the redde blude roune not As the rane does in the street."

Nursed with such a lullaby, it seemed to these wild Borderers only a law a nature that Scots and English should prey upon each other, and this ferocious spirit soon expanded into an impartial appetite for plunder, and general antigonism to society. And so it came about that a Scott learned to have as little compunction in "lighting to bed" a Kerr as a Græme. They had their ow domestic raids and blood-feuds or disputes, as over the Border. It was, i truth, a restless, cruel, wild-beast kind of existence, that called forth all the won passions, and could have been bearable only through a brutish insensibility an indifference to danger. They carried their life in their hands, and none coultell whether to a week's end he could call his kine his own. "They are like to Job," says Fuller, quaintly, "not in piety and patience, but in sudden plent and poverty; sometimes having flocks and herds in the morning, none at night and perchance many again next day." It was with some surprise, in the midst to vexation, that Wait Tinlinn reflected that his little lonely tower had not be

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terned for a year and more; and the old song tells the common experience for which every borderer had to be prepared:—

"Last night I saw a sorry sight—
Nought left me o' four-and-twenty guide ousen and kye;
My weei-ridden gelding, and a white grey,
But a toom byre and a wide,
And the twelve nogs on ilka side.
Fy, lads! shout a' a' a' a' a'
My gear's a' gane."

Religion, of course, in any true sense of the term, was hardly to be looke for in such a class. "They come to church," says Fuller, "as seldom as the 29th of February comes into the calendar." Yet they were not without their superstitions; and, however wanting in real piety, could patter an Ave Mari and finger their beads as they rode to a plundering foray. Their sense of honour could hardly have been very strong, and was certainly exceptional. But they had at least, a sense of the sacredness of hospitality, and the protection which a hose was to his guest. Even the author of the "Worthies" owns that "indeed, it they promise safely to conduct a traveller, they will perform it with the fidelin of a Turkish Janizary; otherwise, wose be to him that falleth into their quarters. "They are," he adds, "a nest of hornets; strike one, and stir all of them about your ears.

Yet these Moss-troopers, if possibly they could procure the pardon for a condemned person of their company, would advance great sums out of their common stock, who, in such a case, cast in their lots among themselves and all have one purse." So that, in spite of their domestic differences, there was a sort of union amongst them. The term Moss-troopers is evidently derived from the mosses among which they lived, and the companies in which they went about harrying. It was owing mainly to the vigorous measures of Belted Will, Early Carlisle, that the raiders were put down. The last public mention of Moss troopers occurs during the civil wars of the 17th century, when many ordinance of Parliament were directed against them.

The region in which the scene of the poem is laid was as familiar and dear to Scott as the legends with which it is associated. His first consciousness of custence dated, as he himself has told us, from Sandy Knowe. In carly manhood a "raid" into Liddesdale was the favourite object of a vacation randole. A Athestiel he spent the first happy years of wedlock: in Abhotsford he sough to realize one of the great ambitions of his life; and Drybargh incloses his remains. The Border Union Railway now traverses the district from Carliste Hawick, and modern cultivation has somewhat softened and carich d the aspect the landscape. The old peels and Border strongholds have been gradually trembling away. Hawick, Selkirk, and Galashiels have risen into populous and fourishing towns, the seats of an important industry. Agriculture, though still chiefly pastoral, has encroached on many a hill-side, bogs have been drained, and coal-fields opened up. The mockery of the line—

" Rich was the soil had purple heath been grain,"

has lost most of its force, and the farmers of Liddesdale can now give a bette account of their lands than the gudeman of Charlieshope—" There's mair have than sheep on my farm; and for the moor-fowl and the grey-fowl, they lie a thick as doos in a dooket." But in Scott's time the country was much the same as in the days of the Moss-troopers. The people had outlived the old Borde traditions of raids and robberies, yet in the seclusion of their valleys the preserved many of the rough reckless manners of their ancestors. Scott he painted them, in "Gay Mannering," much as they lived under his own ey

The wildness of the region, even at the end of the last century, may be ga from the incidents of one of the poet's raids. His gig was the first w carriage that had ever been seen in Liddesdale. There was no inn or p house of any kind in the whole valley, which was accessible only thro succession of tremendous morasses. "In the course of our grand tour, h the risks of swamping and breaking our necks, we encountered the form hardships of sleeping upon peat-stacks, and eating mutton slain by no conbutcher, but deprived of life by the judgment of God, as a coroner's inquest express themselves." Scott used to boast of being sheriff of the "cairn an scaur," and that he had strolled through the wild glens of Liddesdale "so

and so long, that he might say he had a home in every farmhouse."

The scenery of the Scottish borderland can lay claim to little grandeur. hills are too bare to be beautiful, and too low to be very impressive. Sti wide tracts of black moss, the grey swells of moor rising into brown, round-b hills, with here and there a stately cliff of sterner aspect, and the green pastu the quiet glens, are not without their charm, in spite of the general bare and the character of the landscape, which is at first apt to disappoint the visitor from South. Washington Irving spoke of this disappointment to his host at Al ford. "Scott hummed for a moment to himself, and looked grave. 'It m pertinacity, he said at length; 'but to my eye, these grey hills and all this Border country have beauties peculiar to themselves. I like the very nakedn the land; it has something bold, stern, and solitary about it. When I have for some time in the rich scenery about Edinburgh, which is like ornam garden land, I begin to wish myself back again among my own honest grey and if I did not see the heather at least once a year, I think I should die! last words were said with an honest warmth, accompanied by a thump of ground with his staff, by way of emphasis, that showed his heart was it speech." That Scott was quite sensible to the sort of melancholy awe ins by some of the more savage parts of the country is shown (if other proof wer abundant in his poems and novels) in a passage in one of his letters. Speaki the view from the top of Minchmoor, he says :- "I assure you I have really oppressed with a sort of fearful loneliness when looking around the r towering ridges of desolate barrenness which is all the eye takes in from th of such a mountain, the patches of cultivation being hidden in the little gler only appearing to make one feel how feeble and ineffectual man has bee contend with the genius of the soil. It is in such a scene that the unknown gifted author of 'Albonia' places the superstition which consists in hearing noise of a 'chase, the baying of the hounds, the throttling sobs of the deer wild halloos of the huntsmen, and the

" . Hoof thick beating on the hollow hill."

I have often repeated his verses with some sensations of awe in this place," far as his own estate was concerned, he did much by his plantations to cove nakedness of the land, and his precept and example also helped to make plan

fashionable among his neighbours.

Of Scott's power of word-painting there is, no doubt, more abundant striking evidence in his later poems; but the descriptions of natural scenery is "Lay" are not only very effective, but illustrate that peculiar perception of co rather than form which has been pointed out in the very suggestive criticis Mr. Ruskin in the " Modern Painters." Analysing the description of Edinber in "Marmion," he shows there is hardly any form, only smoke and colour i picture. "Observe," he says, "the only hints at form given throughout a

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the somewhat vague words, 'ridgy, massy, close, and high,' the whole being st more obscured by modern mystery in its most tangible form of smoke. But it colours are all definite: note the rainbow band of them—gloomy or dusky re sable (pure black), amethyst (pure purple), green and gold—in a noble chothroughout." Elsewhere Mr. Ruskin says, "In consequence of his unselfishne and humility, Scott's enjoyment of Nature is incomparably greater than any oth poet I know. All the rest carry their cares to her, and begin maundering her ears about their own affairs. But with Scott the love is entirely humb and unselfish. 'I, Scott, am nothing, and less than nothing: but these crag and heaths, and clouds, how great are they, how lovely, how for ever to be

beloved, only for their own silent thoughtless sake !"

Without attempting any detailed topographical illustration of the poem, it may be worth while to notice some of the spots of chief interest which are referred to Newark Castle, where the old minstrel is supposed to chant his tale before the duchess, stands in ruins in its "birchen bower" on the right bank of th Yarrow-a large square tower, dismantled and unroofed, with crumbling out wall and turrets. It was built by James II. for a hunting seat, afterware belonged to the outlaw Murray, and has long been a possession, as it still is, of the house of Buccleuch. Newark Castle, where the imaginary minstrel poured for his song, is included within the grounds of Bowhill, the favourite seat of anoth fair duchess, at whose request, when Countess of Dalkeith, Scott commenced th poem which developed into the Lay. He accordingly, says Lockhart, "shadov out his own beautiful friend in the person of her lord's ancestor, the last of the original stock of that great house; himself, the favoured inmate of Bowhill, intra duced certainly to the familiarity of that circle by his devotion to the poetry of by-past age, in that of an aged minstrel seeking shelter at the gate of Newark. This is the point of many arch allusions in the poem. There is also a person interest in the closing lines, which refer, it is believed, to the day-dream of Ashesti -the purchase of a modest mountain farm in that neighbourhood: "a hundre acres, two spare bed-rooms, with dressing-rooms, each of which will on a pine have a couch-bed" a dream which afterwards grew into the ambitious scheme Abbotsford. Lockhart deems it, in one point of view, the greatest misfortune Scott's life that the original vision was not realized; but "the success of the poeitself 'changed the spirit of his dream.'" Ashestiel, where the Lay was part written, lies at the foot of Minchmoor, on the right bank of the Tweed.

Branksome Tower still overlooks the Langholm Road, on the left bank of the Tviot, between two and three miles above Hawick. Various alterations have gradual reduced the dimensions of the building, and one square tower of massive thickne is the only part of the original structure which now remains. In the rest of the edifice the castellated style has been abandoned, and the old stronghold present with the exception of the towers referred to, the appearance of a handsome moder mansion. The extent of the old castle can still, however, be traced by son vestiges of its foundation. Its situation on a steep bank, surrounded by the Teviot, and flanked by a deep ravine, naturally added to its strength. The present hunting seat of the Duke of Buccleuch in this quarter is at Langholm Lodg Branksome is celebrated in a song of Alan Ramsay's—

"As I cam' in by Teviot side,"

as well as in the Lay. About half a mile nearer Hawick, on the other bank of the river from Branksome, is the peel of Goldielands, in tolerably good preservation. Harden Castle, another relic of the same period, and the cradle of the poel ancestry, stands not far off on the bank of Borthwick Water, which here jo

the Teviot. It takes its name from the number of hares which used to freque the place (Harden—the ravine of hares), and is a deep, dark, narrow glen, thread by a little mountain streamlet. The castle is perched on the top of the steep based Leyden (Scott's friend), in one of his poems, thus describes the situation.

"Where Bortha hoarse, that loads the meads with sand, Rolls her red tide to Tevior's western strand, Through slaty hills, whose sides are shogged with thorn, Where springs in scattered tufts the dark-green corn, Towers wood-girt Harden far above the vale, And clouds of ravens o'er the turrets sail."

The family of Harden is a cadet branch of the house of Buccleuch, and heraldic allusion in the poem is to the fact that the Scotts of Harden bear th arms upon the field, while the Scotts of Buccleuch exhibit them on the be dexter, which they adopted when the estate of Murdiestone came by marria One of the most famous of the Scotts of Harden was one Walter, who flourish during the reign of Queen Mary. He was a great freebooter, and used to bring spoil to the castle on the cliff. His wife was Mary Scott, the Flower of Yarr (one of the Scotts of Dryhope), and it is of her the well-known story is told of production of a pair of clean spurs at dinner-time, in a covered dish, as a hint the want of provisions, and of the way to get them. Notwithstanding marauding life Walter seems to have prospered. He had a large estate, wh was divided among his five sons. A number of the most popular of the Bor songs are attributed by tradition to an infant whom he carried off in a raid, whom his kind-hearted wife cherished as one of her own children. As illustrat of the temper of this rough old chief, Sir Walter tells a characteristic anecdote one of the notes of the Minstrelsy. "Upon one occasion, when the village h was driving out the cattle to pasture, the old laird heard him call loudly to di out Harden's cow. 'Harden's cow!' echoed the affronted chief; 'is it come that pass? By my faith, they shall soon say Harden's kye' (cows). According he sounded his bugle, set out with his followers, and next day returned w a bow of kye and a lassen'd (brindled) bull. On his return with this gallant p he passed a very large haystack. It occurred to the provident laird that t would be extremely convenient to fodder his new stock of cattle; but, as no me of transporting it were obvious, he was fain to take leave of it with the apostrop now become proverbial, 'By my saul, had ye but four feet, ye should not sti lang there!' In short, as Froissart says of a similar class of feudal robbe nothing came amiss to them that was not too heavy or too hot." It was A Wat's eldest son, Sir William Scott, who was saved from being hanged for r ticipation in a foray on the lands of Sir Gibson Murray, of Elibank, by captor's prudent wife suggesting that it was a pity to sacrifice a young n of good estate when they might marry him to one of their three daughters proposal to which it did not, under the circumstances, require much argument reconcile young Harden. Beardie (so called from the long beard he wore mourning for the execution of Charles I.), the poet's great-grandfather, was grandson of Sir William Scott.

Hawick spreads itself on both sides of the Slitterick, a tributary of Teviot, into which it falls just below the town. Having survived repea burnings during the heat of Border warfare, part of the Tower-inn represents, i said, the only building which was not consumed in the great blaze of 15 Hawick is now at the head of the "tweed" manufactories of Scotland. It ha rapidly growing population, already over 8,000, and is continually being enric with new mills. Minto Castle, the seat of the Earl of Minto—open daily, exc Sunday—perched on a height, between Hawick and Selkirk, commands a

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riew, and is noted for its magnificent library. Minto Crags, close at hand, are nomantic series of cliffs rising suddenly above the Vale of Teviot. A small platform on a projecting crag is known as Barnhill's Bed, from a famous outlaw and robbe who lived in a strong tower beneath the rocks, of which there are some vestiges, a well as of another old peel on the summit of the heights. Of Melrose a sufficien account is given in the poem and notes. Ruskin is very angry with Scott, because reverencing it as he did, "he yet casts one of its piscinas, puts a modern stee grate into it, and makes it his fire-place." Founded in 1136, by David I (whose liberality in endowing churches wrung from his successor the moan tha he was "a sore saint for the crown"), the abbey was finished ten years later and was peopled with monks from Yorkshire, who, although of the reformer order, called Cistercians—the first of the class seen north of the Tweed—appea soon to have degenerated into the traditional monkish sensuality, if we may trus the jeering verse—

"The monks of Melrose made gude kail On Fridays when they fasted, Nor wanted they gude beef and ale, As long 's their neighbours' lasted."

The abbey was destroyed by the English in 1322, rebuilt by Robert Bruce, cruell defaced at the Reformation, but still remains one of the noblest and most interesting specimens of Gothic sculpture and architecture in Scotland. The stone of which it is built, though exposed to the weather for so many ages, retains perfect sharp ness, so that even the most minute ornaments seem as entire as when newl wrought. The Abbey is the theme of a poem by Arthur Hallam, who dwell especially on its resistance to decay, and covets a similar tardy waning, till looking on the serene, thoughtful figure of the bard of Abbotsford, he

——" Knew that aweless intellect
Hath power upon the ways of fate,
And works through time and space uncheck'd.
That minstrel of old chivalry,
In the cold grave must come to lie,
But his transmitted thoughts have part
In the collective mind, and never shall depart."

Although Abbotsford has a greater attachment for the traveller than any other spot in the district—not even, perhaps, excepting Melrose itself- it is apt to be disappointment. It is a very indifferent building in an architectural point of view defective in taste and poor in effect. It wants elevation, and, above all, repose; the ere is vexed by the composed medley of style, and by the restless pretentious effective to cram a vast deal into a limited space. Most of the pictures help to encourage an exaggerated idea of the imposing aspect of the mansion, and when the strange sees the reality it falls far short of his expectations. For its own sake it would no be worth the while of turning out of one's road to look at it. To the association connected with it alone, is due the interest of the place. It should be visited i the spirit of a pilgrimage, and to those who know the sad, romantic story of it creation and consequences, there is a touching interest in every relic and ever chamber. How the dreams about the cottage expanded into the ambition of castle is well known, as well as its disastrous end; the crushing load of debt, th desperate struggle to redeem it, the over-strained and shattered mind. Betwee the Clarty Hole when Scott first furnished it-"the naked moor, a few turning selds painfully reclaimed from it, a Scotch cottage and farm-yard, and som Scotch firs"—and the richly wooded domain, with its turreted chateau, into whic it was gradually converted, there was a wide contrast. Whatever may be though of the house, the surrounding plantations were a noble work, and justify the po-

enthusiasm for the work. A public road divides the mansion and pleasaur the main body of the park and wood. The house stands near the edge wooded bank, sloping down towards the Tweed. A pious pride has bee in preserving the whole building as it was in Scott's time. The arm weapons of all kinds are all in their old array; the same pictures hang walls; the books are ranged in the order familiar to the master's hand; a the lounging-coat, the hat, walking-shoes, and staff are ready in their Passing through a porch, you enter the hall, which, with its stained glass, of armour, blazonry of Border heroes, "who keepit the marchys of Sco the auld time for the kinge," and lozenge pavement of black and white me the finest part of the house. A narrow, low-arched room, running quite the building, and filled with more armour and other curiosities, leads drawing-room on one side, and the dining-room on the other. handsome chamber, with a low, richly-carved roof of dark oak, spaciou window, and numerous valuable and interesting pictures, such as the Mary Queen of Scots in a charger, painted by Amias Cawood the day a decapitation; portraits of old "Beardie," Lucy Walters, the Duchess of But to whom the Minstrel is supposed to chant his Lay, &c. The drawingpanelled with cerlar, and fitted with antique ebony furniture, quaint, richly cabinets and precicus china ware. In a pleasant breakfast-room, overlook river, there are some good pictures by Turner, Thomson of Duddingsto The library is the largest room of the house. Some 70,000 vols From this opens Sir Walter's private study-a snug little cl its shelves. with no furniture, except a small writing-table, a plain arm-chair, coverblack leather, and another smaller chair-clearly indicating it as a place fo There are a few books on each side of the fire-place, and a not company. supplemental library in a gallery which runs round three sides of the room closet are preserved, under a glass case, the clothes Sir Walter wore just be death-a broad-skirted green coat, with large buttons, plaid trousers, heavy broad-brimmed hat, and stout walking-stick. The relics set one thinking old man's last days in the house of which he was so proud, the kindly placiwheeled about, with all the dogs round him, in a chair, up and down the h library, saying, "Ah, I've seen much, but nothing like my ain house—g one turn more." Much of the decoration of the house is of ancient design borrowed from Melrose, some from Dumfermline, Linlithgow, and Roslin. portions of various old edifices are worked into the building. Within the is the scene of the last great clan battle of the Borders, that fought in 1526 b the Earls of Angus and Home, backed the former by the Kerrs, and the o Buccleuch Mr. Hope Scott, Q.C. who married Scott's granddaughter, has in the property.

The success of the Lay was beyond the most sanguine expectations of most enthusiastic admirers. In the preface of 1830, he himself estimated at upwards of 30,000 copies; but Lockhart tells us that this was an estimate, and that in twenty-five years no fewer than 44,000 copies ha disposed of—an event with few parallels in the history of British poetry first edition, a magnificent quarto, of which 750 copies were printed, was exhausted; eleven octavo editions, a small quarto, and a foolscap edition for

in rapid succession.

IE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

INTRODUCTION.

ras long, the wind was

was infirm and old; cheek, and tresses grey, e known a better day; sole remaining joy, y an orphan boy. I the Bards was he, Border chivalry; ! their date was fled, ethren all were dead; :cted and oppress'd with them, and at rest. rancing palfrey borne, zht as lark at morn; irted and caress'd, n hall, a welcome guest, lord and lady gay, ditated lay: re changed, old manners

'd the Stuarts' throne; the iron time ; harmless art a crime. Harper, scorn'd and poor, bread from door to door, please a peasant's ear, ing had loved to hear.

where Newark's stately

n Yarrow's birchen bower: gazed with wishful eyeesting-place was nigh: ig step at last, I portal arch he pass'd, rous grate and massy bar back the tide of war, ed the iron door solate and poor.

The Duchess * mark'd his weary pace, His timid mien, and reverend face, And bade her page the menials tell, That they should tend the old man well: For she had known adversity, Though born in such a high degree; In pride of power, in beauty's bloom, Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb!

When kindness had his wants supplied, And the old man was gratified, Began to rise his minstrel pride; And he began to talk anon, Of good Earl Francis, † dead and gone, And of Earl Walter, ‡ rest him, God! A braver ne'er to battle rode; And how full many a tale he knew, Of the old warriors of Buccleuch: And, would the noble Duchess deign To listen to an old man's strain, Though stiff his hand, his voice though weak,

He thought even yet, the sooth to speak, That, if she loved the harp to hear, He could make music to her ear.

The humble boon was soon obtain'd; The Aged Minstrel audience gain'd. But, when he reach'd the room of state, Where she, with all her ladies, sate, Perchance he wish'd his boon denied: For, when to tune his harp he tried,

* Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth, representative of the ancient Lords of Buccleuch, and widow of the unfortunate James, Duke of Monmouth, who was beheaded in 1685.

† Francis Scott, Earl of Buccleuch, father of

the Duchess.

† Walter, Earl of Buccleuch, grandfather of the Duchess, and a celebrated warrior.

His trembling hand had lost the case. Which marks security to please; And scenes, long past, of joy and pain, Came wildering o'er his aged brain-He tried to tune his harp in vain! The pitving Duchess praised its chime, And gave him heart, and gave him time, Till every string's according glee Was blended into harmony. And then, he said, he would full fain He could recall an ancient strain, He never thought to sing again. It was not framed for village churls, But for high dames and mighty earls; He had play'd it to King Charles the good, When he kept court in Holyrood;

The long-forgotten melody. Amid the strings his fingers stray'd, And an uncertain warbling made, And oft he shook his hoary head. But when he caught the measure wil The old man raised his face, and smile And lighten'd up his faded eye, With all a poet's ecstasy! In varying cadence, soft or strong He swept the sounding chords along The present scene, the future lot, His toils, his wants, were all forgot: Cold diffidence, and age's frost, In the full tide of song were lost; Each blank, in faithless memory void The poet's glowing thought supplied And, while his harp responsive rung, "I was thus the LATEST MINSTREL SU

[CAN

CANTO FIRST.

τ.

And much he wish'd, yet fear'd, to try

THE feast was over in Branksome tower.*

And the Ladye had gone to her secret bower;

Her bower that was guarded by word and by spell,

Deadly to hear, and deadly to tell— Jesu Maria, shield us well! No living wight, save the Ladye alone, Had dared to cross the threshold stone.

11.

The tables were drawn, it was idlesse all;

Knight, and page, and household squire,

Loiter'd through the lofty hall,
Or crowded round the ample fire:
The stag-hounds, weary with the chase,
Lay stretch'd upon the rushy floor,

And urged, in dreams, the forest race, From Teviot-stone to Eskdale-moor.

* See "Notes to the Lay of the Last Minstel" in the Appendix.

III.

Nine-and-twenty knights of fame Hung their shields in Brankso Hall;

Nine-and-twenty squires of name Brought them their steeds to box from stall;

Ninc-and-twenty yeomen tall Waited, dutcous, on them all: They were all knights of me true,

Kinsmen to the bold Buccleuch.

IV

Ten of them were sheathed in steel, With belted sword, and spur on heel They quitted not their harness brigh Neither by day, nor yet by night:

They lay down to rest

They lay down to rest, With corslet laced,

Pillow'd on buckler cold and hard; They carv'd at the meal With gloves of steel,

And they drank the red wine throu the helmet barr'd. V.

s, ten yeomen, mail-clad men, e beck of the warders ten; eds, both fleet and wight, dled in stable day and night, th frontlet of steel, I trow, Jedwood-axe at saddle-bow; I more fed free in stall:— he custom of Branksome Hall.

VI.

ese steeds stand ready dight? h these warriors, arm'd, by ht?—
h, to hear the blood-hounding:
h, to hear the war-horn bray:

George's red cross streaming, midnight beacon gleaming: h, against Southern force and le, roop, or Howard, or Percy's vers, n Branksome's lordly towers, rkworth, or Naworth, or merry rlisle.

VII.

ecustom of Branksome Hall.—
i valiant knight is here;
ie chieftain of them all,
i hangs rusting on the wall,
ie his broken spear.
long shall tell,
ord Walter fell!
startled burghers fled, afar,
ries of the Border war;
the streets of high Dunedin*
ances gleam, and falchions
dden,
and the slogan's deadly yell—
he Chief of Branksome fell.

VIII.

y the discord heal, nch the death-feud's enmity? istian lore, can patriot zeal, we of blessed charity?

migh.

Mi-cry or gathering word of a Border

No! vainly to each holy shrine,
In mutual pilgrimage, they drew;
Implored, in vain, the grace divine
For chiefs, their own red falchions
slew:
While Cessford owns the rule of Carr,
While Ettrick boasts the line of Scott,
The slaughter'd chiefs, the mortal jar,

IX.

The havoc of the feudal war,

Shall never, never be forgot!

In sorrow o'er Lord Walter's bier The warlike foresters had bent; And many a flower, and many a tear, Old Teviot's maids and matrons lent: But o'er her warrior's bloody bier The Ladye dropp'd nor flower nor tear! Vengeance, deep-brooding o'er the slain, Had lock'd the source of softer woe; And burning pride, and high disdain, Forbade the rising tear to flow; Until, amid his sorrowing clan, Her son lisp'd from the nurse's knee-"And if I live to be a man, My father's death revenged shall be!" Then fast the mother's tears did seek To dew the infant's kindling check.

x.

All loose her negligent attire, All loose her golden hair, Hung Margaret o'er her slaughter'd sire, And wept in wild despair, But not alone the bitter tear Had filial grief supplied; For hopeless love, and anxious fear, . Had lent their mingled tide: Nor in her mother's alter'd eye Dared she to look for sympathy. Her lover, 'gainst her father's clan, With Carr in arms had stood, When Mathouse-burn to Melrose ran All purple with their blood; And well she knew, her mother dread, Before Lord Cranstoun she should wed,

ΥI

Of noble race the Ladye came, Her father was a clerk of fame,

Would see her on her dying bed.

Of Bethune's line of Picardie:
He learned the art that none may name,
In Padua, far beyond the sea.
Men said, he changed his mortal frame,
By feat of magic mystery;
For when, in studious mood he paced
St. Andrew's cloister'd hall,
His form no darkening shadow traced
Upon the sunny wall!

XII.

And of his skill, as bards avow,
He taught that Ladye fair,
Till to her bidding she could bow
The viewless forms of air.
And now she sits in secret bower,
In old Lord David's western tower,
And listens to a heavy sound,
That moans the mossy turrets round.
Is it the roal of Teviot's tide,
That chafes against the scaur's red side?
Is it the wind that swings the oaks?
Is it the echo from the rocks?
What may it be, the heavy sound,
That moans old Branksome's turrets round?

XIII.

At the sullen, moaning sound,
The ban-dogs bay and howl;
And, from the turrets round,
Loud whoops the startled owl.
In the hall, both squire and knight
Swore that a storm was near,
And looked forth to view the night;
But the night was still and clear!

XIV.

From the sound of Teviot's tide,
Chafing with the mountain's side,
From the groan of the wind-swung oak,
From the sullen echo of the rock,
From the voice of the coming storm,
The Ladye knew it well!
It was the Spirit of the Flood that spoke,
And he called on the Spirit of the Fell.

XV.

RIVER SPIRIT.

"Sleep'st thou, brother?"—

MOUNTAIN SPIRIT.

— "Brother, On my hills the moonbeams play. From Craik-cross to Skelfhill-pes By every rill, in every glen,

Merry elves their morris pacing To aerial minstrelsy, Emerald rings on brown heathts

Trip it dest and merrily.
Up, and mark their nimble feel
Up, and list their music sweet!

XVI.

RIVER SPIRIT.

"Tears of an imprisoned maiden Mix with my polluted stream; Margaret of Branksome, sorrow-k Mourns beneath the moon's pale! Tell me, thou, who view'st the sta When shall cease these feudal jars What shall be the maiden's fate! Who shall be the maiden's mate!

XVII.

MOUNTAIN SPIRIT.

"Arthur's slow wain his course dot
In utter darkness, round the pole;
The Northern Bear lowers black
grim;

Orion's studded belt is dim; Twinkling faint, and distant far, Shimmers through mist each plane Ill may I read their high decrea But no kind influence deign they a On Teviot's tide, and Branksome's i

Till pride be quell'd, and love be xviii.

The unearthly voices ceast,
And the heavy sound was still;
It died on the river's breast,
It died on the side of the hill.

But round Lord David's tower
The sound still floated near;
For it rung in the Ladye's bower,
And it rung in the Ladye's ear.

She raised her stately head,
And her heart throbb'd high

pride:—
"Your mountains shall bend,
And your streams ascend,
Ere Margaret be our foeman's be

XIX.

lye sought the lofty hall, e many a bold retainer lay, th jocund din, among them all, on pursued his infant play. d most-trooper, the boy uncheon of a spear bestrode, nd the hall right merrily, nic foray rode. 1:ded knights, in arms grown d, in his frolic gambols bore, eir hearts, of rugged mould, stubborn as the steel they wore. grey warriors prophesied, the brave boy, in future war, ame the Unicorn's pride, the Crescent and the Star.

XX.

lye forgot her purpose high, noment, and no more; ment gazed with a mother's eye, e paused at the arched door: rom amid the armed train, I'd to her William of Deloraine.

XXI.

moss-trooping Scott was he, couch'd Border lance by knee; h Solway sands, through Tarras moss. ld, he knew the paths to cross; turns, by desperate bounds, iffled Percy's best blood-hounds; e or Liddel, fords were none, would ride them, one by one; o him was time or tide, ber's snow, or July's pride; o him was tide or time, ess midnight, or matin prime: of heart, and stout of hand, : drove prey from Cumberland; mes outlawed had he been, igland's King, and Scotland's Queen.

XXII.

Villiam of Deloraine, good at need, thee on the wightest steed;

Spare not to spur, nor stint to ride, Until thou come to fair Tweedside; And in Melrose's holy pile Seek thou the Monk of St. Mary's aisle, Greet the Father well from me; Say that the fated hour is come, And to-night he shall watch with thee,

And to-night he shall watch with thee,
To win the treasure of the tomb:
For this will be St. Michael's night,
And, though stars be dim, the moon is
bright;

And the Cross, of bloody red,
Will point to the grave of the mighty
dead.

XXIII.

"What he gives thee, see thou keep, Stav not thou for food or sleep: Be it scroll, or be it book, Into it, Knight, thou must not look; If thou readest, thou art lorn! Better hadst thou ne'er been born!"—

XXIV.

"O swiftly can speed my dapple-grey steed,

Which drinks of the Teviot clear; Ere break of day," the Warrior 'gan say, "Again will I be here: And safer by none may thy errand be

Than, noble dame, by me; Letter nor line know I never a one, Wer't my neck-verse at Hairibee."

xxv.

Soon in his saddle sate he fast,
And soon the steep descent he past,
Soon cross'd the sounding barbican,*
And soon the Teviot side he won.
Eastward the wooded 1 ath he rode,
Green hazels o'er his basnet nod;
He pass'd the Peelt of Goldland,
And cross'd old Borthwick's roaring
strand;

Dimly he view'd the Meat-hill's mound, Where Druid shades still flitted round; In Hawick twinkled many a light; Behind him soon they set in night;

* Barbican, the defence of an outer gate of a feudal castle.

† Peel, a Border tower.

And soon he spurr'd his courser keen Beneath the tower of Hazeldean.

XXVI.

The clattering hoofs the watchmen mark:—

"Stand, ho! thou courier of the dark."—
"For Branksome, ho!" the knight rejoin'd.

And left the friendly tower behind.

He turn'd him now from Teviotside,
And, guided by the tinkling rill,
Northward the dark ascent did ride,
And gained the moor at Horsliehill;
Broad on the left before him lay,
For many a mile, the Roman way.*

XXVII.

A moment now he slack'd his speed, A moment breathed his panting steed; Drew saddle-girth and corslet-band, And loosen'd in the sheath his brand, On Minto-crags the moonbeams glint, Where Barnhill hew'd his bed of flint; Who flung his outlaw'd limbs to rest, Where falcons hang their giddy nest, Mid cliffs, from whence his eagle eye For many a league his prey could spy; Cliffs, doubling, on their echoes borne, The terrors of the robber's horn; Cliffs, which, for many a later year, The warbling Doric reed shall hear, When some sad swain shall teach the grove,

Ambition is no cure for love !

XXVIII.

Unchallenged, thence pass'd Deloraine, To ancient Riddel's fair domain,

Where Aill, from mountains freed, Down from the lakes did raving come; Each wave was crested with tawny foam, Like the mane of a chestnut steed.

In vain! no torrent, deep or broad, Might bar the bold moss-trooper's road.

XXIX.

At the first plunge the horse sunk low, And the water broke o'er the saddlebow; Above the foaming tide, I ween, Scarce half the charger's neck was seen;

* An ancient Roman road, crossing through part of Roxburghshire.

For he was barded * from counter to And the rider was armed complet mail;

Never heavier man and horse Stemm'd a midnight torrent's force The warrior's very plume, I say, Was daggled by the dashing spray Yet, through good heart, and Ladye's grace,

At length he gained the landing pla

XXX

Now Bowden Moor the march-man of And sternly shook his plumed he As glanced his eye o'er Halidon;

For on his soul the slaughter red. Of that unhallow'd morn arose, When first the Scott and Carr were! When royal James beheld the fray, Prize to the victor of the day. When Home and Douglas, in the Bore down Buccleuch's retiring clar Till gallant Cessford's heart-blood Reele'd on dark Elliot's Border spe

XXXI.

In bitter mood he spurred fast,
And soon the hated heath was past
And far beneath, in lustre wan,
Old Melros' rose, and fair Tweed r
Like some tall rock with lichens gr
Seem'd dimly huge, the dark Abbs
When Hawick he pass'd, had co

Now midnight lauds twere in Me sung.

The sound, upon the fitful gale, In solemn wise did rise and fail, Like that wild harp, whose magic Is waken'd by the winds alone. But when Melrose he reach'd, silence all:

He meetly stabled his steed in stal And sought the convent's lonely w

HERE paused the harp; and with its The Master's fire and courage fell

* Barded, or barbed,—applied to a accounted with defensive armour.

† An ancient seat of the Kerrs of Ce now demolished. † Lands, the midnight service of the C

Church.

-

ad low, he bow'd, imid on the crowd, seek, in every eye, ed his minstrelsy; of present praise, spoke of former days, age, and wand'ring long, and and harp some wrong. and her daughters fair, itle lady there, h, in due degree, o his melody; true, his voice was clear, y longed the rest to hear, ius, the Aged Man, t, again began.

TO SECOND.

I.

st view fair Melrose aright, the pale moonlight; sams of lightsome day, out, the ruins grey. sken arches are black in

ted oriel glimmers white;
ight's uncertain shower
ruined central tower;
and buttress, alternately,
if ebon and ivory;
lges the imagery,
that teach thee to live;
Tweed is heard to rave,
t to hoot o'er the dead
rave,
go alone the while—
David's ruin'd pile;
urning, soothly swear,
ne so sad and fair!

11.

Deloraine make there:
of the scene so fair;
illt, on the wicket strong,
oud, and struck full long,
ried to the gate—
so loud, and knocks so

ome I," the warrior cried; ie wicket open'd wide:

For Branksome's Chiefs had in battle

To fence the rights of fair Melrose; And lands and livings, many a rood, Had gifted the shrine for their souls' repose.

III.

Bold Deloraine his errand said; The porter bent his humble head; With torch in hand, and feet unshod, And noiseless step, the path he trod; The arched cloister, far and wide, Rang to the warrior's clanking stride, Till, stooping low his lofty crest, He enter'd the cell of the ancient priest, And ifted his barred aventayle,* To hail the Monk of St. Mary's aisle.

IV.

"The Ladye of Branksome greets these by me;

Says, that the fated hour is come,
And that to-night shall watch with thee,
To win the treasure of the tomb."
From sackcloth couch the monk arose,
With toil his stiffen'd limbs he rear'd;
A hundred years had flung their snows
On his thin locks and floating beard.

v.

And strangely on the knight look'd he, And his blue eyes gleam'd wild and wide;

"And darest thou, Warrior! seek to see
What heaven and hell alike would
hide?

My breast, in belt of iron pent,
With shirt of hair and scourge of
thorn;

For threescore years, in penance spent,
My knees those flinty stones have
worn;

Yet all too little to atone

For knowing what should ne'er be known.

Would'st thou by every future year In ceaseless brayer and penance drie,

Yet wait thy latter end with fear— Then, daring Warrior, follow me!"— * Aventayle, visor of the helmet. VI.

"Penance, father, will I none;
Prayer know I hardly one;
For mass or prayer can I rarely tarry,
Save to patter an Ave Mary,
When I ride on a Border foray.
Other prayer can I none;
So speed me my errand, and let me be
gone."—

VII.

Again on the Knight look'd the Churchman old,

And again he sighed heavily; For he had himself been a warrior bold, And fought in Spain and Italy, And he thought on the days that were

long since by,
When his limbs were strong, and his
courage was high:—
Now, slow and faint, he led the way,
Where, cloister'd round, the garden lay;
The pillar'd arches were over their head,
And beneath their feet were the bones of

VIII.

the dead.

Spreading herbs, and flowerets bright, Glisten'd with the dew of night; Nor herb, nor floweret, glisten'd there, But was carved in the cloister-arches as fair.

The Monk gazed long on the lovely moon,

Then into the night he looked forth;

And red and bright the streamers
light

Were dancing in the glowing north. So had he seen, in fair Castile, The youth in glittering squadrons

The youth in glittering squadrons start;
Sudden the flying jennet wheel,

And hurl the unexpected dart.

He knew, by the streamers that shot so bright,

That spirits were riding the northern light.

IX.

By a steel-clenched postern door, They enter'd now the chancel tall; The darken'd roof rose high aloof On pillars lofty and light and small: The key-stone, that lock'd each ribla aisle,

Was a fleur-de-lys, or a quatre-feuille The corbells were carved grotesque a

And the pillars, with cluster'd shafts trim,

With base and with capital flourist around,

Secm'd bundles of lances which garlar had bound.

X.

Full many a scutcheon and banner riv Shook to the cold night-wind of heav Around the screened altar's pale; And there the dying lamps did harn.

And there the dying lamps did burn, Before thy low and lonely urn, O gallant Chief of Otterburne! And thine, dark Knight of Lide

dale!
O fading honours of the dead!

O high ambition, lowly laid!

XI.

The moon on the east oriel shone Through slender shafts of shapely sto By foliaged tracery combined; Thou would'st have thought some fair

hand
'Twixt poplars straight the ozier war
In many a freakish knot, had twim

Then framed a spell, when the was done,
And changed the willow-wreaths

And changed the willow-wreaths stone.

The silver light, so pale and faint, Show'd many a prophet, and many saint.

Whose image on the glass was dye Full in the midst, his Cross of Red Triumphant Michael brandished,

And trampled the Apostate's pride The moonbeam kiss'd the holy pane And threw on the pavement a blostain.

XII.

They sate them down on a marble sto (A Scottish monarch slept below;

* Corbells, the projections from which arches spring, usually cut in a fantastic fac mask.

e Monk, in solemn tone :-: always a man of woe; ountries I have trod, eneath the Cross of God: to my eyes thine arms

n clang sounds strange to

XIII.

climes it was my lot vondrous Michael Scott; of such dreaded fame, Salamanca's cave, magic wand to wave, ould ring in Notre Dame! kill he taught to me; I could say to thee t cleft Eildon hills in three, I the Tweed with a curb of

hem were a deadly sin; ng but thought them my rithin, nance must be done.

XIV.

ael lay on his dying bed, e was awakened: him of his sinful deed, me a sign to come with

n when the morning rose, this bed ere evening close. ly not again be said, to me, on death-bed laid; rend this Abbaye's massy

heaps above his grave.

ury his Mighty Book, ortal might therein look: tell where it was hid, nief of Branksome's need: t need was past and o'er, ame to restore. on St. Michael's night, I toll'd one, and the moon ght,

chamber among the dead, oor of the chancel was

red,

That his patron's cross might over him wave, And scare the fiends from the Wizard's

grave.

XVI.

"It was a night of woe and dread, When Michael in the tomb I laid! Strange sounds along the chancel pass'd, The banners waved without a blast,"--Still spoke the Monk, when the bell toll'd one !-

I tell you, that a braver man Than William of Deloraine, good at

need, Against a foe ne'er spurr'd a steed; Yet somewhat was he chill'd with dread,

And his hair did bristle upon his head. XVII.

"Lo, Warrior! now the Cross of Red Points to the grave of the mighty dead; Within it burns a wondrous light, To chase the spirits that love the night. That lamp shall burn unquenchably, Until the eternal doom shall be."-Slow moved the Monk to the broad flag-

Which the bloody Cross was traced upon: He pointed to a secret nook; An iron bar the Warrior took; And the Monk made a sign with his wither'd hand,

The grave's huge portal to expand.

XVIII.

With beating heart to the task he went; His sinewy frame o'er the grave-stone bent;

With bar of iron heaved amain, Till the toil-drops fell from his brows, like rain.

It was by dint of passing strength, That he moved the massy stone at length. I would you had been there, to see How the light broke forth so gloriously, Stream'd upward to the chancel roof, And through the galleries far aloof! No earthly flame blazed e'er so bright: It shone like heaven's own blessed light,

And, issuing from the tomb, Show'd the Monk's cowl, and visage pale, Danced on the dark-brow'd Warrior's mail,

And kiss'd his waving plume.

XIX.

Before their eyes the Wizard lay,
As if he had not been dead a day.
His hoary beard in silver roll'd,
He seem'd some seventy winters old;
A palmer's amice wrapp'd him round,
With a wrought Spanish baldric

bound,
Like a pilgrim from beyond the sea:
His left hand held his Book of Might;
A silver cross was in his right;
The lamp was placed beside his knee:

High and majestic was his look, At which the fellest fiends had shook, And all unruffled was his face: They trusted his soul had gotten grace.

XX.

Often had William of Deloraine
Rode through the battle's bloody plain,
And trampled down the warriors slain,
And neither known remorse nor awe;
Yet now remorse and awe he own'd;
His breath came thick, his head swam
round,
When this strange scene of death he

Bewilder'd and unnerv'd he stood,
And the priest pray'd fervently and loud:
With eyes averted prayed he;
He might not endure the sight to see,
Of the man he had loved so brotherly.

XXI.

And when the priest his death-prayer had pray'd,
Thus unto Deloraine he said:—
"Now, speed thee what thou hast to do,
Or, Warrior, we may dearly rue;
For those, thou may'st not look upon,
Are gathering fast round the yawning stone!"

Then Deloraine, in terror, took

Then Deloraine, in terror, took
From the cold hand the Mighty Book,
With iron clasp'd, and with iron bound:
He thought, as he took it, the dead man
frown'd;

But the glare of the sepulchral light, Perchance, had dazzled the warrior's sight.

XXII.

When the huge stone sunk o'er the tomh.
The night return'd in double gloom:
For the moon had gone down, and the
stars were few;

And, as the Knight and Priest withdrew, With wavering steps and dizzy brain, 'They hardly might the postern gain.' 'Tis said, as through the aisles they pass'd,

They heard strange noises on the blast; And through the cloister-galleries small. Which at mid-height thread the chance wall,

Loud sobs, and laughter louder, ran, And voices unlike the voice of man; As if the fiends kept holiday, Because these spells were brought to day. I cannot tell how the truth may be; I say the tale as 'twas said to me.

XXIII.

"Now, hie thee hence," the Father said,
"And when we are on death-bed laid,
O may our dear Ladye, and sweet St.
John,

Forgive our souls for the deed we have done!"

The Monk return'd him to his cell, And many a prayer and penance sped;

When the convent met at the noontide bell—

The Monk of St. Mary's aisle was dead!

Before the cross was the body laid, With hands clasp'd fast, as if still he pray'd.

XXIV.

The Knight breathed free in the morning wind,

And strove his hardihood to find:
He was glad when he pass'd the tombstones grey,

Which girdle round the fair Abbaye; For the mystic Book, to his bosom prest, Felt like a load upon his breast;

s joints, with nerves of iron win'd, like the aspen leaves in wind.

was he when the dawn of day, o brighten Cheviot grey; d to see the cheerful light, said Ave Mary; as well as he night.

xxv.

had brighten'd Cheviot grey, sun had brighten'd the Carter's aide; on beneath the rising day at Branksome towers and Teviot's ide.

Id birds told their warbling tale, waken'd every flower that blows; eped forth the violet pale, spread her breast the mountain ose.

elier than the rose so red, aler than the violet pale, ly left her sleepless bed, airest maid of Teviotdale.

XXVI.

es fair Margaret so early awake, don her kirtle so hastilie; e silken knots, which in hurry the would make, tremble her slender fingers to tie; es she stop, and look often around, ie glides down the secret stair; y does she pat the shaggy bloodtound, ie rouses him up from his lair; sugh she passes the postern alone, s not the watchman's bugle slown?

XXVII.

dye steps in doubt and dread, watchful mother hear her tread; whye caresses the rough bloodound, voice should waken the castle ound; tchman's bugle is not blown, was her foster-father's son; mountain on the Border of England, thurgh. And she glides through the greenwood at dawn of light, To meet Baron Henry, her own true knight.

XXVIII.

The Knight and Ladye fair are met, And under the hawthorn's boughs are

A fairer pair were never seen
To meet beneath the hawthorn green.
He was stately, and young, and tall;
Dreaded in battle, and loved in hall:
And she, when love, scarce told, scarce
hid,

Lent to her cheek a livelier red;
When the half sigh her swelling breast
Against the silken ribbon prest;
When her blue eyes their secret told,
Though shaded by her locks of gold—
Where would you find the peerless fair,
With Margaret of Branksome might
compare!

XXIX.

And now, fair dames, methinks I see You listen to my minstrelsy; Your waving locks ye backward throw, And sidelong bend your necks of snow: Ye ween to hear a melting tale, Of two true lovers in a dale;

And how the Knight, with tender fire, To paint his faithful passion strove; Swore he might at her feet expire,

But never, never cease to love;
Andhow she blush'd and how she sigh'd,
And, half consenting, half denied,
And said that she would die a maid;—
Yet, might the bloody feud be stay'd,
Henry of Cranstoun, and only he,
Margaret of Branksome's choice should
be.

XXX.

Alas! fair dames, your popes are vain! My harp has lost the enchanting strain; Its lightness would my age reprove: My hairs are grey, my limbs are old; My heart is dead, my veins are cold: I may not, must not, sing of love.

TYYY

Beneath an oak, moss'd o'er by eld,
The Baron's Dwarf his courser held,
And held his created halm and spec

And held his crested helm and spear: That Dwarf was scarce an earthly man, If the tales were true that of him ran

Through all the Border, far and near.
'Twas said, when the Baron a-hunting rode

Through Reedsdale's glens, but rarely trode.

He heard a voice cry, "Lost! lost!

And, like tennis-ball by racket toss'd, A leap, of thirty feet and three, Made from the gorse this elfin shape, Distorted like some dwarfish ape,

And lighted at Lord Cranstoun's knee. Lord Cranstoun was some whit dismay'd;

'Tis said that five good miles he rade,
To rid him of his company;
But where he rode one mile, the Dwarf

ran four,
And the Dwarf was first at the castle door.

XXXII.

Use lessens marvel, it is said:
This elvish Dwarf with the Baron staid:
Little he ate, and less he spoke,
Nor mingled with the menial flock:
And oft apart his arms he toss'd,
And often mutter'd "Lost! lost! lost!"
He was waspish, arch, and litherlie,

But well Lord Cranstoun served he:
And he of his service was full fain;
For once he had been ta'en or slain,
An it had not been for his ministry.
All between Home and Hermitage,
Talk'd of Lord Cranstoun's Goblin-Page,

XXXIII.

For the Baron went on pilgrimage, And took with him this elvish Page, To Mary's Chapel of the Lowes: For there, beside our Ladye's lake, An offering he had sworn to make, And he would pay his vows.

But the Ladye of Branksome gather'd a band

Of the best that would ride at command:

The trysting-place was Newark L Wat of Harden came thither amain, And thither came John of Thirlesta And thither came William of Delorai

They were three hundred spears a three.

Through Douglas-burn, up Yar stream,

Their horses prance, their lances gle They came to St Mary's lake ere da But the chapel was void, and the Ba away.

They burn'd the chapel for very rage And cursed Lord Cranstoun's Gob Page.

XXXIV.

And now, in Branksome's good gre wood,

As under the aged oak he stood, The Baron's courser pricks his ears, As if a distant noise he hears. The Dwarf waves his long lean arm high,

And signs to the lovers to part and f
No time was then to vow or sigh.
Fair Margaret through the hazel-gre
Flew like the startled cushat-dove:
The Dwarf the stirrup held and rein
Vaulted the Knight on his steed am
And, pondering deep that mornis
scene,

Rode eastward through the hawtho green.

WHILE thus he pour'd the lengther tale,

The Minstrel's voice began to fail: Full slyly smiled the observant page, And gave the wither'd hand of age A goblet, crown'd with mighty wine, The blood of Velez' scorched vine. He raised the silver cup on high, And, while the big drop fill'd his eye, Pray'd God to bless the Duchess long, And all who cheer'd a son of song. The attending maidens smiled to see How long, how deep, how zealously,

Wood-pigeon.

The precious juice the Minstrel quaff'd; And he, embolden'd by the draught, Look'd gaily back to them, and laugh'd. The cordial nectar of the bowl Swell'd his old veins, and cheer'd his soul;

A lighter, livelier prelude ran, Ere thus his tale again began.

CANTO THIRD.

T.

AND said I that my limbs were old, And said I that my blood was cold, And that my kindly fire was fled, And my poor wither'd heart was dead, And that I might not sing of love?— How could I, to the dearest theme That ever warm'd a minstrel's dream, So foul, so false a recreant prove! How could I name love's very name, Nor wake my heart to notes of flame!

H.

la peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed; la war, he mounts the warrior's steed; la halls, in gay attire is seen; la halls, in dances on the green. Loverules the court, the camp, the grove, And men below, and saints above; For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

III.

So thought Lord Cranstoun, as I ween, While, pondering deep the tender scene. He rode through Branksome's hawthorn green.

But the Page shouted wild and shrill, And scarce his helmet could he don, When downward from the shady hill

A stately knight came pricking on. That warrior's steed, so dapple-grey, Was dark with sweat, and splash'd with

His armour red with many a stain: He seem'd in such a weary plight, As if he had ridden the live-long night; For it was William of Deloraine.

IV.

But no whit weary did he seem, When, dancing in the sunny beam, He mark'd the crane on the Baron's crest; *

For his ready spear was in his rest.

Few were the words, and stern and high,

That marked the foemen's feudal hate;

For question fierce, and proud reply, Gave signal soon of dire debate. Their very coursers seem'd to know That each was other's mortal foe, And snorted fire, when wheel'd around, To give each knight his vantage-ground.

v.

In rapid round the Baron bent; He sigh'd a sigh, and pray'd a prayer; The prayer was to his patron saint,

The sigh was to his ladye fair.
Stout Deloraine nor sighed nor pray'd,
Nor saint, nor ladye, call'd to aid;
But he stoop'd his head, and couch'd
his spear.

his spear, And spurr'd his steed to full career. The meeting of these champions proud Seem'd like the bursting thunder-cloud.

VI.

Stern was the dint the Borderer lent! The stately Baron backwards bent; Bent backwards to his horse's tail, And his plumes went scattering on the gale:

The tough ash spear, so stout and true, Into a thousand flinders flew. But Cranstoun's lance, of more avail, Pierced through, like silk, the Borderer's

mail:
Through shield, and jack, and acton, past,
Deep in his bosom broke at last. —
Still sate the warrior, saddle-fast,
Till, stumbling in the mortal shock,
Down went the steed, the girthing broke,
Hurl'd on a heap lay man and horse.
The Baron onward pass'd his course;
Nor knew—so giddy roll'd his brain—
His foe lay stretched upon the plain.

* The crest of the Cranstouns, in allusion to their name, is a crane dormant, holding a stone in his foot, with an emphatic Border motte Thou shalt quant ere I want. VII

But when he rein'd his courser round,
And saw his foeman on the ground
Lie senseless as the bloody clay,
He bade his page to stanch the wound,
And there beside the warrior stay,
And tend him in his doubtful state,
And lead him to Branksome castle-gate:
His noble mind was inly moved
For the kinsman of the maid he loved.
"This shalt thou do without delay:
No longer here myself may stay;
Unless the swifter I speed away,
Short shrift will be at my dying day."

VIII.

Away in speed Lord Cranstoun rode;
The Goblin-Page behind abode;
His lord's command he ne'er withstood,
Though small his pleasure to do good.
As the corslet off he took,
The dwarf espied the Mighty Book!
Much he marvell'd a knight of pride,
Like a book-bosom'd priest should ride:
He thought not to search or stanch the
wound.

Until the secret he had found.

IX.

The iron band, the iron clasp, Resisted long the elfin grasp: For when the first he had undone, It closed as he the next begun. Those iron clasps, that iron band, Would not yield to unchristen'd hand, Till he smear'd the cover o'er With the Borderer's curdled gore; A moment then the volume spread, And one short spell therein he read, It had much of glamour * might, Could make a ladye seem a knight; The cobwebs on a dungeon wall Seem tapestry in lordly hall; A nut-shell seem a gilded barge, A sheeling + seem a palace large, And youth seem age, and age seem youth-

All was delusion, nought was truth.

He had not read another spell, When on his cheek a buffet fell,

* Magical delusion. † A shepherd's hut.

So fierce, it stretch'd him on the plain Beside the wounded Deloraine. From the ground he rose dismay'd, And shook his huge and matted head One word he mutter'd, and no more, "Man of age, thou smitest sore!"—No more the Elfin Page durst try Into the wondrous Book to pry; The clasps, though smear'd with Christian gore,

Shut faster than they were before. He hid it underneath his cloak.—
Now, if you ask who gave the stroke, I cannot tell, so mot I thrive;
It was not given by man alive.

XI.

Unwillingly himself he address'd To do his master's high behest: He lifted up the living corse. And laid it on the weary horse; He led him into Branksome Hall Before the beards of the warders all: And each did after swear and say, There only pass'd a wain of hay. He took him to Lord David's tower, Even to the Ladye's secret bower: And, but that stronger spells were sprea And the door might not be opened, He had laid him on her very bed. Whate'er he did of gramarye, Was always done maliciously: He flung the warrior on the ground, And the blood well'd freshly from t wound.

XII.

As he repass'd the outer court,
He spied the fair young child at sport
He thought to train him to the wood;
For, at a word, be it understood,
He was always for ill, and never i
good.

Seem'd to the boy, some comrade gay Led him forth to the woods to play; On the drawbridge the warders stout Saw a terrier and lurcher passing out.

XIII.

He led the boy o'er bank and fell, Until they came to a woodland brook

* Magic.

have had his pleasure vilde, rippled the joints of the noble ild; his fingers long and lean, ngled him in fiendish spleen: wful mother he had in dread, his power was limited; t scowl'd on the startled child, ed through the forest wild; lland brook he bounding cross'd, h'd, and shouted, "Lost! lost!

ing stream dissolved the spell,

is own elvish shape he took.

XIV.

st!"—

ighten'd as a child might be, ild yell and visage strange, e dark words of gramarye, l, amidst the forest bower, sted like a lily flower; hen at length, with trembling ce, ought to find where Branksome 6, r'd to see that grisly face, e from some thicket on his way, rting oft, he journey'd on, ser in the wood is gone,—he more he sought his way, er still he went astray,—heard the mountains round

amaz'd at the wondrous change,

he baying of a hound.

! and hark! the deep-mouth'd rk
nigher still, and nigher:
the path a dark blood-hound,
y muzzle track'd the ground,
s red eye shot fire.
he wilder'd child saw he,
ut him right furiouslie.
nu would have seen with joy
ing of the gallant boy,
orthy of his noble sire,
heek glow'd 'twixt fear and ire!
the blood-hound manfully,
his little bat on high;
he struck, the dog, afraid,
us distance hoarsely bay'd,

But still in act to spring; When dash'd an archer through the glade, And when he saw the hound was stay'd,

He drew his tough bow-string; But a rough voice cried, "Shoot not, hoy! Ho! shoot not, Edward—'Tis a boy!"

XVI

The speaker issued from the wood, And check'd his fellow's surly mood, And quell'd the ban-dog's ire: He was an English yeoman good, And born in Lancashire. Well could he hit a fallow-deer Five hundred feet him fro; With hand more true, and eye more clear, No archer bended bow. His coal-black hair, shorn round and close. Set off his sun-burn'd face : Old England's sign, St. George's cross, His barret-cap did grace; His bugle-horn hung by his side, All in a wolf-skin baldric tied; And his short falchion, sharp and clear, Had pierced the throat of many a deer.

YVII

His kirtle, made of forest green,
Reach'd scantly to his knee;
And, at his belt, of arrows keen
A furbish'd sheaf bore he;
His buckler, scarce in breadth a span,
No larger fence had he;
He never counted him a man,
Would strike below the knee:
His slacken'd bow was in his hand,
And the leash, that was his blood-hound's
band.

XVIII.

He would not do the fair child harm, But held him with his powerful arm, That he might neither fight nor flee; For when the Red-Cross spied he, The boy strove long and violently. "Now, by St. George," the archer cries, "Edward, methinks we have a prize! This boy's fair face, and courage free, Show he is come of high degree."—

XIX.

"Yes! I am come of high degree,
For I am the heir of bold Buccleuch;

And, if thou dost not set me free, False Southron, thou shalt dearly rue! For Walter of Harden shall come with speed,

And William of Deloraine, good at need, And every Scott, from Esk to Tweed; And, if thou dost not let me go, Despite thy arrows, and thy bow, I'll have thee hang'd to feed the crow!"—

XX.

"Gramercy, for thy good-will, fair boy! My mind was never set so high; But if thou art chief of such a clan, And art the son of such a man, And ever comest to thy command,

Our wardens had need to keep good order:

My bow of yew to a hazel wand,
Thou'lt make them work upon the

Meantime, be pleased to come with me, For good Lord Dacre shalt thou see; I think our work is well begun, When we have taken thy father's son."

XXI.

Although the child was led away, In Branksome still he seem'd to stay, For so the Dwarf his part did play; And, in the shape of that young boy, He wrought the castle much annoy. The comrades of the young Buccleuch He pinch'd, and beat, and overthrew; Nay, some of them he wellnigh slew. He tore Dame Maudlin's silken tire, And, as Sym Hall stood by the fire, He lighted the match of his bandelier,* And wofully scorch'd the hackbuteer. + It may be hardly thought or said, The mischief that the urchin made, Till many of the castle guess'd, That the young Baron was possess'd!

XXII.

Well I ween the charm he held The noble Ladye had soon dispell'd; But she was deeply busied then To tend the wounded Deloraine.

* Bandelier, belt for carrying ammunition. † Hackbuteer, musketeer. Much she wonder'd to fine On the stone threshol along;

She thought some spirit o Had done the bold n wrong,

Because, despite her precept Perchance he in the Book ha But the broken lance in his b And it was earthly steel and

XXIII.

She drew the splinter from t And with a charm she s blood;

She bade the gash be cl bound:

No longer by his couch sl But she has ta'en the broker And wash'd it from the cl And salved the splinter o' William of Deloraine, in tra Whene'er she turned it round,

Twisted as if she gall'd hi Then to her maidens sh That he should be who

sound,
Within the course of a
day.

Full long she toil'd; for she Mishap to friend so stout an

XXIV.

So pass'd the day—the even 'Twas near the time of curfe The air was mild, the wind The stream was smooth, the balm;

E'en the rude watchman, or Enjoy'd and bless'd the love Far more fair Margaret loved The hour of silence and of r On the high turret sitting los She waked at times the lute. Touch'd a wild note, and all Thought of the bower of green.

Her golden hair stream'd free Her fair cheek rested on her Her blue eyes sought the we For lovers love the western

XXV.

the star, o'er Penchryst Pen, rises slowly to her ken, spreading broad its wavering light, is its loose tresses on the night? I red glare the western star?—
'tis the beacon-blaze of war! e could she draw her tighten'd breath,

rell she knew the fire of death!

XXVI.

Warder view'd it blazing strong, blew his war-note loud and long, at the high and haughty sound, wood, and river, rung around. blast alarm'd the festal hall, startled forth the warriors all; lownward, in the castle yard, nany a torch and cresset glared; helms and plumes, confusedly toss'd, in the blaze half-seen, half-lost; pears in wild disorder shook, reeds beside a frozen brook.

XXVII.

seneschal, whose silver hair redden'd by the torches' glare, I in the midst, with gesture proud, issued forth his mandates loud :-Penchryst glows a bale of fire, hree are kindling on Priesthaughswire: lide out, ride out, he foe to scout! t, mount for Branksome, every man! Todrig, warn the Johnstone clan, hat ever are true and stoutæd not send to Liddesdale; then they see the blazing bale, s and Armstrongs never fail. Alton, ride, for death and life! warn the Warder of the strife. g Gilbert, let our beacon blaze,

XXVIII.

Margaret, from the turret head, i, far below, the coursers' tread,

in, and clan, and friends, to raise."

While loud the harness rung,
As to their seats, with clamour dread,
The ready horsemen sprung:
And trampling hoofs, and iron coats,
And leaders' voices, mingled notes,
And out! and out!
In hasty rout,
The horsemen gallop'd forth;
Dispersing to the south to scout,
And east, and west, and north,
To view their coming enemies,
And warn their vassals and allies.

XXIX.

The ready page, with hurried hand, Awaked the need-fire's * slumbering brand,

And ruddy blush'd the heaven:
For a sheet of flame, from the turret high,

Waved like a blood-flag on the sky
All flaring and uneven;
And soon a score of fires, I ween,
From height, and hill, and cliff, were
seen;

Each with warlike tidings fraught;
Each from each the signal caught;
Each after each they glanced to sight,
As stars arise upon the night.
They gleam'd on many a dusky tarn,†
Haunted by the lonely earn;‡
On many a cairn's grey pyramid,
Where urns of mighty chiefs lie hid;
Till high Dunedin the blazes saw,
From Soltra and Dumpender Law;
And Lothian heard the Regent's order,
That all should bowne § them for the
Border.

XXX.

The livelong night in Branksome rang
The ceaseless sound of steel;
The castle-bell, with backward clang,
Sent forth the larum peal:
Was frequent heard the heavy jar,
Where massy stone and iron bar
Were piled on echoing keep and tower,
To whelm the foe with deadly shower;

^{*}Need-fire, beacon.
† Tarn, a mountain lake.
† Earn, a Scottish eagle.
† Bowne, make ready.

Was frequent heard the changing guard, And watch-word from the sleepless ward; While, wearied by the endless din, Blood-hound and ban-dog yell'd within.

The noble Dame, amid the broil, Shared the grey Seneschal's high toil, And spoke of danger with a smile;

Cheer'd the young knights, and council

Held with the chiefs of riper age. No tidings of the foe were brought, Nor of his numbers knew they aught, Nor what in time of truce he sought. Some said that there were thousands

And others ween'd that it was nought But Leven Clans, or Tynedale men, Who came to gather in black mail; And Liddesdale, with small avail,

Might drive them lightly back agen. So pass'd the anxious night away, And welcome was the peep of day.

CEASED the high sound—the listening

throng
Applaud the Master of the Song; And marvel much, in helpless age, So hard should be his pilgrimage. Had he no friend - no daughter dear, His wandering toil to share and cheer; No son to be his father's stay, And guide him on the rugged way? "Ay, once he had -but he was dead!" Upon the harp he stoop'd his head, And busied himself the strings withal, To hide the tear that fain would fall. In solemn measure, soft and slow, Arose a father's notes of woe.

CANTO FOURTH.

SWEET Teviot! on thy silver tide The glaring bale-fires blaze no more; No longer steel-clad warriors ride Along thy wild and willow'd shore; Where'er thou wind'st, by dale or hill, All, all is peaceful, all is still,

Protection money exacted by freebooters.

As if thy waves, since Time was I Since first they roll d upon the Tw Had only heard the shepherd's ree Nor started at the bugle-horn.

Unlike the tide of human time. Which, though it change in ceas Retains each grief, retains each cri

Its earliest course was doom'd to ki And, darker as it downward bears. Is stained with past and present ter Low as that tide has ebb'd with It still reflects to Memory's eye The hour my brave, my only boy, Fell by the side of great Dunder Why, when the volleying musket pl Against the bloody Highland blade Why was not I beside him laid?-Enough—he died the death of fam

Enough-he died with conque

Now over Border dale and fell. Full wide and far was terror spri For pathless marsh, and mountain The peasant left his lowly shed.

Græme.

The frighten'd flocks and herds

Beneath the peel's rude battlement And maids and matrons dropp'd the While ready warriors seiz'd the spe From Branksome's towers, the wa man's eye

Dun wreaths of distant smoke can Which, curling in the rising sun, Show'd southern ravage was begun

Now loud the heedful gate-ward crie " Prepare ye all for blows and ble Watt Tinlinn, from the Liddel-side Comes wading through the flood Full oft the Tynedale snatchers kne At his lone gate, and prove the l It was but last St. Barnabright

They sieged him a whole summer n But fled at morning; well they know In vain he never twang'd the yew. Right sharp has been the evening she That drove him from his Liddel to my faith," the gate-ward said, 'twill prove a Warden-Raid."*

V.

us he spoke, the bold yeoman the echoing barbican. small and shaggy nag, rough a bog, from hag to hag, † ound like any Billhope stag. his wife and children twain; lothed serf # was all their train; , stoat, ruddy, and dark-brow'd, r brooch and bracelet proud, d to her friends among the crowd. of stature passing tall, rely formed, and lean withal; r'd morion on his brow; er jack, as fence enow, broad shoulders loosely hung; er axe behind was slung; ar, six Scottish ells in length, el newly dyed with gore; bow, of wondrous afts and trength, ardy partner bore.

VI.

the Ladye did Tinlinn show lings of the English foe: i Will Howard is marching here, *Lord Dacre, with manya spear, the German hackbut-men, ive long lain at Askerten: oss'd the Liddel at curfew hour, med my little lonely tower: id receive their souls therefor! ot been burnt this year and more. rd and dwelling, blazing bright, to guide me on my flight; as chased the livelong night. ohn of Akeshaw, and Fergus iræme, on my traces came, turn'd at Priesthaugh Scrogg, ot their horses in the bog, ergus with my lance outrightim long at high despite: re my cows last Fastern's night." proad commanded by the Warden in

roken ground in a bog. ? Bondsman.

VII.

Now weary scouts from Liddesdale, Fast hurrying in, confirm'd the tale; As far as they could judge by ken, Three hours would bring to Teviot's strand

Three thousand armed Englishmen — Meanwhile, full many a warlike band,

From Teviot, Aill, and Ettrick shade, Came in, their Chief's defence to aid. There was saddling and mounting in

There was saddling and mounting in haste,
There was pricking o'er moor and

lca;
He that was last at the trysting-place
Was but lightly held of his gay

VIII.

ladye.

From fair St Mary's silver wave, From dreary Gamescleugh's dusky height, His ready lances Thirlestane brave Array'd beneath a banner bright. The tressured fleur-de-luce he claims, To wreathe his shield, since royal James. Encamp'd by Fala's mossy wave, The proud distinction grateful gave, For faith 'mid feudal jars; What time, save Thirlestane alone, Of Scotland's stubborn barons none Would march to southern wars; And hence, in fair remembrance worn, Yon sheaf of spears his crest has borne; Hence his high motto shines reveal'd-"Ready, aye ready," for the field.

IX.

An aged Knight, to danger steel'd,
With many a moss-trooper came on;
And azure in a golden field,
The stars and crescent graced his shield,
Without the bend of Murdieston.
Wide lay his lands round Oakwood
tower,
And wide round haunted Castle-Ower;
High over Borthwick's mountain flood,
His wood-embosom'd mansion stood;
In the dark glen, so deep below,
The herds of plunder'd England low;

His bold retainers' daily food, And bought with danger, blows, and blood.

Marauding chief! his sole delight The moonlight raid, the morning fight; Not even the Flower of Yarrow's charms,

In youth, might tame his rage for arms; And still, in age, he spun'd at rest, And still his brows the helmet press'd, Albeit the blanched locks below Were white as Dinlay's spotless snow:

Five stately warriors drew the sword Before their father's band; A braver knight than Harden's lord Ne'er belted on a brand.

X.

Scotts of Eskdale, a stalwart band, Came trooping down the Todshawhill;

By the sword they won their land,
And by the sword they hold it still.
Hearken, Ladye, to the tale,
How thy sires won fair Eskdale.—
Earl Morton was lord of that valley fair,
The Beattisons were his vassals there.
The Earl was gentle, and mild of mood,
The vassals were warlike, and fierce,
and rude;

High of heart, and haughty of word, Little they reck'd of a tame liege Lord. The Earl into fair Eskdale came Homage and seignory to claim:

Of Gilbert the Galliard a heriot * he sought,

Saying, "Give thy best steed, as a vassal ought,"

—" Dear to me is my bonny white steed, Oft has he help'd me at pinch of need; Lord and Earl though thou be, I trow, I can rein Bucksfoot better than thou."—Word on word gave fuel to fire, Till so highly blazed the Beattison's ire, But that the Earl the flight had ta'en, The vassals there their lord had slain.

Sore he plied both whip and spur, . As he urged his steed through Eskdale muir;

*The feudal superior, in certain cases, was entitled to the best horse of the vassal, in name of Heriot, or Herezeld. And it fell down a weary weig Just on the threshold of Branks

XI.

The Earl was a wrathful man Full fain avenged would be be In haste to Branksome's Lord Saying, "Take these traitors to For a cast of hawks, and a pure All Eskdale I'll sell thee, to hold:

Beshrewthy heart, of the Beatti If thou leavest on Eske a land But spare Woodkerrick's land For he lent me his horse to esca A glad man then was Brankse Down he flung him the purse To Eskdale soon he spurr'd ar And with him five hundred ta'en.

He left his merrymen in the m

And bade them hold them close And alone he wended to the p To meet with the Galliard as train.

To Gilbert the Galliard thus I "Know thou me for thy liege head;

Deal not with me as with Mor For Scotts play best at the game,

Give me in peace my heriot de Thy bonny white steed, or thou If my horn I three times wind Eskdale shall long have the mind,"—

XII.

Loudly the Beattison laugh'd i
"Little care we for thy winde
Ne'er shall it be the Galliard's
To yield his steed to a haught
Wend thou to Branksome bac
With rusty spur and miry boo
He blew his bugle so loud and
That the dun deer started at fi
cross:

He blew again so loud and ele Through the grey mountain-n did lances appear; rang with such a din, wer'd from Pentoun-

ame lightly in. a gallant shock, emptied, and lances

ord the Galliard had

field was laid. I the chieftain drew, alliard through and as' blood mix'd with

zh men call it still. tter'd the Beattison

:ft but one landed from the mouth to

or that bonny white

II.

vk, and Headshaw

han I may name, h to Hindhaugh-

lie to Chester-glen. orse, and bow and

ord was Bellenden. ir Border sod ver rode. I the aids come in,

art of pride arose: hful son attend, now his father's

e his foes.
o look on war;
a cross-bow stiff,
r struck afar
upon the cliff;
outhern breast.

aven's nest:

alt teach him his ald, is father's shield."

XIV.

Well may you think, the wily page Cared not to face the Ladye sage. He counterfeited childish fear, And shriek'd, and shed full many a tear, And moan'd and plain'd in manner

wild.

The attendants to the Ladye told,
Some fairy, sure, had changed the child,
That wont to be so free and bold.
Then wrathful was the noble dame;
She blush'd blood-red for very shame:—
"Hence! ere the clan his faintness view;
Hence with the weakling to Buccleuch!—
Watt Tinlinn, thou shalt be his guide
To Rangleburn's lonely side.—
Sure some fell fiend has cursed our line,
That coward should ere be son of
mine!"—

XV.

A heavy task Watt Tinlinn had,
To guide the counterfeited lad.
Soon as the palfrey felt the weight
Of that ill-omen'd elfish freight,
He bolted, sprung, and rear'd amain,
Nor heeded bit, nor curb, nor rein.
It cost Watt Tinlinn mickle toil
To drive him but a Scottish mile;
But as a shallow brook they cross'd,
The elf, amid the running stream,
His figure chang'd, like form in dream,

And fled, and shouted, "Lost! lost!"

Full fast the urchin ran and laugh'd,

But faster still a cloth-yard shaft
Whistled from startled Tinlinn's yew,
And pierced his shoulder through and
through.

Although the imp might not be slain, And though the wound soon heal'd again, Yet, as he ran, he yell'd for pain; And Watt of Tinlinn, much aghast, Rode back to Branksome fiery fast.

XVI.

Soon on the hill's steep verge he stood, That looks o'er Branksome's towers and wood;

And martial murmurs, from below, Proclaim'd the approaching southern

Through the dark wood, in mingled tone, Were Border pipes and bugles blown; The coursers' neighing he could ken, A measured tread of marching men; While broke at times the solemn hum, The Almayn's sullen kettle-drum; And banners tall, of crimson sheen,

Above the copse appear; And, glistening through the hawthorns green.

Shine helm, and shield, and spear.

XVII. Light forayers, first, to view the ground,

Spurr'd their fleet coursers loosely round; Behind, in close array, and fast, The Kendal archers, all in green, Obedient to the bugle blast, Advancing from the wood were seen. To back and guard the archer band, Lord Dacre's bill-men were at hand: A hardy race, on Irthing bred, With kirtles white, and crosses red, Array'd beneath the banner tall, That stream'd o'er Acre's conquer'd wall; And minstrels, as they march'd in order, Play'd, "Noble Lord Dacre, he dwells

XVIII.

on the Border."

Behind the English bill and bow, The mercenaries, firm and slow, Moved on to fight, in dark array, By Conrad led of Wolfenstein, Who brought the band from distant Rhine,

And sold their blood for foreign pay. The camp their home, their law the sword.

They knew no country, own'd no lord: They were not arm'd like England's sons, But bore the levin-darting guns; Buff coats, all frounced and 'broider'd o'er,

And morsing-horns and scarfs they wore:

Each better knee was bared, to aid The warriors in the escalade; All, as they march'd, in rugged tongue, Songs of Teutonic feuds they sung.

Powder-flasks.

But louder still the clamour grew, And louder still the minstrels blew. When, from beneath the greenwood to Rode forth Lord Howard's chivalry; His men-at-arms, with glaive and spe Brought up the battle's glittering rest There many a youthful knight, full he To gain his spurs, in arms was seen; With favour in his crest, or glove, Memorial of his ladye-love. So rode they forth in fair array, Till full their lengthen d lines display; Then call'd a halt, and made a stand And cried, "St. George, for merry En land!"

XX.

Now every English eye, intent On Branksome's armed towers was ben So near they were, that they might kno The straining harsh of each cross-bow On battlement and bartizan Gleam'd axe, and spear, and partism Falcon and culver, on each tower, Stood prompt their deadly hail to show And flashing armour frequent broke From eddying whirls of sable smoke, Where upon tower and turret head, The seething pitch and molten lead Reek'd, like a witch's cauldron red. While yet they gaze, the bridges fall, The wicket opes, and from the wall Rides forth the hoary Seneschal.

Armed he rode, all save the head, His white beard o'er his breast-pl spread; Unbroke by age, erect his seat, He ruled his eager courser's gait;

Forced him, with chasten'd fire, to pran And, high curvetting, slow advance: In sign of truce, his better hand Display'd a peeled willow wand; His squire, attending in the rear, Bore high a gauntlet on a spear. +

* Ancient pieces of artillery. † A glove upon a lance was the emblem faith among the ancient Borderers, who w wont, when any one broke his word, to exp this emblem, and proclaim him a faithless vill at the first Border meeting. This ceremony much dreaded.

espied him riding out, .rd and Lord Dacre stout front of their array, at this old knight should say.

TVII

ih warden lords, of you he Ladye of Buccleuch, st the truce of Border tide, uise ye dare to ride, al bow, and Gilsland brand, hercenary band, ounds of fair Scotland? reads you swith return; one poor straw you burn, owers so much molest e swallow from her nest, but we'll light a brand he your hearths in Cumber-

XXIII.

man was Dacre's lord, Howard took the word: ise thy Dame, Sir Seneschal, castle's outward wall, ant-at-arms shall show e came, and when we go."e sped, the noble Dame 's outward circle came; tround lean'd on his spear, oursuivant appear. Howard's livery dress'd, gent deck'd his breast; y of blooming hueneet a mother's view! eir of great Buccleuch. neet the herald made, s master's will he said :-

XXIV.

gh Dame, my noble Lords, e fair to draw their swords; may not tamely see, the Western Wardenry, ontemning kinsmen ride, nd spoil the Border-side; sems your rank and birth our towers a flemens-firth.* rom thee William of Delo-

y suffer march-treason pain.

asylum for outlaws.

It was but last St. Cuthbert's even
He prick'd to Stapleton on Leven,
Harried* the lands of Richard Musgrave,
And slew his brother by dint of glaive.
Then, since a lone and widow'd Dame
These restless riders may not tame,
Either receive within thy towers
Two hundred of my master's powers,
Or straight they sound their warrison.†
And storm and spoil thy garrison:
And this fair boy, to London led,
Shall good King Edward's page be
bred."

XXV.

He ceased—and loud the boy did cry, And stretch'd his little arms on high; Implored for aid each well-known face, And strove to seek the Dame's embrace. A moment changed that Ladye's cheer, Gush'd to her eye the unbidden tear; She gazed upon the leaders round, And dark and sad each warrior frown'd; Then, deep within her sobbing breast She lock'd the struggling sigh to rest; Unalter'd and collected stood, And thus replied, in dauntless mood:—

XXVI.

"Say to your Lords of high emprize, Who war on women and on boys, That either William of Deloraine Will cleanse him, by oath, of marchtreason stain,

Or else he will the combat take 'Gainst Musgrave, for his honour's sake. No knight in Cumberland so good, But William may count with him kin and blood.

Knighthood he took of Douglas' sword, When English blood swell'd Ancram's ford:

And but Lord Dacre's steed was wight, And bare him ably in the flight, Himself had seen him dubb'd a knight. For the young heir of Branksome's line, God be his aid, and God be mine; Through me no friend shall meet his doom;

Here, while I live, no foe finds room.

* Plundered. † Note of assault.

Then, if thy Lords their purpose urge, Take our defiance loud and high; Our slogan is their lyke-wake dirge, Our moat, the grave where they shall lie."

XXVII.

Proud she look'd round, applause to

Then lighten'd Thirlestane's eye of flame; His bugle Wat of Harden blew; Pensils and pennons wide were flung, To heaven the Border slogan rung, "St Mary for the young Buccleuch!"

The English war-cry answered wide, And forward bent each southern spear; Each Kendal archer made a stride,

And drew the bowstring to his ear; Each minstrel's war-note loud was blown ;-

But, ere a grey-goose shaft had flown, A horseman gallop'd from the rear.

XXVIII.

"Ah! noble Lords!" he breathless said.

"What treason has your march betray'd? What make you here, from aid so far, Before you walls, around you war? Your foemen triumph in the thought, That in the toils the lion's caught. Already on dark Ruberslaw The Douglas holds his weapon-schaw; † The lances, waving in his train, Clothe the dun heath like autumn grain; And on the Liddel's northern strand, To bar retreat to Cumberland, Lord Maxwell ranks his merry men good, Beneath the eagle and the rood;

And Jedwood, Eske, and Teviotdale, Have to proud Angus come: And all the Merse and Lauderdale Have risen with haughty Home. An exile from Northumberland,

In Liddesdale I've wander'd long; But still my heart was with merry England,

And cannot brook my country's wrong;

* Lyke-wake, the watching a corpse previous

to interment.

† Wrapon-schaw, the military array of a county.

And hard I've spurr'd all night to si The mustering of coming foe."—

XXIX.

"And let them come!" fierce Da cried;

"For soon you crest, my father's pri That swept the shores of Judah's se And waved in gales of Galilee, From Branksome's highest towers play'd,

Shall mock the rescue's lingering aid Level each harquebuss on row; Draw, merry archers, draw the bow Up, bill-men, to the walls, and cry, Dacre for England, win or die!"

XXX.

"Yet hear," quoth Howard, "cah hear,

Nor deem my words the words of fe For who, in field or foray slack, Saw the blanche lion e'er fall back? But thus to risk our Border flower In strife against a kingdom's power, Ten thousand Scots gainst thousand three,

Certes, were desperate policy. Nay, take the terms the Ladve made Ere conscious of the advancing aid: Let Musgrave meet fierce Deloraine In single fight; and, if he gain, He gains for us; but if he's cross'd, 'Tis but a single warrior lost: The rest, retreating as they came, Avoid defeat, and death, and shame

XXXI.

Ill could the haughty Dacre brook His brother Warden's sage rebuke; And yet his forward step he stay'd, And slow and sullenly obeyed. But ne'er again the Border side Did these two lords in friendship rid And this slight discontent, men say, Cost blood upon another day.

XXXII.

The pursuivant-at-arms again Before the castle took his stand; His trumpet call'd, with parleying stra The leaders of the Scottish band; lefied, in Musgrave's right, loraine to single fight; et at their feet he laid,; the terms of fight he said:— ie lists good Musgrave's sword ish the knight of Deloraine, uthful chieftain, Branksome's ord, iostage for his clan remain: aine foil good Musgrave, his liberty shall have. er it falls, the English band, ng Scots, by Scots unharm'd, ul march, like men unarm'd, iraight retreat to Cumberland."

XXXIII.

ous of the near relief. er pleased each Scottish chief, 1 much the Ladye sage gain-7'd; th their hearts were brave and wood's recent sack they knew, ardy was the Regent's aid; may guess the noble Dame ot the secret prescience own, om the art she might not name, :h the coming help was known. is the compact, and agreed, should be enclosed with speed, 1 the castle, on a lawn: I the morrow for the strife. with Scottish axe and knife, burth hour from peep of dawn; loraine, from sickness freed, champion in his stead, r himself and chieftain stand, tout Musgrave, hand to hand.

MXXIV.
ght well, that, in their lay, y minstrels sing and say, ombat should be made on horse, ag steed, in full career, ad to aid, when as the spear shiver in the course:

ne jovial Harper, taught youth, how it was fought, e which now I say;
each ordinance and clause
Lord Archibald's battle-laws, old Douglas' day.

He brook'd not, he, that scoffing tongue Should tax his minstrelsy with wrong, Or call his song untrue: For this, when they the goblet plied, And such rude taunt had chased his pride, The Bard of Reull he slew.

On Teviot's side, in fight they stood,
And tuneful hands were stain'd with
blood:

Where still the thorn's white branches wave,

Memorial o'er his rival's grave.

xxxv.

Why should I tell the rigid doom,
That dragg'd my master to his tomb;
How Ousenam's maidens tore their
hair,
Went till their eyes were dead and dim

Went till their eyes were dead and dim, And wrung their hands for love of him, Who died at Iedwood Air? He died!—his scholars, one by one, To the cold silent grave are gone; And I, alas! survive alone, To muse o'er rivalries of yore, And grieve that I shall hear no more The strains, with envy heard before; For, with my minstrel brethren fled, My jealousy of song is dead.

HE paused: the listening dames again Applaud the hoary Minstrel's strain. With many a word of kindly cheer,— In pity half, and half sincere,— Marvell'd the Duchess how so well His legendary song could tell— Of ancient deeds, so long forgot; Of feuds, whose memory was not; Of forests, now laid waste and bare; Of towers, which harbour now the hare; Of manners, long since changed and

gone;
Of chiefs, who under their grey stone
So long had slept, that fickle Fame
Had blotted from her rolls their name,
And twined round some new minion's
head

The fading wreath for which they bled; In sooth, 'twas strange, this old man's verse

Could call them from their marble hearse.

The Harper smiled, well pleased; for ne'er

Was flattery lost on Poet's ear:
A simple race! they waste their toil
For the vain tribute of a smile;
E'en when in age their flame expires,
Her dulcet breath can fan its fires:
Their drooping fancy wakes at praise,
And strives to trim the short-lived blaze.

Smiled, then, well-pleased, the Aged Man, And thus his tale continued ran.

CANTO FIFTH.

T.

CALL it not vain:—they do not err,
Who say, that when the Poet dies,
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies:
Who say, tall cliff, and cavern lone,
For the departed Bard make moan;
That mountains weep in crystal rill;
That flowers in tears of balm distil;
Through his loved groves that breezes
sigh,

And oaks, in deeper groan, reply; And rivers teach their rushing wave To murmur dirges round his grave.

RT.

Not that, in sooth, o'er mortal urn
Those things inanimate can mourn;
But that the stream, the wood, the gale,
Is vocal with the plaintive wail
Of those, who, else forgotten long,
Lived in the poet's faithful song,
And, with the poet's parting breath,
Whose memory feels a second death.
The Maid's pale shade, who wails her lot,
That love, true love, should be forgot,
From rose and hawthorn shakes the tear
Upon the gentle Minstrel's bier:
The phantom Knight, his glory fled,
Mourns o'er the field he heap'd with
dead;

Mounts the wild blast that sweeps amain, And shrieks along the battle-plain. The Chief, whose antique crownlet long Still sparkled in the feudal song, Now, from the mountain's mis Sees, in the thanedom once hi His ashes undistinguished lie, His place, his power, his men His groans the lonely caverns His tears of rage impel the ril All mourn the Minstrel's harp Their name unknown, their sung.

III.

Scarcely the hot assault was s The terms of truce were scarc When they could spy, from Bri towers,

The advancing march of marti-Thick clouds of dust afar app And trampling steeds were fain Bright spears above the colum Glanced momentary to the su And feudal banners fair displa The bands that moved to Bright

IV.

Vails not to tell each hardy cl.
From the fair Middle Marci
The Bloody Heart blazed in t
Announcing Douglas, dread
Vails not to tell what steeds d
Where the Seven Spears of

burne

Their men in battle-order se And Swinton laid the lance in That tamed of yore the spark! Of Clarence's Plantagenet. Nor list I say what hundreds a From the rich Merse and Lam And Tweed's fair borders, to the

Beneath the crest of old Dunb And Hepburn's mingled bann Down the steep mountain glitt And shouting still, "A F Home!"

v.

Now squire and knight, from Bi sent, On many a courteous message

On many a courteous message
To every chief and lord they p
Meet thanks for prompt and
aid;

And told them, -how a truce w

ow a day of fight was ta'en Musgrave and stout Deloraine, how the Ladye pray'd them

ll would stay the fight to see, eign, in love and courtesy, aste of Branksome cheer. le they bade to feast each Scot, gland's noble Lords forgot. the hoary Seneschal th, in seemly terms to call llant foes to Branksome Hall. l Howard, than whom knight er dubb'd, more bold in fight; n from war and armour free, ned for stately courtesy: y Dacre rather chose vilion to repose.

ble Dame, perchance you ask, hese two hostile armies met? it were no easy task p the truce which here was set; artial spirits, all on fire, only blood and mortal ire. d inroads, mutual blows, and by nation, foes net on Teviot's strand; t and sate them mingled down, a threat, without a frown, thers meet in foreign land: is, The spear that lately grasp'd, ne mailed gauntlet clasp'd, nterchanged in greeting dear; ere raised, and faces shown, ny a friend, to friend made lown, k of social cheer. ove the jolly bowl about; lice and draughts some chased e day, e, with many a merry shout, evelry, and rout,

t known, had bugles blown,

d the foot-ball play.

1 of war been seen, nds, so fair together ranged, nds, so frankly interchanged, yed with gore the green: y shout by Teviot-side

Had sunk in war-cries wild and wide, And in the groan of death; And whingers,* now in friendship bare, The social meal to part and share,

Had found a bloody sheath. 'Twixt truce and war, such sudden change Was not infrequent, nor held strange,

In the old Border-day: But yet on Branksome's towers and town, In peaceful merriment, sunk down The sun's declining ray.

VIII.

The blithsome signs of wassel gay Decay'd not with the dying day: Soon through the latticed windows tall Of lofty Branksome's lordly hall, Divided square by shafts of stone, Huge flakes of ruddy lustre shone; Nor less the gilded rafters rang With merry harp and beakers' clang:

And frequent, on the darkening plain, Loud hollo, whoop, or whistle ran, As bands, their stragglers to regain, Give the shrill watchword of their

clan: And revellers, o'er their bowls, proclaim Douglas' or Dacre's conquering name.

Less frequent heard, and fainter still, At length the various clamours died: And you might hear, from Branksome hill,

No sound but Teviot's rushing tide; Save when the changing sentinel The challenge of his watch could tell; And save, where, through the dark profound,

The clanging axe and hammer's sound Rung from the nether lawn; For many a busy hand toil'd there, Strong pales to shape, and beams to

square, The lists' dread barriers to prepare Against the morrow's dawn.

Margaret from hall did soon retreat, Despite the Dame's reproving eye; Nor mark'd she, as she left her seat, Full many a stifled sigh;

* A sort of knife, or poniard.

For many a noble warrior strove
To win the Flower of Teviot's love,
And many a bold ally.—
With throbbing head and anxious heart,
All in her lonely bower apart,
In broken sleep she lay:
By times, from silken couch she rose;
While yet the banner'd hosts repose,
She view'd the dawning day:
Of all the hundreds sunk to rest,
First woke the loveliest and the best.

XI.

She gazed upon the inner court,
Which in the tower's tall shadow lay;
Where coursers' clang, and stamp, and
snort,

Had rung the livelong yesterday;
Now still as death; till stalking slow,—
The jingling spurs announced his
tread,—

A stately warrior pass'd below;
But when he raised his plumed head—
Blessed Mary! can it be?—
Secure, as if in Ousenam bowers,
He walks through Branksome's hostile
towers,

With fearless step and free.
She dared not sign, she dared not speak—
Oh! if one page's slumbers break,
It is blood the price must pay!
Not all the pearls Queen Mary wears,
Not Margaret's yet more precious tears,
Shall buy his life a day.

XII.

Yet was his hazard small; for well

You may bethink you of the spell Of that sly urchin page;

This to his lord he did impart,
And made him seem, by glamour art,
A knight from Hermitage.
Unchallenged thus, the warder's post,
The court, unchallenged, thus he cross'd,
For all the vassalage:
But O! what magic's quaint disguise
Could blind fair Margaret's azure eyes!
She started from her seat;
While with surprise and fear she strove,
And both could scarcely master love—
Lord Henry's at her feet.

TITE

Oft have I mused, what purpose had That foul malicious urchin had

To bring this meeting round;
For happy love's a heavenly sight,
And by a vile malignant sprite
In such no low is found:

In such no joy is found;
And oft I've deem'd, perchance
thought

Their erring passion might have wrong Sorrow, and sin, and shame; And death to Cranstoun's gall

Knight,
And to the gentle ladye bright,
Disgrace, and loss of fame.
But earthly spirit could not tell
The heart of them that loved so well
True love's the gift which God has gin

To man alone beneath the heaven:
It is not fantasy's hot fire,
Whose wishes, soon as granted, I
It liveth not in fierce desire,
With dead desire it doth not die

It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to min
In body and in soul can bind.—
Now leave we Margaret and her Knig
To tell you of the approaching fight.

KIV.

Their warning blasts the bugles bless.

The pipe's shrill port * aroused et clan;

In haste, the deadly strife to view,
The trooping warriors eager ran:
Thick round the lists their lances stoo
Like blasted pines in Ettrick Wood;
To Branksome many a look they that
The combatants' approach to view,
And bandied many a word of boast,
About the knight each favour'd most

XV.

Meantime full anxious was the Dame For now arose disputed claim, Of who should fight for Deloraine, 'Twixt Harden and twixt Thirlestaim They 'gan to reckon kin and rent, And frowning brow on brow was bes

* A martial piece of music, adapted to bagpipes.

ot long the strife—for, lo! e Knight of Deloraine, t seem'd and free from pain, r sheath'd from top to toe, and craved the combat due. her charm successful knew, ree chiefs their claims with-

XVL

ne lists they sought the plain,
Ladye's silken rein
e Howard hold;
y her side he walk'd,
, in courteous phrase, they
'd
of arms of old.
garb—his Flemish ruff
s doublet, shaped of buff,
in slash'd and lined;
boot, and gold his spur,
was all of Poland fur,
with silver twined;
blade, by Marchmen felt,
broad and studded belt;
rude phrase, the Borderers

e Howard, Belted Will.

XVII.

rd Howard and the Dame, tret on her palfrey came, pot-cloth swept the ground: her wimple, and her veil, ose locks a chaplet pale st roses bound Angus, by her side, to cheer her tried; s aid, her hand in vain : to guide her broider'd rein. , she shudder'd at the sight s met for mortal fight; of terror, all unguess'd, ring in her gentle breast, heir chairs of crimson placed, and she the barriers graced.

XVIII.

e field, the young Buccleuch, 1 knight led forth to view; 1 the boy his present plight, e long'd to see the fight. Within the lists, in knightly pride,
High Home and haughty Dacre ride;
Their leading staffs of steel they wield,
As marshals of the mortal field;
While to each knight their care assign'd
Like vantage of the sun and wind.
Then heralds hoarse did loud proclaim,
In King and Queen, and Warden's
name.

That none, while lasts the strife, Should dare, by look, or sign, or word, Aid to a champion to afford,
On peril of his life;
And not a breath the silence broke,
Till thus the alternate Heralds spoke:—

YIY

ENGLISH HERALD.

"Here standeth Richard of Musgrave, Good knight and true, and freely born,

Amends from Deloraine to crave,
For foul despiteous scathe and scorn.
He sayeth, that William of Deloraine
Is traitor false by Border laws;
This with his sword he will maintain,
So help him God, and his good
cause!"

XX.

SCOTTISH HERALD.

"Here standeth William of Deloraine, Good knight and true, of noble strain, Who sayeth, that foul treason's stain, Since he bore arms, ne'er soil'd his

coat:

And that, so help him God above! He will on Musgrave's body prove, He lies most foully in his throat."

LORD DACRE.

"Forward, brave champions, to the fight! Sound trumpets!"—

LORD HOME.

—" God defend the right!"—
Then Teviot! how thine echoes rang,
When bugle-sound and trumpet-clang
Let loose the martial foes,
And in mid list, with shield poised high,
And measured step and wary eye,
The combatants did close.

XXI.

I'll would it suit your gentle ear, Ye lovely listeners, to hear How to the axe the helms did sound, And blood pour'd down from many a wound:

For desperate was the strife, and long, And either warrior fierce and strong But, were each dame a listening knight, I well could tell how warriors fight! For have seen war's lightning flashing, Seen the claymore with bayonet clashing, Seen through red blood the war-horse dashing,

And scorn'd, amid the reeling strife, To yield a step for death or life.-

XXII.

'Tis done, 'tis done! that fatal blow Has stretch'd him on the bloody plain; He strives to rise-Brave Musgrave, no! Thence never shalt thou rise again! He chokes in blood—some friendly hand Undo the visor's barred band, Unfix the gorget's iron clasp, And give him room for life to gasp! O, bootless aid !-haste, holy Friar, Haste, ere the sinner shall expire! Of all his guilt let him be shriven, And smooth his path from earth to heaven!

XXIII.

In haste the holy Friar sped: His naked foot was dyed with red, As through the lists he ran: Unmindful of the shouts on high, That hail'd the conqueror's victory, He raised the dying man;

Loose waved his silver beard and hair, As o'er him he kneel'd down in prayer; And still the crucifix on high He holds before his darkening eye; And still he bends an anxious ear,

His faltering penitence to hear; Still props him from the bloody sod, Still, even when soul and body part, Pours ghostly comfort on his heart,

And bids him trust in God! Unheard he prays;—the death-pang's o'er!

Richard of Musgrave breathes no more.

XXIV.

CAN

As if exhausted in the fight, Or musing o'er the piteous sight,

The silent victor stands: His beaver did he not unclasp, Mark'd not the shouts, felt not the Of gratulating hands.

When lo! strange cries of wild surpri Mingled with seeming terror, rise Among the Scottish bands;

And all, amid the throng'd array, In panic haste gave open way To a half-naked ghastly man Who downward from the castle ran: He cross'd the barriers at a bound, And wild and haggard look'd around

As dizzy, and in pain, And all, upon the armed ground, Knew William of Deloraine Each ladye sprung from seat with spec Vaulted each marshal from his steed

"And who art thou, they cried, "Who hast this battle fought and won His plumed helm was soon undone-

" Cranstoun of Teviot-side For this fair prize I've fought m won,"-

And to the Ladye led her son.

Full oft the rescued boy she kiss'd, And often press'd him to her breast: For, under all her dauntless show, Her heart had throbb'd at every blow Yet not Lord Cranstoun deign'd si greet,

Though low he kneeled at her feet. Me lists not tell what words were mad What Douglas, Home, and Howa said -

-For Howard was a generous foe-And how the clan united pray'd

The Ladye would the feud forego, And deign to bless the nuptial hour Of Cranstoun's Lord and Tevio Flower.

XXVI.

She look'd to river, look'd to hill, Thought on the Spirit's prophecy. Then broke her silence stern and still, "Not you, but Fate, has vanquish me;

e kindly stars may shower le and Branksome's tower, juell'd, and love is free."— Margaret by the hand, ss, trembling, scarce might

to Cranstoun's lord gave

to thee and thine, ie to me and mine! f love our bond shall be; r betrothing day, noble lords shall stay, with their company."—

xxvn.

the listed plain, tory she did gain; in fought with Deloraine, ge, and of the Book the wounded knight he

ought her castle high, y help of gramarye; Villiam's armour dight, age, while slept the knight, m the single fight. the he left unsaid, ill he join'd the maid.— Ladye to betray ts in view of day; ought, ere midnight came, to page the pride to tame, hands the Book to save, ack to Michael's grave.— tell each tender word ret and 'twixt Cranstoun's

told of former woes, bosom fell and rose, Musgrave bandied blows. se lovers' joys to tell: maids, you'll know them

xxvIII.

eloraine, some chance from his deathlike trance; that, in the listed plain, is arms and shield, Musgrave axe did wield, name of Deloraine. Hence, to the field, unarm'd, he ran, And hence his presence scared the clan, Who held him for some fleeting wraith, and not a man of blood and breath.

Not much this new ally he loved, Yet, when he saw what hap had proved,

He greeted him right heartilie:
He would not waken old debate,
For he was void of rancorous hate,
Though rude, and scant of courtesy;
In raids he spilt but seldom blood,
Unless when men-at arms withstood,
Or, as was meet, for deadly feud.
He ne'er bore grudge for stalwart blow,
Ta'en in fair fight from gallant foe:
And so 'twas seen of him, e'en now,

And so 'twas seen of him, e'en now, When on dead Musgrave he look'd down:

Grief darkened on his rugged brow, Though half disguised with a frown; And thus, while sorrow bent his head, His foeman's epitaph he made:—

YYIY

"Now, Richard Musgrave, liest thou here!

I ween, my deadly enemy;
For, if I slew thy brother dear,
Thou slew'st a sister's son to me;
And when I lay in dungeon dark,
Of Naworth Castle, long months three,

Till ransom'd for a thousand mark, Dark Musgrave, it was long of thee. And, Musgrave, could our fight be tried, And thou wert now alive, as I,

No mortal man should us divide,
Till one, or both of us, did die:
Yet rest thee God! for well I know
I ne'er shall find a nobler foe.
In all the northern counties here,
Whose word is Snaffle, spur, and spear,
Thou wert the best to follow gear!
'Twas pleasure, as we look'd behind,
To see how thou the chase could'st wind,
Cheer the dark blood-hound on his

way, And with the bugle rouse the fray! I'd give the lands of Deloraine, Dark Musgrave were alive again."—

* The spectral apparition of a living person.

XXX.

So mourn'd he, till Lord Dacre's band Were bowning back to Cumberland. They raised brave Musgrave from the field,

And laid him on his bloody shield;
On levell'd lances, four and four,
By turns, the noble burden bore.
Before, at times, upon the gale,
Was heard the Minstrel's plaintive wail;
Behind, four priests, in sable stole,
Sung requiem for the warrior's soul:
Around, the horsemen slowly rode;
With trailing pikes the spearmen trode;
And thus the gallant knight they bore,
Through Liddesdale to Leven's shore;
Thence to Holme Coltrame's lofty nave,
And laid him in his father's grave.

THE harp's wild notes, though hush'd the song,

The mimic march of death prolong; Now seems it far, and now a-near, Now meets, and now eludes the ear; Now seems some mountain side to sweep, Now faintly dies in valley deep; Seems now as if the Minstrel's wail, Now the sad requiem, loads the gale; Last, o'er the warrior's closing grave, Rung the full choir in choral stave.

After due pause, they bade him tell, Why he, who touch'd the harp so well, Should thus, with ill-rewarded toil, Wander a poor and thankless soil, When the more generous Southern Land Would well requite his skilful hand.

The Aged Harper, howsoe'er
His only friend, his harp, was dear,
Liked not to hear it rank'd so high
Above his flowing poesy:
Less liked he still, that scornful jeer
Misprised the land he loved so dear;
High was the sound, as thus again
The Bard resumed his minstrel strain.

CANTO SIXTH.

I.

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,

This is my own, my native land! Whose heart hath ne'er within h burn'd,

As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
From wandering on a foreign stras
If such there breathe, go, mark him we
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his nan
Boundless his wealth as wish can chai
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he spras
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

TI

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy woo
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band,
That knits me to thy rugged strand!
Still, as I view each well-known scen
Think what is now, and what hath be
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams we
left;

And thus I love them better still, Even in extremity of ill. By Yarrow's streams still let me stray Though none should guide my fee

Still feel the breeze down Ettrick bree Although it chill my wither'd cheek; Still lay my head by Teviot Stone, Though there, forgotten and alone, The Bard may draw his parting groat

III.

Not scorn'd like me! to Branksome H The Minstrels came, at festive call; Trooping they came, from near and f The jovial priests of mirth and war; Alike for feast and fight prepared, Battle and hanquet both they shared, Of late, before each martial clan, They blew their death-note in the va

The preceding four lines now form inscription on the monument of Sir Walter Si in the market-place of Selkirk. or every merry mate, ortcallis' iron grate; d the pipe, they strike the g, they revel, and they sing, le turrets shake and ring.

IV.

t at this tide declare
adour of the spousal rite,
ar'd in the chapel fair
id and matron, squire and
pat;
it tell of owches rare,
i green, and braided hair,
i furr'd with miniver;
sage waved the altar round,
and ringing chainlets sound;
it were for bard to speak
eful hue of Margaret's cheek;
hue which comes and flies,
d shame alternate rise!

V.

s have sung, the Ladye high altar came not nigh; the rites of spousal grace, he fear'd each holy place. ders these :- I trust right ht not by forbidden spell; y words and signs have power s in planetary hour: I praise their venturous part, er with such dangerous art, for faithful truth I say, adye by the altar stood, e velvet her array, on her head a crimson hood, Is embroider'd and entwined, with gold, with ermine lined; sat upon her wrist, . leash of silken twist.

VI.

al rites were ended soon:

** the merry hour of noon,
e lofty arched hall
d the gorgeous festival.
and squire, with heedful haste,
i the rank of every guest;

Pages, with ready blade, were there. The mighty meal to carve and share: O'er capon, heron-shew, and crane, And princely peacock's gilded train, And o'er the boar-head, garnish'd brave, And cygnet from St Mary's wave; O'er ptarmigan and venison, The priest had spoke his benison. Then rose the riot and the din, Above, beneath, without, within! For, from the lofty balcony, Rung trumpet, shalm, and pealtery: Their clanging bowls old warriors quaff'd, Loudly they spoke, and loudly laugh'd: Whisper'd young knights, in tone more mild To ladies fair; and ladies smiled. The hooded hawks, high perch'd on beam.

The clamor join'd with whistling scream,

And flapp'd their wings, and shook their bells,

In concert with the stag-hounds' yells. Round go the flasks of ruddy wine, From Bordeaux, Orleans, or the Rhine; Their tasks the busy sewers ply, And all is mirth and revelry.

VII.

The Goblin Page, omitting still
No opportunity of ill,
Strove now, while blood ran hot and high,
To rouse debate and jealousy;
Till Conrad, Lord of Wolfenstein,
By nature fierce, and warm with wine,
And now in humour highly cross'd,
About some steeds his band had lost,
High words to words succeeding still,
Smote, with his gauntlet, stout Hunthill;
A hot and hardy Rutherford,
Whom men called Dickon Draw-thesword.

He took it on the page's saye,
Hunthill had driven these steeds away.
Then Howard, Home, and Douglas rose,
The kindling discord to compose:
Stern Rutherford right little said,
But bit his glove, and shook his head.—
A fortnight thence, in Inglewood,
Stout Conrade, cold, and drench'd in
blood,

His bosom gored with many a wound, Was by a woodman's lyme-dog found; Unknown the manner of his death, Gone was his brand, both sword and sheath;

But ever from that time, 'twas said, That Dickon wore a Cologne blade.

VIII.

The dwarf, who fear'd his master's eye Might his foul treachery espie, Now sought the castle buttery, Where many a yeoman, bold and free, Revell'd as merrily and well As those that sat in lordly selle. Watt Tinlinn, there, did frankly raise The pledge to Arthur Fire-the-Braes; And he, as by his breeding bound, To Howard's merry-men sent it round. To quit them, on the English side, Red Roland Forster loudly cried, "A deep carouse to yon fair bride."—At every pledge, from vat and pail, Foam'd forth in floods the nut-brown

While shout the riders every one: Such day of mirth ne'er cheered their

Since old Buccleuch the name did gain, When in the cleuch the buck was ta'en.

IX.

The wily page, with vengeful thought, Remember'd him of Tinlinn's yew, And swore, it should be dearly bought

That ever he the arrow drew.
First, he the yeoman did molest,
With bitter gibe and taunting jest;
Told, how he fled at Solway strife,
And how Hob Armstrong cheer'd his
wife:

Then, shunning still his powerful arm, At unawares he wrought him harm; From trencher stole his choicest cheer, Dash'd from his lips his can of beer; Then, to his knee sly creeping on, With bodkin pierc'd him to the bone: The venom'd wound, and festering joint, Long after rued that bodkin's point. The startled yeoman swore and spurn'd, And board and flagons overturn'd.

Riot and clamour wild began; Back to the hall the Urchin ran; Took in a darkling nook his post, And grinn'd, and mutter'd, "Lost!"

X.

By this, the Dame, lest farther fray Should mar the concord of the day. Had bid the Minstrels tune their lay And first stept forth old Albert Gra The Minstrel of that ancient name: Was none who struck the harp so a Within the Land Debateable; Well friended, too, his hardy kin, Whoever lost, were sure to win; They sought the beeves that made a broth,

In Scotland and in England both. In homely guise, as nature bade, His simple song the Borderer said.

XI.

ALBERT GRÆME.

It was an English ladye bright, (The sun shines fair on Carlisle w And she would marry a Scottish kn For Love will still be lord of all,

Blithely they saw the rising sun, When he shone fair on Carlisle v But they were sad ere day was done Though Love was still the lord of

Her sire gave brooch and jewel fine Where the sun shines fair on Car wall;

Her brother gave but a flask of wir For ire that Love was lord of all

For she had lands, both meadow and Where the sun shines fair on Car wall,

And he swore her death, ere he would A Scottish knight the lord of all.

XII.

That wine she had not tasted well, (The sun shines fair on Carlisle w When dead, in her true love's arms, fell.

For Love was still the lord of all

reed her brother to the heart, re the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall:—
sh all would true love part,
Love may still be lord of all!
en he took the cross divine,
ere the sun shines fair on Carlisle
wall,)
ed for her sake in Palestine;
ove was still the lord of all.
Il ye lovers, that faithful prove,
: sun shines fair on Carlisle wall,)
at their souls who died for love,
Love shall still be lord of all!

VIII.

led Albert's simple lay,
se a bard of loftier port;
met, rhyme, and roundelay,
own'd in haughty Henry's court:
rung thy harp, unrivall'd long,
ver of the silver song!
gentle Surrey loved his lyre—
ho has not heard of Surrey's
fame?
was the hero's soul of fire,
id his the bard's immortal name,
s was love, exalted high
the glow of chivalry.

XIV.

They sought, together, climes afar,
And oft, within some olive grove,
When even came with twinkling star,
They sung of Surrey's absent love.
His step the Italian peasant stay'd,
And deem'd that spirits from on high,
Round where some hermit saint was
laid,
Were breathing heavenly melody;

Were breathing heavenly melody; So sweet did harp and voice combine, To praise the name of Geraldine.

XV.

Fitztraver! O what tongue may say
The pangs thy faithful bosom knew,
When Surrey, of the deathless lay,
Ungrateful Tudor's sentence slew?
Regardless of the tyrant's frown,
His harp call'd wrath and vengeance
down.
He left, for Naworth's iron towers,
Windsor's green glades, and courtly
bowers,
And, faithful to his patron's name,
With Howard still Fitztraver came;
Lord William's foremost favourite he,
And chief of all his minstrelsy.

XVI.

FITZTRAVER.

'Twas All-soul's eve, and Surrey's heart beat high;
He heard the midnight bell with anxious start,
Which told the mystic hour, approaching nigh,
When wise Cornelius promised, by his art,
To show to him the ladye of his heart,
Albeit betwixt them roar'd the ocean grim;
Yet so the sage had hight to play his part,
That he should see her form in life and limb,
And mark, if still she loved, and still she thought of him.

XVII.

Dark was the vaulted room of gramarye,
To which the wizard led the gallant Knight,
Save that before a mirror, huge and high,
A hallow'd taper shed a glimmering light
On mystic implements of magic might:
On cross, and character, and talisman,
And almagest, and altar, nothing bright:
For fitful was the lustre, pale and wan,
As watchlight by the bed of some departing man.

xvIII.

But soon, within that mirror huge and high,
Was seen a self-emitted light to gleam;
And forms upon its breast the Earl 'gan spy,
Cloudy and indistinct, as feverish dream;
Till, slow arranging, and defined, they seem
To form a lordly and a lofty room,
Part lighted by a lamp with silver beam,
Placed by a couch of Agra's silken loom,
And part by moonshine pale, and part was hid in gloom.

XIX.

Fair all the pageant—but how passing fair
The slender form, which lay on couch of Ind!
O'er her white bosom stray'd her hazel hair,
Pale her dear cheek, as if for love she pined;
All in her night-robe loose she lay reclined,
And, pensive, read from tablet eburnine,
Some strain that seem'd her inmost soul to find:—
That favour'd strain was Surrey's raptured line,
That fair and lovely form, the Lady Geraldine.

XX.

Slow roll'd the clouds upon the lovely form,
And swept the goodly vision all away—
So royal envy roll'd the murky storm
O'er my beloved Master's glorious day.
Thou jealous, ruthless tyrant! Heaven repay
On thee, and on thy children's latest line,
The wild caprice of thy despotic sway,
The gory bridal bed, the plunder'd shrine,
The murder'd Surrey's blood, the tears of Geraldine!

XXI.

Both Scots, and Southern chiefs, prolong Applauses of Fitztraver's song; These hated Henry's name as death, And those still held the ancient faith.-Then, from his seat, with lofty air, Rose Harold, bard of brave St Clair; St Clair, who, feasting high at Home, Had with that lord to battle come. Harold was born where restless seas Howl round the storm-swept Orcades; Where erst St Clairs held princely sway O'er isle and islet, strait and bay; Still nods their palace to its fall, Thy pride and sorrow, fair Kirkwall !-Thence oft he mark'd fierce Pentland rave.

As if grim Odin rode her wave;

And watch'd, the whilst, wit

pale, And throbbing heart, the strugg For all of wonderful and wild Had rapture for the lonely chil

XXII.

And much of wild and wonder In these rude isles might fancy For thither came, in times afai Stern Lochlin's sons of roving The Norsemen, train'd to s blood,

Skill'd to prepare the raven's f Kings of the main their leader. Their barks the dragons of the And there, in many a stormy v The Scald had told his wondn ly a Runic column high ressed grim idolatry. s had Harold, in his youth, nany a Saga's rhyme uncouth, Sea-Snake, tremendous curl'd, ionstrous circle girds the world; dread Maids, whose hideous the battle's bloody swell; s, who, guided through the gloom ale death-lights of the tomb, 'd the graves of warriors old, Ichions wrench'd from corpses' he deaf tomb with war's alarms, e the dead arise to arms! .r and wonder all on flame. n's bowers young Harold came, by sweet glen and greenwood œ, d a milder minstrelsy;

XXIII.

ething of the Northern spell ith the softer numbers well.

HAROLD.

listen, ladies gay!
nghty feat of arms I tell;
ne note, and sad the lay,
nourns the lovely Rosabelle.
moor the barge, ye gallant crew!
gentle ladye, deign to stay!
e in Castle Ravensheuch,
impt the stormy firth to-day.
ackening wave is edged with
hite;
h* and rock the sea-mews fly;
rs have heard the Water-Sprite,
screams forebode that wreck
igh.
ight the gifted Seer did view

ight the gifted Seer and view t shroud swathed round ladye sy; y thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch; ross the gloomy firth to-day?" t because Lord Lindesay's heir; that Roslin leads the ball, my ladye-mother there nely in her castle-hall.

* Inch, isle.

"'Tis not because the ring they ride, And Lindesay at the ring rides well, But that my sire the wine will chide, If 'tis not fill'd by Rosabelle." -O'er Roslin all that dreary night, A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam; 'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light, And redder than the bright moonbeam. It glared on Roslin's castled rock, It ruddied all the copse-wood glen; 'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak, And seen from cavern'd Hawthornden. Seem'd all on fire that chapel proud. Where Roslin's chiess uncoffin'd lie, Each Baron, for a sable shroud, Sheathed in his iron panoply. Seem'd all on fire within, around, Deep sacristy and altar's pale; Shone every pillar foliage-bound, And glimmer'd all the dead men's mail. Blazed battlement and pinnet high, Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair-So still they blaze, when fate is nigh The lordly line of high St Clair. There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold Lie buried within that proud chapelle; Each one the holy vault doth hold But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle. And each St Clair was buried there,

The dirge of lovely Rosabelle!

So sweet was Harold's piteous lav,

But the sea-caves rung, and the wild

With candle, with book, and with

knell:

winds sung,

Scarce mark'd the guests the darkened hall.
Though, long before the sinking day,
A wondrous shade involved them all:
It was not eddying mist or fog.
Drain'd by the sun from fen or bog;
Of no eclipse had sages told;
And yet, as it came on apace,
Each one could scarce his neighbour's
face,

Could scarce his own stretch'd hand behold.

A secret horror check'd the feast,
And chill'd the soul of every guest;
Even the high Dame stood half aghast,
She knew some evil on the blast;
The elvish page feil to the ground,
And, shuddering, mutter'd, "Found!
found! found!

XXV.

Then sudden, through the darken'd air A flash of lightning came; So broad, so bright, so red the glare, The castle seem'd on flame. Glanced every rafter of the hall, Glanced every shield upon the wall; Each trophied beam, each sculptured

Were instant seen, and instant gone; Full through the guests' bedazzled band Resistless flash'd the levin-brand, And fill'd the hall with smouldering

smoke,

As on the elvish page it broke.

It broke with thunder long and loud,
Dismay'd the brave, appall'd the
proud,—

From sea to sea the larum rung; On Berwick wall, and at Carlisle

withal,

To arms the startled warders sprung.

When ended was the dreadful roar, The elvish dwarf was seen no more!

XXVI.

Some heard a voice in Branksome Hall, Some saw a sight, not seen by all; That dreadful voice was heard by some, Cry, with loud summons, "GYLBIN, COME!"

And on the spot where burst the brand,

Just where the page had flung him down.

Some saw an arm, and some a hand, And some the waving of a gown. The guests in silence prayed and shook, And terror dimm'd each lofty look. But none of all the astonished train Was so dismay'd as Deloraine: His blood did freeze, his brain did burn, "Twas fear'd his mind would ne'er return;

For he was speechless, a Like him of whom the Who spoke the spectre-h At length, by fits, he dark With broken hint, and shud

That he had seen right A shape with amice varapp With a wrought Spanish b Like pilgrim from beyon And knew—but how it ma

It was the wizard, Michael

XXVII.

The anxious crowd, with h All trembling heard the we No sound was made, r

spoke,
Till noble Angus silence
And he a solemn sacro
Did to St Bride of Dong
That he a pilgrimage we
To Melrose Abbey, for
Of Michael's restless;

Then each, to ease his trou To some bless'd saint his dress'd:

Some to St Modan made t Some to St Mary of the L Some to the Holy Rood of Some to our Ladye of the Each did his patron witnes That he such pilgrimage w And monks should sing, and toll,

All for the weal of Michae While vows were ta'en, were pray'd,

Tis said the noble dame, d Renounced, for aye, dark r

XXVIII.

Nought of the bridal will I Which after in short space Nor how brave sons and da Bless'd Tevior's Flower, and heir:

After such dreadful scene,
To wake the note of mirth
More meet it were to ma
Of penitence, and pra
When pilgrim-chiefs, in
Sought Melrose body

XXIX.

foot, and sackloth vest, folded on his breast, pilgrim go; -by might hear uneath, roice, or high-drawn breath, Il the lengthen'd row: ok, nor martial stride; zir glory, sunk their pride, their renown; ow, like ghosts they glide altar's hallow'd side, they knelt them down: ppliant chieftains wave of departed brave; letter'd stones were laid their fathers dead; a garnish'd niche around, and tortured martyrs

XXX.

the dim aisle afar, owl and scapular, hite stoles, in order due, hers, two and two, occssion came; ost, and book they bare, nner, flourish'd fair cedeemer's name. ostrate pilgrim band abbot stretch'd his hand, it them as they kneel'd; oss he signed them all, hey might be sage in hall, iate in field.

requiem for the dead;
I'd out their mighty peal,
rted spirit's weal;
the office close
intercession rose;
choing aisles prolong
irthen of the song—
DIES ILLA,
ÆCLUM IN FAVILLA;
aling organ rung;
eet with sacred strain
iy lay, so light and vain,
y Fathers sung:—

XXXI.

HYMN FOR THE DEAD.

That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?
When, shriveling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the
dead!

Oh! on that day, that wrathful day, When man to judgment wakes from clay,

Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay, Though heaven and earth shall pass away!

HUSH'D is the harp—the Minstrel gone. And did he wander forth alone? Alone, in indigence and age, To linger out his pilgrimage? No!—close beneath proud Newark's tower,

Arose the Minstrel's lowly bower; A simple hut; but there was seen The little garden hedged with green, The cheerful hearth, and lattice clean. There shelter'd wanderers, by the

blaze,
Off heard the tale of other days;
For much he loved to ope his door,
And give the aid he begg'd before.
So pass'd the winter's day; but still,
When summer smiled on sweet Bow-

And July's eve, with balmy breath, Wav'd the blue-bells on Newark heath; When throstles sung in Harehead-shaw, And corn was green on Carterhaugh, And flourish'd, broad, Blackandro's

The aged Harper's soul awoke!
Then would be sing achievements high,
And circumstance of chivalry,
Till the rapt traveller would stay,
Forgetful of the closing day;
And noble youths the strain to hear,
Forsook the hunting of the deer;
And Yarrow, as he roll'd along,
Bore burden to the Minstrel's song.

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MARMION:

TALE OF FLODDEN FIELD.

IN SIX CANTOS.

Alas! that Scottish maid should sing
The combat where her lover fell!
That Scottish Bard should wake the string,
The triumph of our foes to tell!
LEYDEN.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

HENRY, LORD MONTAGUE,

THIS ROMANCE IS INSCRIBED

BY THE AUTIIOR.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FIRST EDITION.

It is hardly to be expected, that an Author whom the public have honoured some degree of applause, should not be again a trespasser on their kindness. You Author of Marmion must be supposed to feel some anxiety concerning its say since he is sensible that he hazards, by this second intrusion, any reputation this first Poem may have procured him. The present story turns upon the padventures of a ficticious character; but is called a Tale of Flodden Field, but the here's fute is connected with that memorable defeat, and the causes which led The design of the Author was, if possible, to apprize his readers, at the cutset, a date of his Story, and to prepare them for the manners of the Age in which it is Any Historical Narrative, far more an attempt at Epic composition, exceeded plan of a Romantic Tale; yet he may be permitted to hope, from the popular. The Lay of the Last Minstrel, that an attempt to paint the manners of feudal times, upon a broader scale, and in the course of a more interesting story, not be unacceptable to the Public.

The Poem opens about the commencement of August, and concludes with the of Flodden, 9th September, 1513.

ASHESTIEL, 1808.

MARMION.

a success so brilliant and profitable as that which had been attained by " it was only natural that a young and ambitious writer should be uickly to resume his addresses to the muse, especially in the circumwhich Scott was placed. He saw before him little prospect of advanceis profession, for the practice of which he had never felt any inclination, h continued to become more distasteful to him. Having to choose iterature and law, he was ready to decide in favour of the former, had not ship which he obtained in Dec. 1799, and the reversion of the clerkship which was assigned to him a few years later, enabled him to take a urse, to apply himself to letters without rendering himself dependent for e on the profits of his pen. The good fortune which crowned his first say in literature confirmed this resolution, and another poem was quickly With characteristic prudence Scott had determined not to be too hasty cond venture, and to bestow upon it the thought and polish which the luld naturally expect from an author of his reputation. Some pecuniary ment on the part of his brother Thomas caused him to break this cautious Constable, in association with some of the London booksellers, was ing to pay down a thousand pounds for the unwritten poem, and Scott enabled to assist his brother in his difficulties. Byron, unaware of the purpose to which Scott applied the money, affected to be shocked at the nature of the bargain. The publishers, however, were only too glad to the arrangement, and they were certainly no losers by their confidence ality. Commenced in Nov. 1806, "Marmion" was ready for the press in 1808. Two thousand copies of the first edition in quarto, at a guinea If, were disposed of in a month. A second edition, of 3,000 copies, ely followed, and two other editions, each of the same extent, were called the end of 1809. By the beginning of 1836 as many as 50,000 copies disposed of. as was the circulation of "Marmion," it can hardly be said to have been the same relish as the "Lay," yet it was in many respects an advance. rey, who was very severe on the defects of the second poem, is disposed that if it has greater faults it has also greater beauties. "It has more edious passages, and more ostentation of historical and antiquarian lore, also greater richness and variety, both of character and incident; and if is sweetness and pathos in the softer passages, it has certainly more and force of colouring in the loftier and busier representations of action ion more airiness and brightness in the higher delineations." Scott has acknowledged, in the preface of 1830, one of the chief defects/ bry, although he endeavoured to justify it in a note. This was the ion of mean felony with so many noble qualities in the character of the ecially as the crime belonged rather to a commercial than a proud, and uninstructed age. Leyden, amongst others, was furious at this oversight, and Scott owns that it ought to have been remedied or p
"Yet I suffered the tree," he says, "to lie as it had fallen, being satist
corrections, however judicious, have a bad effect after publication."

The letters prefixed to each canto were also a mistake in an artistic view. Every one will agree with Southey in wishing them "at the envolume, or the beginning, anywhere except where they are;" and the be we can give the reader is, not to allow them to interrupt his perusal of the but to regard them as independent pieces. Indeed, it was in this characteristics. were originally intended to appear, and as such were advertised under the "Six Epistles from Ettrick Forest." Of the persons to whom the let addressed a few notes may be interesting. Mr. W. Stewart Rose was the of "Letters from Rome," a translation of Ariosto, and other works—a cultivated man, whose social qualities were higher than his literary powers not only met him frequently in London, but visited him at his marine villa more, in Hampshire. The Rev. John Marriott was tutor to Lord Se young heir of Buccleuch, to whom there is an allusion in the poem, and a few days after it was published. William Erskine, afterwards Lord Kin was one of Scott's oldest and most valued friends. Lockhart describes very the difference in their character and temperament; Scott being strong and passionately fond of rough bodily exercise, while Erskine was "a little feeble make, who seemed unhappy when his pony got beyond a foot pace . used to shudder when he saw a party equipped for coursing, as if murder the wind. His small, elegant features, hectic cheek, and soft hazel eyes, index of the quick, sensitive gentle spirit within. He had the warm he woman, her generous enthusiasm, and some of her weaknesses. A beauti scape, or a fine strain of music, would send the tears rolling down the chee though capable, I have no doubt, of exhibiting, had his duty called him t the highest spirit of a hero or a martyr, he had very little command over hi amidst circumstances such as men of ordinary mould (to say nothing of iro like Scott's) regard with indifference." Slow advancement at the bar so soured his temper; he shrank from general society, and moved only in circle of intimate friends. This retiring habit clung to him after he had the long-coveted seat on the bench. He was at heart a generous, kine His conversation, somewhat formal and precise, was rich in knowledge; taste and keen criticism were very valuable to his friend. Mr. James S Rubislaw, near Aberdeen, was another early friend of Scott, who had enchim in his German studies, and shared his military enthusiasm in the day expected invasion. Scott speaks of him in one of his letters as "distinguing his attainments as a draughtsman, and for his highly gentlemanlike feelcharacter. Admirable in all exercises, there entered a good deal of the cava his early character." Mr. George Ellis is well known as the editor of a mantiquarian works. He was a frequent correspondent and valued ad-Scott. Richard Heber was brother of the Bishop and poet of the sam He was long Member of Parliament for the University of Oxford, and a culture and social position. His knowledge of Middle Age literat extensive library were of great assistance to Scott in the compilation Border Minstrelsy. Once, after a long convivial night in Edinburgh, he ar climbed to the top of Arthur's Seat in the moonlight, coming down to I with a rare appetite.

The topography of "Marmion" is so fully illustrated in the notes, the scarcely needful here to do more than indicate them:—Norham Castle, Lindisfarne, p. 510; Gifford Castle, p. 512; Crichtoun Castle, p. 514; the

515; Tantallon Castle, p. 517; Edinburgh Cross, p. 517. The route by Marmion" is carried to Edinburgh was made the subject of good-natured y some of Scott's friends. "Why," said one of them, "did ever mortal rom England to Edinburgh, go by Gifford, Crichton Castle, Borthwick and over the top of Blackford Hill? Not only is it a circuitous detour, never was a road that way since the world was created." "That is a levant objection," replied Scott; "it was my good pleasure to bring Marmion coate, for the purpose of describing the places you have mentioned, and the m Blackford Hill—it was his business to find his road, and pick his steps way he could." In the poem, however, another reason is suggested for a chosen:—

'They might not choose the lowland road. For the Merse forayers were abroad, Who, fired with hate and thirst of prey, Had scarcely failed to bar their way."

s at the suggestion of the friend who offered the above criticism (Mr. Guthrie that Scott took his hero back by Tantallon.

MARMION.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FIRST.

TO WILLIAM STEWART ROSE, Esq.

Ashestiel, Eltrick Fora

November's leaf is red and sear:
Late, gazing down the steepy linn,
That hems our little garden in,
Low in its dark and narrow glen,
You scarce the rivulet might ken,
So thick the tangled greenwood grew,
So feeble trill'd the streamlet through:
Now, murmuring hoarse, and frequent

Through bush and brier, no longer green, An angry brook, it sweeps the glade, Brawls over rock and wild cascade, And, foaming brown with doubled speed, Hurries its waters to the Tweed.

No longer Autumn's glowing red Upon our Forest hills is shed; No more, beneath the evening beam, Fair Tweed reflects their purple gleam: Away hath passed the heather-bell That bloom'd so rich on Needpath Fell: Sallow his brow, and russet bare Are now the sister-heights of Yair. The sheep, before the pinching heaven, To shelter'd dale and down are driven, Where yet some faded herbage pines, And yet a watery sunbeam shines: In meek despondency they eye The wither'd sward and wintry sky, And far beneath their summer hill, Stray sadly by Glenkinnon's rill: The shepherd shifts his mantle's fold, And wraps him closer from the cold; His dogs no merry circles wheel, But, shivering, follow at his heel; A cowering glance they often cast, As deeper moans the gathering blast.

My imps, though hardy, bold and w As best belits the mountain child, Feel the sad influence of the hour, And wail the daisy's vanished flower Their summer gambols tell, and mor And anxious ask,—Will spring return And birds and lambs again be gay, And blossoms clothe the hawthorn spr

Yes, prattlers, yes. The daisy's flo Again shall paint your summer bown Again the hawthorn shall supply The garlands you delight to tie; The lambs upon the lea shall bound The wild birds carol to the round, And while you frolic light as they, Too short shall seem the summer da

To mute and to material things New life revolving summer brings; The genial call dead Nature hears, And in her glory reappears. But oh! my Country's wintry state What second spring shall renovate? What powerful call shall bid arise The buried warlike and the wise: The mind that thought for Britain's w The hand that grasp'd the victor ste The vernal sun new life bestows Even on the meanest flower that blo But vainly, vainly may he shine, Where glory weeps o'er NELSON's shr And vainly pierce the solemn gloom That shrouds, O PITT, thy hallo tombl

Deep graved in every British hear O never let those names depart!

sons,—Lo, here his grave, died on Gadite wave; * to the burning levin, t, resistless course was given. is country's foes were found, the fated thunder's sound, ne bolt on yonder shore, ed, destroy'd,—and was no:

rn ye less his perish'd worth, the conqueror go forth, i'd that thunderbolt of war Hafnia, + Trafalgar; to guide such high emprize, 's weal was early wise; hom the Almighty gave, 's sins, an early grave! who, in his mightiest hour, eld the pride of power, the sordid lust of pelf, his Albion for herself; 1 the frantic crowd amain subjection's bursting rein, rild mood full conquest gain'd, he would not crush, restrain'd, ir fierce zeal a worthier cause, ht the freeman's arm, to aid freeman's laws.

hou but lived, though stripp'd ower, in on the lonely tower, in on the lonely tower, in grrump had roused the land, I or danger were at hand; by the beacon-light, had kept course aright; oud column, though alone, th had propp'd the tottering ne: stately column broke, 1-light is quench'd in smoke,

stately column broke, 1-light is quench'd in smoke, et's silver sound is still, r silent on the hill!

:, how to his latest day, th, just hovering, claim'd his

', ure's unalter'd mood, : dangerous post he stood;

† Copenhagen.

Each call for needful rest repell'd,
With dying hand the rudder held,
Till, in his fall, with fateful sway,
The steerage of the realm gave way!
Then, while on Britain's thousand plains,
One unpolluted church remains,
Whose peaceful bells ne'er sent around
The bloody tocsin's maddening sound,
But still, upon the hallow'd day,
Convoke the swains to praise and pray;
While faith and civil peace are dear,
Grace this cold marble with a tear,—
He, who preserved them, PITT, lies here!

Nor yet suppress the generous sigh, Because his rival slumbers nigh; Nor be thy requissat dumb, Lest it be said o'er Fox's tomb. For alents mourn, untimely lost, When best employ'd, and wanted most; Mourn genius high, and lore profound, And wit that loved to play, not wound; And all the reasoning powers divine, To penetrate, resolve, combine; And feelings keen, and fancy's glow,—They sleep with him who sleeps below: And, if thou mourn'st they could not

save
From error him who owns this grave,
Be every harsher thought suppress'd,
And sacred be the last long rest.
Here, where the end of earthly things
Lays heroes, patriots, bards, and kings;
Where stiff the hand, and still the tongue,
Of those who fought, and spoke, and

sung; Here, where the fretted aisles prolong The distant notes of holy song, As if some angel spoke agen, "All peace on earth, good-will to men;" If ever from an English heart, O, here let prejudice depart, And, partial feeling cast aside, Record. that Fox a Briton died! When Europe crouch'd to France's yoke, And Austria bent, and Prussia broke, And the firm Russian's purpose brave, Was barter'd by a timorous slave, Even then dishonour's peace he spurn'd, The sullied olive-branch return'd, Stood for his country's glory fast, And nail'd her colours to the mast!

Heaven, to reward his firmness, gave A portion in this honour'd grave, And ne'er held marble in its trust Of two such wondrous men the dust.

With more than mortal powers endow'd,

How high they soar'd above the crowd!
Theirs was no common party race,
Jostling by dark intrigue for place;
Like fabled Gods, their mighty war
Shook realms and nations in its jar;
Beneath each banner proud to stand,
Look'd up the noblest of the land,
Till through the British world were
known

The names of PITT and Fox alone. Spells of such force no wizard grave E'er framed in dark Thessalian cave, Though his could drain the ocean dry, And force the planets from the sky. These spells are spent, and, spent with

these,
The wine of life is on the lees.
Genius, and taste, and talent gone,
For ever tomb'd beneath the stone,
Where - taming thought to human
pride! ---

The mighty chiefs sleep side by side.
Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,
'Twill trickle to his rival's bier;
O'er PITT's the mournful requiem sound,
And Fox's shall the notes rebound.
The solemn echo seems to cry,—
"Here let their discord with them die.
Speak not for those a separate doom,
Whom Fate made Brothers in the tomb;
But search the land of living men,
Where wilt thou find their like agen?"

Rest, ardent Spirits! till the cries
Of dying Nature bid you rise;
Not even your Britain's groans can pierce
The leaden silence of your hearse;
Then, O, how impotent and vain
This grateful tributary strain!
Though not unmark'd from northern
clime,

Ye heard the Border Minstrel's rhyme: His Gothic harp has o'er you rung; The Bard you deign'd to praise, your deathless names has sung. Stay yet, illusion, stay a while, My wilder'd fancy still beguile! From this high theme how can I pa Ere half unloaded is my heart! For all the tears e'er sorrow drew, And all the raptures fancy knew. And all the keener rush of blood, That throbs through bard in bardmood,

Were here a tribute mean and low, Though all their mingled streams of

Woe, wonder, and sensation high. In one spring-tide of ecstasy! It will not be-it may not last-The vision of enchantment's past: Like frostwork in the morning ray, The fancied fabric melts away: Each Gothic arch, memorial-stone, And long, dim, lofty aisle, are gone And, lingering last, deception dear, The choir's high sounds die on my Now slow return the lonely down, The silent pastures bleak and brown The farm begirt with copsewood wi The gambols of each frolic child, Mixing their shrill cries with the tor Of Tweed's dark waters rushing on.

Prompt on unequal tasks to run, Thus Nature disciplines her son: Meeter, she says, for me to stray, And waste the solitary day, In plucking from yon fen the reed, And watch it floating down the Twe Or idly list the shrilling lay, With which the milkmaid cheers

way,
Marking its cadence rise and fail,
As from the field, beneath her pail,
She trips it down the uneven dale:
Meeter for me, by yonder cairm,
The ancient shepherd's tale to learn
Though oft he stop in rustic fear,
Lest his old legends tire the ear
Of one, who, in his simple mind,
May boast of book-learn'd taste refin

But thou, my friend, canst fitly te (For few have read romance so well How still the legendary lay O'er poet's bosom holds its was;

the ancient minstrel strain 's his palsied hand in vain; v our hearts at doughty deeds, iors wrought in steely weeds, b for fear and pity's sake; the Champion of the Lake ·lorgana's fated house, e Chapel Perilous, ig spells and demons' force, onverse with the unburied corse; L. Dame Ganore's grace to move, hat lawless was their love!) tht proud Tarquin in his den, ed full sixty knights; or when, man, and unconfess'd, the Sangreal's holy quest, umbering, saw the vision high, ht not view with waking eye.

nightiest chiefs of British song not such legends to prolong: learn through Spenser's elfin liream, x in Milton's heavenly theme; yden, in immortal strain, sed the Table Round again, ta ribald King and Court m toil on, to make them sport; ded for their niggard pay, their souls, a looser lay, sus satire, song, and play; rld defrauded of the high design, d the God-given strength, and narr'd the lofty line.

a'd by such names, well may we hen, dwindled sons of little men, break a feeble lance air fields of old romance; the moated castle's cell, long through talisman and spell,

While tyrants ruled, and damsels wept, Thy Genius, Chivalry, hath slept: There sound the harpings of the North, Till he awake and sally forth, On venturous quest to prick again, In all his arms, with all his train, Shield, lance, and brand, and plume, and scarf, Fay, giant, dragon, squire, and dwarf, And wizard with his wand of might, And errant maid on palfrey white. Around the Genius weave their spells, Pure Love, who scarce his passion tells; Mystery, half veil'd and half reveal'd; And Honour, with his spotless shield; Attention, with fix'd eye; and Fear, That loves the tale she shrinks to hear; And gentle Courtesy; and Faith, Unchanged by sufferings, time, or death; And Valour, lion-mettled lord, Leaning upon his own good sword.

Well has thy fair achievement shown, A worthy meed may thus be won; Ytene's * oaks-beneath whose shade Their theme the merry minstrels made, Of Aspacart, and Bevis bold, And that Red King, + who, while of old, Through Boldrewood the chase he led, By his lov'd huntsman's arrow bled-Ytene's oaks have heard again Renew'd such legendary strain; For thou hast sung how He of Gaul, That Amadis so famed in hall, For Oriana, foil'd in fight The Necromancer's felon might; And well in modern verse hast wove Partenopex's mystic love: Hear, then, attentive to my lay, A knightly tale of Albion's elder day.

* The New Forest in Hampshire, anciently so called. † William Rufus.

CANTO FIRST.

The Castle.

DAY set on Norham's castled steep, And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep, And Cheviot's mountains lone:

The battled towers, the donjon keep, The loophole grates, where captives weep,

The flanking walls that round it sweep, In yellow lustre shone.

The warriors on the turrets high, Moving athwart the evening sky, Seem'd forms of giant height:

Their armour, as it caught the rays, Flash'd back again the western blaze, In lines of dazzling light.

Saint George's banner, broad and gay, Now faded, as the fading ray

Less bright, and less, was flung; The evening gale had scarce the power To wave it on the Donjon Tower,

So heavily it hung. The scouts had parted on their search,

The Castle gates were barr'd; Above the gloomy portal arch, Timing his footsteps to a march, The Warder kept his guard;

Low humming, as he paced along, Some ancient Border gathering song.

A distant trampling sound he hears; He looks abroad and soon appears, O'er Horncliff-hill a plump * of spears.

Beneath a pennon gay; A horseman, darting from the crowd, Like lightning from a summer cloud, Spurs on his mettled courser proud,

Before the dark array. Beneath the sable palisade, That closed the Castle barricade,

* This word properly applies to a flight of water-fowl: but is applied, by analogy, to a body of horse:—
"There is a knight of the North Country, Which leads a lusty plump of spears."—
Flodden Field.

His bugle-horn he blew; The warder hasted from the wall, And warn'd the Captain in the hall,

For well the blast he knew; And joyfully that knight did call, To sewer, squire, and seneschal.

"Now broach ye a pipe of Malvoisi Bring pasties of the doe, And quickly make the entrance free

And bid my heralds ready be, And every minstrel sound his glee,

And all our trumpets blow; And, from the platform, spare ye no To fire a noble salvo-shot;

Lord MARMION waits below!" Then to the Castle's lower ward Sped forty yeomen tall,

The iron-studded gates unbarr'd, Raised the portcullis' ponderous gua The lofty palisade unsparr'd, And let the drawbridge fall.

Along the bridge Lord Marmion roo Proudly his red-roan charger trode, His helm hung at the saddlebow; Well by his visage you might know He was a stalworth knight, and kee And had in many a battle been; The scar on his brown check reveal A token true of Bosworth field; His eyebrow dark, and eye of fire, Show'd spirit proud, and prompt to Yet lines of thought upon his cheek Did deep design and counsel speak. His forehead, by his casque worn by His thick mustache, and curly hair, Coal black, and grizzled here and th

But more through toil than age; His square-turn'd joints, and street

of limb. Show'd him no carpet knight so trin But in close fight a champion grim, In camps a leader sage.

V1.

ne arm'd from head to heel, it plate of Milan steel; ong helm, of mighty cost, th burnish'd gold emboss'd; olumage of the crest, over'd on her nest, gs outspread, and forward st:

i falcon, on his shield, e in an azure field:
legend bore aright, its at mr. to brait its bight, the charger's broider'd rein; is deck'd his arching mane; ly housing's ample fold.

blue, and trapp'd with gold.

VII.

n rode two gallant squires, ame, and knightly sires; d the gilded spurs to claim; buld each a war-horse tame, we the bow, the sword could y, r hear the ring away; ith courteous precepts stored, e in hall, and carve at board, love-ditties passing rare, hem to a lady fair.

VIII.

at-arms came at their backs. ert, bill, and battle-axe: Lord Marmion's lance so ng, s sumpter-mules along, ng palfrey, when at need ease his battle-steed. id trustiest of the four, s forky pennon bore; ow's tail, in shape and hue, he streamer glossy blue, izon'd sable, as before, ing falcon seem'd to soar. ty yeomen, two and two, lack, and jerkins blue, ns broider'd on each breast. on their lord's behest: en for an archer good, ing-craft by lake or wood;

Each one a six-foot bow could bend, And far a cloth-yard shaft could send; Each held a boar-spear tough and strong, And at their belts their quivers rung. Their dusty palfreys, and array, Show'd they had march'd a weary way.

ıx.

'Tis meet that I should tell you now, How fairly arm'd, and order'd how, The soldiers of the guard, With musket, pike, and morion, To welcome noble Marmion, Stood in the Castle-yard; Minstrels and trumpeters were there, The gunner held his linstock yare, For welcome-shot prepared: Enter'd the train, and such a clang, As then through all his turrets rang, Old Norham never heard.

x.

The guards their morrice-pikes advanced,
The trumpets flourish'd brave,
The cannon from the ramparts glanced,
And thundering welcome gave.
A blithe salute, in martial sort,
The minstrels well might sound,
For, as Lord Marmion cross'd the court,
He scatter'd angels round.
"Welcome to Norham, Marmion!
Stout heart, and open hand!
Well dost thou brook thy gallant roan,
Thou flower of English land!"

XI.

Two pursuivants, whom tabarts deck,
With silver scutcheon round their neck,
Stood on the steps of stone,
By which you reach the donjon gate,
And there, with herald pomp and state,
They hail'd Lord Marnion:
They hail'd him Lord of Fontenaye,
Of Lutterward, and Scrivelbaye,
Of Tamworth tower and town;
And he, their courtesy to requite,
Gave them a chain of twelve marks
weight,

All as he lighted down.

"Now, largesse, largesse,* Lord Marmion,

Knight of the crest of gold!
A blazon'd shield, in battle won,
Ne'er guarded heart so bold."

XII.

They marshall'd him to the Castle-hall, Where the guests stood all aside, And loudly flourish'd the trumpet-call, And the heralds loudly cried,—
"Room, lordlings, room for Lord Mar-

With the crest and helm of gold!
Full well we know the trophies won
In the lists at Cottiswold:

There, vainly Ralph de Wilton strove 'Gainst Marmion's force to stand; To him he lost his lady-love,

And to the King his land.

Ourselves beheld the listed field,
A sight both sad and fair;

We saw Lord Marmion pierce his shield, And saw his saddle bare;

And saw his saddle bare;
We saw the victor win the crest
He wears with worthy pride;
And on the gibbet-tree, reversed,
His foeman's scutcheon tied.

His forman's scutcheon tied. Place, nobles, for the Falcon-Knight! Room, room, ye gentles gay, For him who conquer'd in the right,

Marmion of Fontenaye!"

XIII.

Then stepp'd, to meet that noble Lord, Sir Hugh the Heron bold, Baron of Twisell, and of Ford, And Captain of the Hold.

He led Lord Marmion to the deas, Raised o'er the pavement high, And placed him in the upper place—They feasted full and high:

The whiles a Northern harper rude Chanted a rhyme of deadly feud,

"How the fierce Thirwalls, and Ridleys all,

Stout Willimondswick, And Hardriding Dick, And Hughie of Hawdon, and Will & the Wall,

 The cry with which heralds and pursuivants were wont to acknowledge the bounty received from the knights. Have set on Sir Albany Featherstonhan And taken his life at the Deadma shaw."

Scantly Lord Marmion's ear could be The harper's barbarous lay; Yet much he praised the pains he to

And well those pains did pay: For lady's suit and minstrel's strain, By knight should ne'er be heard in v

XIV. "Now, good Lord Marmion," He says, "Of your fair courtesy, I pray you bide some little space, In this poor tower with me. Here may you keep your arms from n May breathe your war-horse well: Seldom hath pass'd a week but giust Or feat of arms befell: The Scots can rein a mettled steed, And love to couch a spear ;-St George! a stirring life they lead, That have such neighbours near. Then stay with us a little space. Our northern wars to learn; I pray you for your lady's grace!"-Lord Marmion's brow grew stern.

xv.

The Captain mark'd his alter'd look And gave a squire the sign; A mighty wassel-bowl he took, And crown'd it high with wine. "Now pledge me here, Lord Marmi But first I pray thee fair, Where hast thou left that page of th That used to serve thy cup of wine. Whose beauty was so rare? When last in Raby towers we met. The boy I closely eyed, And often mark'd his cheeks were w With tears he fain would hide: His was no rugged horse-boy's hand To burnish shield or sharpen brand. Or saddle battle-steed; But meeter seem'd for lady fair, To fan her cheek or curl her hair, Or through embroidery, rich and ras The slender silk to lead :

was fair, his ringlets gold, iom—when he sigh'd, t doublet's rugged fold carce repel its pride! thou given that lovely youth e in lady's bower? e gentle page, in sooth, e paramour?"

XVI.

mion ill could brook such jest; 'd his kindling eye,
his rising wrath suppress'd, de a calm reply:
thou thought'st so goodly fair,
not brook the northern air.
is fate if thou wouldst learn,
sick in Lindisfarn:
f him.—But, Heron, say,
thy lovely lady gay
, grace the hall to-day?
at dame, so fair and sage,
ome pious pilgrimage?"—
in covert scorn, for fame
l light tales of Heron's dame.

XVII.

I, at least unreck'd, the taunt, s the Knight replied, , whose feathers gaily flaunt, ts in cage to bide: is grim and grated close, in by battlement and fosse, any a darksome tower; er loves my lady bright liberty and light, Queen Margaret's bower. our greyhound in our hand, con on our glove; e shall we find leash or band. me that loves to rove? rild falcon soar her swing, oop when she has tired her ng."-

with royal James's bride y Lady Heron bide, ie here a messenger, der greetings prompt to bear; ne Scottish court address'd, at our King's behest,

See Note in Appendix.

XVIII.

And pray you, of your grace, provide
For me and mine, a trusty guide.
I have not ridden in Scotland since
James back'd the cause of that mock
prince,

Warbeck, that Flemish counterfeit, Who on the gibbet paid the cheat. Then did I march with Surrey's power, What time we razed old Ayton Tower."—

XIX.

"For such-like need, my lord, I trow, Norham can find you guides enow; For here be some have prick'd as far, On Scottish ground, as to Dunbar; Have drunk the monks of St Bothan's ale, And driven the beeves of Lauderdale; Harried the wives of Greenlaw's goods, And given them light to set their

XX.

hoods."-

"Now, in good sooth," Lord Marmion cried, "Were I in warlike wise to ride, A better guard I would not lack, Than your stout forayers at my back; But, as in form of peace I go, A friendly messenger, to know, Why through all Scotland, near and far, Their King is mustering troops for war, The sight of plundering Border spears Might justify suspicious fears, And deadly feud, or thirst of spoil, Break out in some unseemly broil: A herald were my fitting guide; Or friar, sworn in peace to bide; Or pardoner, or travelling priest, Or strolling pilgrim, at the least.

XXI.

The Captain mused a little space,
And pass'd his hand across his face.—
"Fain would I find the guide you want,
But ill may spare a pursuivant,
The only men that safe can ride
Mine errands on the Scottish side:
And though a bishop built this fort,
Few holy brethren here resort;
Even our good chaplain, as I ween,
Since our last siege we have not seen:

The mass he might not sing or say, Upon one stinted meal a-day; So, safe he sat in Durham aisle, And pray'd for our success the while. Our Norham vicar, woe betide, Is all too well in case to ride; The priest of Shoreswood-he could rein The wildest war-horse in your train; But then, no spearman in the hall Will sooner swear, or stab, or brawl. Friar John of Tillmouth were the man: A blithesome brother at the can, A welcome guest in hall and bower, He knows each castle, town, and tower, In which the wine and ale is good, Twixt Newcastle and Holy-Rood. But that good man, as ill befalls, Hath seldom left our castle walls, Since, on the vigil of St Bede, In evil hour, he cross d the Tweed, To teach Dame Alison her creed. Old Bughtrig found him with his wife; And John, an enemy to strife, Sans frock and hood, fled for his life. The jealous churl hath deeply swore, That, if again he venture o'er, He shall shrieve penitent no more. Little he loves such risks, I know; Yet, in your guard, perchance will go."

XXII.

Young Selby, at the fair hall-board, Carved to his uncle and that lord, And reverently took up the word.—
Kind uncle, woe were we each one, If harm should hap to brother John. He is a man of mirthful speech, Can many a game and gambol teach; Full well at tables can he play, And sweep at bowls the stake away. None can a lustier carol bawl, The needfulest among us all, When time hangs heavy in the hall, And snow comes thick at Christmas tide,

And we can neither hunt, nor ride A foray on the Scottish side. The vow'd revenge of Bughtrig rude, May end in worse than loss of hood. Let Friar John, in safety, still In chimney-corner snore his fill, Roast hissing crabs, or flagons swill: Last night, to Norham there can Will better guide Lord Marmio "Nephew," quoth Heron, "by Well hast thou spoke; say fo say."—

XXIII.

"Here is a holy Palmer come,
From Salem first, and last from
One, that hath kiss'd the blesse
And visited each holy shrine,
In Araby and Palestine;
On hills of Armenie hath been,
Where Noah's ark may yet be s
By that Red Sea, too, hath he t
Which parted at the prophet's r
In Sinai's wilderness he saw
The Mount, where Israel heard
'Mid thunder-dint and flashing I
And shadows, mists, and de
given.

He shows St James's cockle-she Of fair Montserrat, too, can tell And of that Grot where Olive Where, darling of each heart an From all the youth of Sicily, Saint Rosalie retired to God.

XXIV.

"To stout Saint George of I merry,
Saint Thomas, too, of Canterb Cuthbert of Durham and Saint For his sins' pardon hath he pr. He knows the passes of the No And seeks far shrines beyond the Little he eats, and long will wal And drinks but of the stream or This were a guide o'er moor an But, when our John hath quaff'c As little as the wind that b'ows, And warms itself against his no Kens he, or cares, which v goes."—

XXV.

"Gramercy!" quoth Lord Mar "Full loath were I that Friar Jo That venerable man, for me Were placed in fear or jeopardy

same Palmer will me lead a hence to Holy-Rood, is good saint, I'll pay his meed, l of cockle-shell or bead, 1 angels fair and good. such holy ramblers; still now to charm a weary hill. 1 song, romance, or lay: ovial tale, or glee, or jest, lying legend, at the least, r bring to cheer the way."-

XXVI.

noble sir," young Selby said, nger on his lip he laid, man knows much-perchance e'en more be could learn by holy lore. himself he's muttering, urinks as at some unseen thing. ight we listen'd at his cell; e sounds we heard, and, sooth to tell, rmur'd on till morn, howe'er ing mortal could be near. mes I thought I heard it plain, er voices spoke again. ot tell-I like it not-John hath told us it is wrote, ascience clear, and void of wrong, est awake, and pray so long. if still sleeps before his beads mark'd ten aves, and two creeds."-

XXVII.

ass," quoth Marmion; "by my fay, ian shall guide me on my way, igh the great arch-fiend and he worn themselves of company. ase you, gentle youth, to call 'almer to the Castle-hall." immon'd Palmer came in place; ble cowl o'erhung his face; black mantle was he clad, Peter's keys, in cloth of red, his broad shoulders wrought; allop-shell his cap did deck; ucifix around his neck from Loretto brought; ndals were with travel tore, budget, bottle, scrip, he wore;

The faded palm-branch in his hand Show'd pilgrim from the Holy Land.

XXVIII. When as the Palmer came in hall. Nor lord, nor knight, was there more tall. Or had a statelier step withal, Or look'd more high and keen; For no saluting did he wait, But strode across the hall of state. And fronted Marmion where he sate. As he his peer had been. But his gaunt frame was worn with toil; His cheek was sunk, alas the while! And when he struggled at a smile, His eye look'd haggard wild: Poor wretch! the mother that him bare. If she had been in presence there, In his wan face, and sun-burn'd hair, She had not known her child. Danger, long travel, want, or woe. Soon change the form that best we For deadly fear can time outgo, And blanch at once the hair; Hard toil can roughen form and face, And want can quench the eye's bright grace, Nor does old age a wrinkle trace More deeply than despair.

XXIX. Lord Marmion then his boon did ask;

Happy whom none of these befall,

The Palmer took on him the task,

But this poor Palmer knew them all.

So he would march with morning tide, To Scottish court to be his guide. "But I have solemn vows to pay, And may not linger by the way, To fair St Andrews bound, Within the ocean cave to pray, Where good Saint Rule his holy lay, From midnight to the dawn of day, Sung to the billows' sound; Thence to Saint Fillan's blessed well, Whose spring can frenzied dreams dispel,

And the crazed brain restore: Saint Mary grant, that cave or spring Could back to peace my bosom bring, Or bid it throb no more!"

And now the midnight draught of sleep, Where wine and spices richly steep, In massive bowl of silver deep,

The page presents on knee. Lord Marmion drank a fair good rest, The Captain pledged his noble guest, The cup went through among the rest,

Who drained it merrily: Alone the Palmer pass'd it by, Though Selby press'd him courteously. This was a sign the feast was o'er; It hush'd the merry wassel roar,

The minstrels ceased to sound. Soon in the castle nought was heard, But the slow footstep of the guard, Pacing his sober round.

With early dawn Lord Marmion rose: And first the chapel doors unclose;

Then, after morning rites were done (A hasty mass from Friar John,) And knight and squire had broke f ſast

On rich substantial repast, Lord Marmion's bugles blew to hom Then came the stirrup-cup in course: Between the Baron and his host. No point of courtesy was lost; High thanks were by Lord Marmi

Solemn excuse the Captain made. Till, filing from the gate, had pass'd That noble train, their Lord th

Then loudly rung the trumpet call: Thunder'd the cannon from the wall, And shook the Scottish shore: Around the castle eddied slow, Volumes of smoke as white as snow

And hid its turrets hoar: Till they roll'd forth upon the air. And met the river breezes there, Which gave again the prospect fair.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO SECOND.

TO THE REV. JOHN MARRIOTT, A.M.

Ashestiel, Ettrick Form

Where flourish'd once a forest fair, When these waste glens with copse were lined, And peopled with the hart and hind. You Thorn-perchance whose prickly

THE scenes are desert now, and bare,

spears Have fenced him for three hundred

years, While fell around his green compeers-Yon lonely Thorn, would be could tell The changes of his parent dell, Since he, so grey and stubborn now, Waved in each breeze a sapling bough: Would he could tell how deep the shade A thousand mingled branches made; How broad the shadows of the oak, How clung the rowan* to the rock.

* Mountain-ash.

And through the foliage show'd his he With narrow leaves and berries red; What pines on every mountain sprus O'er every dell what birches hung, In every breeze what aspens shook. What alders shaded every brook!

"Here, in my shade," methinks he'd s "The mighty stag at noon-tide lay: The wolf I've seen, a fiercer game, (The neighbouring dingle bears name.)

With lurching step around me prowl And stop, against the moon to howl The mountain-boar, on battle set, His tusks upon my stem would whe While doe, and roe, and red-deer go Have bounded by, through gay gre wood.

Newark's riven tower, ish monarch's power: ssals muster'd round, d hawk, and horn, and

ee the youth intent, ass with crossbow bent; the brake the rangers

iold the ready hawk; n green-wood trim, ish the gazehounds grim, ie bratchet's * bay, covert drove the prey, s he broke away. zarry bounds amain, lant greyhounds strain; rrow from the bow, arquebuss below; ocking hills reply, hound, and hunters' cry, ging lightsomely." id huntings, many tales ur lonely dales, ttrick and on Yarrow, : outlaw drew his arrow. olithe that silvan court, been at humbler sport; our pomp, and mean our

r Marriott, was the same. hou my greyhounds true ? ll there never flew, eash there never sprang, oot, or sure of fang. een each merry chase, ntermitted space; ir resource in store, in Gothic lore: ch memorable scene, ic talk between; prook, we paced along, end or its song. - for now are still ntenanted Bowhill! + m thy mountains dun, cars the well-known gun, honest heart glows warm, his paternal farm,

e Duke of Buccleuch on the k Forest.

Round to his mates a brimmer fills, And drinks, "The Chieftain of the Hills !"

No fairy forms, in Yarrow's bowers, Trip o'er the walks, or tend the flowers, Fair as the elves whom Janet saw By moonlight dance on Carterhaugh; No youthful Baron's left to grace The Forest-Sheriff's lonely chase, And ape, in manly step and tone, The majesty of Oberon: And she is gone, whose lovely face Is but her least and lowest grace; * Though if to Sylphid Queen twere given To show our earth the charms of Heaven.

She could not glide along the air. With form more light, or face more fair. No more the widow's deafen'd ear Grows quick that lady's step to hear: At noontide she expects her not, Nor busies her to trim the cot: Pensive she turns her humming wheel, Or pensive cooks her orphans' meal; Yet blesses, ere she deals their bread, The gentle hand by which they're fed.

From Yair,—which hills so closely bind, Scarce can the Tweed his passage find, Though much he fret, and chafe, and

toil, Till all his eddying currents boil,— Her long-descended lord + is gone, And left us by the stream alone. And much I miss those sportive boys, ‡ Companions of my mountain joys, Just at the age 'twixt boy and youth, When thought is speech, and speech is

truth. Close to my side, with what delight They press'd to hear of Wallace wight, When, pointing to his airy mound. I call'd his ramparts holy ground !§ Kindled their brows to hear me speak; And I have smiled, to feel my cheek,

* Harriet, Countess of Dalkeith, afterwards Duchess of Buccleuch. † The late Alexander Pringle, Esq. of Whytbank

The sons of Mr. Pringle of Whythank. On a high mountainous ridge above the farm of Ashestiel is a fosse called Wallace's Trench.

Despite the difference of our years, Return again the glow of theirs. Ah, happy boys! such feelings pure, They will not, cannot, long endure; Condemn'd to stem the world's rude tide.

You may not linger by the side; For Fate shall thrust you from the shore, And Passion ply the sail and oar. Yet cherish the remembrance still, Of the lone mountain, and the rill; For trust, dear boys, the time will come, When fiercer transport shall be dumb, And you will think right frequently, But, well I hope, without a sigh, On the free hours that we have spent Together, on the brown hill's bent.

When, musing on companions gone, We doubly feel ourselves alone, Something, my friend, we yet may gain; There is a pleasure in this pain: It soothes the love of lonely rest, Deep in each gentler heart impress'd. 'Tis silent amid worldly toils, And stifled soon by mental broils; But, in a bosom thus prepared, Its still small voice is often heard, Whispering a mingled sentiment, 'Twixt resignation and content. Oft in my mind such thoughts awake, By lone Saint Mary's silent lake; Thou know'st it well, -nor fen, nor sedge,

Pollute the pure lake's crystal edge; Abrupt and sheer, the mountains sink At once upon the level brink; And just a trace of silver sand Marks where the water meets the land. Far in the mirror, bright and blue, Each hill's huge outline you may view; Shaggy with heath, but lonely bare, Nor tree, nor bush, nor brake, is there, Save where, of land, you slender line Bears thwart the lake the scatter'd pine. Yet even this nakedness has nower, And aids the feeling of the hour: Nor thicket, dell, nor copse you spy. Where living thing concealed might lie; Nor point, retiring, hides a dell, Where swain, or woodman lone, might dwell:

There's nothing left to fancy's guess, You see that all is loneliness: And silence aids—though the steep hill Send to the lake a thousand rills; In summer tide, so soft they weep, The sound but lulls the ear asleep; Your horse's hoof-tread sounds too rule. So stilly is the solitude.

Nought living meets the eye or ear, But well I ween the dead are near; For though, in feudal strife, a foe Hath lain Cur Lady's chapel low, Yet still, beneath the hallow'd soil, The peasant rests him from his toil, And, dying, bids his bones be laid, Where erst his simple fathers pray'd.

If age had tamed the passions' strife, And fate had cut my ties to life, Here, have I thought, 'twere sweet to dwell.

dwell, And rear again the chaplain's cell, Like that same peaceful hermitage, Where Milton long'd to spend his age "I were sweet to mark the setting day On Bourhope's lonely top decay; And, as it faint and feeble died On the broad lake, and mountain's side To say, "Thus pleasures fade away; Youth, talents, beauty, thus decay, And leave us dark, forlorn, and grey; Then gaze on Dryhope's ruin'd tower, And think on Yarrow's faded Flower: And when that mountain-sound I heard, Which bids us be for storm prepared, The distant rustling of his wings, As up his force the Tempest brings, Twere sweet, ere yet his terrors rave, To sit upon the Wizard's grave-That Wizard-Priest's, whose bones are thrust

From company of holy dust;
On which no sunbeam ever shines—
(So superstition's creed divines)—
Thence view the lake, with sullen roar,
Heave her broad billows to the shore;
And mark the wild swans mount the
gale,

Spread wide through mist their snowy sail,

And ever stoop again, to lave
Their hosoms on the surging wave:

against the driving hail sight my plaid avail, lonely home retire, y lamp, and trim my fire; r o'er some mystic lay, I tale had all its sway, bittern's distant shriek, arthly voices speak, ht the Wizard-Priest was ain his ancient home! y busy fancy range, m fitting shape and strange, e task my brow I clear'd to think that I had fear'd.

, 'twere sweet to think such

t escape from fortune's strife.) most matchless good and

l grateful sacrifice; each hour, to musing given, 1 the road to heaven.

whose heart is ill at ease, ful solitudes displease; drown his bosom's jar lemental war:
ck Palmer's choice had been and more savage scene,

Like that which frowns round dark Loch-skene.

There eagles scream from isle to shore;
Down all the rocks the torrents roar;
O'er the black waves incessant driven,
Dark mists infect the summer heaven;
Through the rude barriers of the lake,
Away its hurrying waters break,
Faster and whiter dash and curl,
Till down yon dark abyss they hurl.
Rises the fog-smoke white as snow,
Thunders the viewless stream below,
Diving, as if condemn'd to lave
Some demon's subterranean cave,
Who, prison'd by enchanter's spell,
Shakes the dark rock with groan and
yell.

And well that Palmer's form and mien Had suited with the stormy scene, Just on the edge, straining his ken To view the bottom of the den, Where, deep deep down, and far within, Toils with the rocks the roaring linn; Then, issuing forth one foamy wave, And wheeling round the Giant's Grave, White as the snowy charger's tail Drives down the pass of Moffatdale.

Marriott, thy harp, on Isis strung, To many a Border theme has rung: Then list to me, and thou shalt know Of this mysterious Man of Woe.

CANTO SECOND

The Conbent.

I,

e, which swept away the ke, forham Castle roll'd, ae loud artillery spoke, uing-flash, and thunder stroke, aion left the Hold. It Tweed alone, that breeze, on Northumbrian seas, lew, and strong, om high Whitby's cloister'd

it Cuthbert's Holy Isle, bark along.

Upon the gale she stoop'd her side,
And bounded o'er the swelling tide,
As she were dancing home;
The merry seamen laugh'd, to see
Their gallant ship so lustily
Furrow the green sea-foam.
Much joy'd they in their honour'd
freight;
For, on the deck, in chair of state,
The Abbess of Saint Hilda p!aced,
With five fair nuns, the galley graced.

**

'Twas sweet to see these holy maids, Like birds escaped to greenwood shades, MARMION. CAST

Their first flight from the cage, How timid, and how curious too, For all to them was strange and new, And all the common sights they view, Their wonderment engage. One eyed the shrouds and swelling sail, With many a benedicite: One at the rippling surge grew pale, And would for terror pray; Then shriek'd, because the sea-dog, nigh, His round black head, and sparkling eye, Rear'd o'er the foaming spray; And one would still adjust her veil, Disorder'd by the summer gale, Perchance lest some more worldly eye Her dedicated charms might spy; Perchance, because such action graced Her fair-turn'd arm and slender waist. Light was each simple bosom there, Save two, who ill might pleasure share, The Abbess, and the Novice Clare.

70

The Abbess was of noble blood, But early took the veil and hood, Ere upon life she cast a look, Or knew the world that she forsook. Fair too she was, and kind had been As she was fair, but ne'er had seen For her a timid lover sigh, Nor knew the influence of her eye. Love, to her ear, was but a name, Combined with vanity and shame; Her hopes, her fears, her joys, were all Bounded within the cloister wall: The deadliest sin her mind could reach, Was of monastic rule the breach; And her ambition's highest aim To emulate Saint Hilda's fame. For this she gave her ample dower, To raise the convent's eastern tower; For this, with carving rare and quaint, She deck'd the chapel of the saint, And gave the relic-shrine of cost, With ivory and gems emboss'd. The poor her Convent's bounty blest, The pilgrim in its halls found rest.

Black was her garb, her rigid rule Reform'd on Benedictine school;

Her cheek was pale, her form was spen Vigils, and penitence austere, Had early quench'd the light of youth But gentle was the dame, in sooth; Though vain of her religious sway, She loved to see her maids obey; Yet nothing stern was she in cell, And the nuns loved their Abbess well Sad was this voyage to the dame; Summon'd to Lindisfarne, she came There, with Saint Cuthbert's Abbot of And Tynemouth's Prioress, to bold A chapter of Saint Benedict, For inquisition stern and strict. On two apostates from the faith, And, if need were, to doom to death

Nought say I here of Sister Clare, Save this, that she was young and fai As yet a novice unprofess'd, Lovely and gentle, but distress'd. She was betroth'd to one now dead, Or worse, who had dishonour'd fled Her kinsmen bade her give her hand To one, who loved her for her land: Herself, almost heart-broken now, Was bent to take the vestal vow, And shroud, within Saint Hilda's gloo Her blasted hopes and wither'd bloo

She sate upon the galley's prow, And seem'd to mark the waves below Nay, seem'd, so fixed her look and c To count them as they glided by. She saw them not—'twas seeming all Far other scene her thoughts recall.-A sun-scorch'd desert, waste and bar Nor waves, nor breezes, murmur'd the There saw she, where some carel hand

O'er a dead corpse had heap'd the sai To hide it till the jackals come, To tear it from the scanty tomb. -See what a woful look was given, As she raised up her eyes to heaven!

Lovely, and gentle, and distress'd-These charms might tame the fiero : tzsərd

ave sung, and poets told, n fury uncontroll'd, y monarch of the wood. irgin, fair and good, fied his savage mood. ns in the human frame e lion's rage to shame: usy, by dark intrigue, id avarice in league, used with their bowl and knife, ne mourner's harmless life. e was charged 'gainst those o lay n Cuthbert's islet grey.

VIII.

the vessel skirts the strand :ainous Northumberland; wers, and halls, successive rise, 1 the nuns' delighted eyes. earmouth soon behind them lay. emouth's priory and bay; k'd, amid her trees, the hall Seaton-Delaval; r the Blythe and Wansbeck ods ie sea through sounding woods; s'd the tower of Widderington. f many a valiant son; et-isle their beads they tell cod Saint who own'd the cell: the Alne attention claim, arkworth, proud of Percy's t, they cross'd themselves, to ening breakers sound so near, soiling through the rocks, they tanborough's cavern'd shore; r, proud Bamborough, mark'd ey there, 's castle, huge and square, tall rock look grimly down, he swelling ocean frown; m the coast they bore away,

IX.

did now its flood-mark gain, led in the Saint's domain:

h'd the Holy Island's bay.

For, with the flow and ebb, its style. Varies from continent to isle; Dry-shod, o'er sands, twice every day. The pilgrims to the shrine find way; Twice every day, the waves efface Of staves and sandall'd feet the trace. As to the port the galley flew. Higher and higher rose to view The Castle with its battled walls, The ancient Monastery's halls, A solemn, huge, and dark-red pile, Placed on the margin of the isle.

In Saxon strength that Abbey frown'd, With massive arches broad and round, That rose alternate, row and row. On ponderous columns, short and low. Built ere the art was known, By pointed aisle, and shafted stalk,

The arcades of an alley'd walk To emulate in stone.

On the deep walls, the heathen Dane Had pour'd his impious rage in vain; And needful was such strength to these, Exposed to the tempestuous seas, Scourged by the winds' eternal sway, Open to rovers fierce as they, Which could twelve hundred years withstand

Winds, waves, and northern pirates' hand.

Not but that portions of the pile, Rebuilded in a later style, Show'd where the spoiler's hand had been;

Not but the wasting sea-breeze keen Had worn the pillar's carving quaint, And moulder'd in his niche the saint, And rounded, with consuming power, The pointed angles of each tower: Yet still entire the Abbey stood, Like veteran, worn, but unsubdued.

Soon as they near'd his turrets strong, The maidens raised Saint Hilda's song, And with the sea-wave and the wind, Their voices, sweetly shrill, combined, And made harmonious close; Then, answering from the sandy shore, Half-drown'd amid the breakers' roar, According chorus rose:

Down to the haven of the Isle, The monks and nuns in order file, From Cuthbert's cloisters grim; Banner, and cross, and relics there, To meet Saint Hilda's maids, they bare; And, as they caught the sounds on air, They echoed back the hy:nn. The islanders, in joyous mood, Rush'd emulously through the flood, To hale the bark to land; Conspicuous by her veil and hood, Signing the cross, the Abbess stood, And bless'd them with her hand.

Suppose we now the welcome said,

Suppose the Convent banquet made: All through the holy dome, Through cloister, aisle, and gallery, Wherever vestal maid might pry, Nor risk to meet unhallow'd eye, The stranger sisters roam: Till fell the evening damp with dew, And the sharp sea-breeze coldly blew, For there, even summer night is chill. Then, having stray'd and gazed their fill, They closed around the fire; And all, in turn, essay'd to paint The rival merits of their saint, A theme that ne'er can tire A holy maid; for, be it known,

That their saint's honour is their own. XIII. How to their house three Barons bold

While horns blow out a note of shame,

Then Whitby's nuns exulting told,

Must menial service do:

And monks cry "Fye upon your name! In wrath, for loss of silvan game, Saint Hilda's priest ye slew."-"This, on Ascension-day, each year, While labouring on our harbour-pier, Must Herbert, Bruce, and Percy hear."-They told, how in their convent-cell

A Saxon princess once did dwell, The lovely Edelfled. And how, of thousand snakes, each one Was changed into a coil of stone, When holy Hilda pray'd:

Themselves, within their holy bound Their stony folds had often found. They told, how sea-fowls' pinions fail As over Whithy's towers they sail, And, sinking down, with flutterings fai They do their homage to the saint.

XIV.

Nor did Saint Cuthbert's daughters! To vie with these in holy tale; His body's resting-place of old, How oft their patron changed, they to How, when the rude Dane burn'd the pile,

The monks fled forth from Holy Isle O'er northern mountain, marsh moor,

From sea to sea, from shore to shore Seven years Saint Cuthbert's con they bore.

They rested them in fair Melrose: But though, alive, he loved it w Not there his relics might repose; For, wondrous tale to tell!

In his stone-coffin forth he rides, A ponderous bark for river tides, Yet light as gossamer it glides, Downward to Tilmouth cell.

Nor long was his abiding there, For southward did the saint repair: Chester-le-Street, and Rippon, saw His holy corpse, ere Wardilaw

Hail'd him with joy and fear; And, after many wanderings past, He chose his lordly seat at last, Where his cathedral, huge and vast,

Looks down upon the Wear: There, deep in Durham's Gothic sha His relics are in secret laid;

But none may know the place, Save of his holiest servants three, Deep sworn to solemn secrecy.

Who share that wondrous grace.

Who may his miracles declare! Even Scotland's dauntless king, and h (Although with them they led Galwegians, wild as ocean's gale, And Lodon's knights, all sheathed

mail, And the bold men of Teviotdale.) Before his standard fled.

vindicate his reign, i's falchion on the Dane, he Conqueror back again, his Norman bowyer band, waste Northumberland.

XVI.

it Hilda's nuns would learn, by Lindisfarne, ert sits, and toils to frame i beads that bear his name: ad Whitby's fishers told, y might his shape behold, his anvil sound; clang,—a huge dim form, and heard, when gathering twere closing round, tale of idle fame,

XVII.

Lindisfarne disclaim.

I the fire such legends go, was the scene of woe, secret aisle beneath, held of life and death. ore dark and lone that vault, he worst dungeon cell: rulf built it, for his fault, tence to dwell. or cow and beads, laid down battle-axe and crown, hich, chilling every sense g, hearing, sight, the Vault of Penitence, g air and light, e prelate Sexhelm, made burial for such dead. died in mortal sin. se laid the church within. a place of punishment; so loud a shrick were sent, 'd the upper air, bless'd themselves, and said, of the sinful dead d their torments there.

XVIII.

i, in the monastic pile, penitential aisle

Some vague tradition go, Few only, save the Abbot, knew Where the place lay; and still more few Were those, who had from him the clew

To that dread vault to go.
Victim and executioner
Were blindfold when transported there.
In low dark rounds the arches hung,
From the rude rock the side-walls
sprung;

The grave-stones, rudely sculptured o'er, Half sunk in earth, by time half wore, Were all the pavement of the floor; The mildew-drops fell one by one, With tinkling plash upon the stone. A cresset,* in an iron chain, Which served to light this drear domain, With damp and darkness seemed to strive, As if it scarce might keep alive; And yet it dimly served to show The awful conclave met below.

XIX.

There, met to doom in secrecy, Were placed the heads of convents three: All servants of Saint Benedict, The statutes of whose order strict

On iron table lay; In long black dress, on seats of stone, Behind were these three 'udges shown

By the pale cresset's ray:
The Abbess of Saint Hilda's, there,
Sat for a space with visage bare,
Until, to hide her bosom's swell,
And tear-drops that for pity fell,
She closely drew her veil:

Yon shrouded figure, as guess, By her proud mien and flowing dress, Is Tynemouth's haughty Prioress,

And she with awe looks pale
And he, that Ancient Man, whose sight
Has long been quenched by age's night,
Upon whose wrinkled brow alone,
Nor ruth, nor mercy's trace is shown,
Whose look is bard and storm

Whose look is hard and stern,— Saint Cuthbert's Abbot is his style; For sanctity call'd, through the isle,

The Saint of Lindisfarne.

XX.

Before them stood a guilty pair; But, though an equal fate they share,

* Antique chandelier. Yet one alone deserves our care. Her sex a page's dress belied; The cloak and doublet, loosely tied, Obscured her charms, but could not hide.

Her cap down o'er her face she drew; And, on her doublet breast, She tried to hide the badge of blue, Lord Marmion's falcon crest.

But, at the Prioress' command, A monk undid the silken band,

That tied her tresses fair, And raised the bonnet from her head, And down her slender form they spread,

In ringlets rich and rare.
Constance de Beverley they know,
Sister profess'd of Fontevraud,
Whom the church numbered with the
dead.

For broken vows, and convent fled,

XXI.

When thus her face was given to view, (Although so pallid was her hue, It did a ghastly contrast bear To those bright ringlets glistering fair,) Her look composed, and steady eye, Bespoke a matchless constancy; And there she stood so calm and pale, That, but her breathing did not fail, And motion slight of eye and head, And of her bosom, warranted That neither sense nor pulse she lacks, You might have thought a form of wax, Wrought to the very life, was there; So still she was, so pale, so fair.

XXII.

Her comrade was a sordid soul, Such as does murder for a meed; Who, but of fear, knows no control, Because his conscience, sear'd and foul,

Feels not the import of his deed;
One, whose brute-feeling ne'er aspires
Beyond his own more brute desires.
Such tools the Tempter ever needs,
To do the savagest of deeds;
For them no vision'd terrors daunt,
Their nights no fancied spectres haunt,
One fear with them, of all most base,
The fear of death,—alone finds place.
This wretch was clad in frock and cowl,
And shamed not loud to moan and howl.

His body on the floor to dash,
And crouch, like hound beneath
lash;

While his mute partner, standing ne Waited her doom without a tear.

XXIII.

Yet well the luckless wretch mi

Well might her paleness terror speal For there were seen in that dark wa Two niches, narrow, deep and tall; Who enters at such grisly door, Shall ne'er, I ween, find exit more. In each a slender meal was laid, Of roots, of water, and of bread: By each, in Benedictine dress, Two haggard monks stood motionle Who, holding high a blazing torch, Show'd the grim entrance of the por Reflecting back the smoky beam, The dark-red walls and arches glen Hewn stones and cement were displa And building tools in order laid.

XXIV.

These executioners were chose, As men who were with mankind fo And with despite and envy fired, Into the cloister had retired;

Or who, in desperate doubt of gr Strove, by deep penance, to effac Of some foul crime the stain;

For, as the vassals of her will, Such men the Church selected sti As either joy'd in doing ill,

Or thought more grace to gain,
If, in her cause, they wrestled down
Feelings their nature strove to own.
By strange device were they bro
there,

They knew not how, nor knew where.

XXV.

And now that blind old Abbot rose
To speak the Chapter's doom,
On those the wall was to enclose,

Alive, within the tomb;
But stopp'd, because that woful Ma
Gathering her powers, to speak essat
Twice she essay'd, and twice in vait
Her accents might no witerance gair

perfect murmurs slip ulsed and quivering lip; attempt all was so still, to hear a distant rill, an's swells and falls; this vault of sin and fear sounding surge so near, here you scarce could hear e were the walls.

XXVI.

effort sent apart it curdled to her heart, ame to her eye, wn'd upon her cheek, a flutter'd streak, on the Cheviot peak, i's stormy sky; r silence broke at length, oke she gathered strength, herself to bear. ul sight to see olve and constancy, soft and fair.

XXVII.

to implore your grace, , for one minute's space s might I sue: ak your prayers to gain h of lingering pain, 1y sins, be penance vain, our masses too. a traitor's tale, ivent and the veil; ng years I bow'd my pride, in his train to ride; , folly's meed he gave, d, to be his slave, d all beyond the grave.ng Clara's face more fair, r of broad lands the heir, ows, his faith forswore, ice was beloved no more.-I tale, and often told; my fate and wish agree, been read, in story old, n true betray'd for gold, ved, or was avenged, like

XXVIII.

"The King approved his favourite's aim; In vain a rival barr'd his claim, Whose fate with Clare's was plight, For he attaints that rival's fame With treason's charge—and on they came,

In mortal lists to fight. Their oaths are said. Their prayers are pray'd, Their lances in the rest are laid. They meet in mortal shock; And, hark! the throng, with thundering

Shout 'Marmion! Marmion! to the sky, De Wilton to the block! Say ye, who preach Heaven shall decide

When in the lists two champions ride, Say, was Heaven's justice here? When, loyal in his love and faith, Wilton found overthrow or death, Beneath a traitor's spear? How false the charge, how true he fell, This guilty packet best can tell."-Then drew a packet from her breast,

Paused, gather'd voice, and spoke the

rest.-

"Still was false Marmion's bridal staid: To Whitby's convent fled the maid, The hated match to shun. 'Ho! shifts she thus?' king Henry

cried; 'Sir Marmion, she shall be thy bride, If she were sworn a nun. One way remain'd—the King's command Sent Marmion to the Scottish land:

I linger'd here, and rescue plann'd For Clara and for me: This caitiff Monk, for gold, did swear, He would to Whitby's shrine repair, And, by his drugs, my rival fair

A saint in heaven should be But ill the dastard kept his oath, Whose cowardice has undone us both.

XXX.

"And now my tongue the secret tells, Not that remorse my bosom swells, But to assure my soul that none Shall ever wed with Marmion.

Had fortune my last hope betray'd, This packet, to the King convey'd, Had given him to the headsman's stroke, Although my heart that instant broke.— Now, men of death, work forth your will, For I can suffer, and be still; And come he slow, or come he fast, It is but Death who comes at last.

XXXI.

"Yet dread me, from my living tomb, Ye vassal slaves of bloody Rome! If Marmion's late remorse should wake, Full soon such vengeance will he take, That you shall wish the fiery Dane Had rather been your guest again. Behind, a darker hour ascends! The altars quake, the crosier bends, The ire of a despotic King Rides forth upon destruction's wing; Then shall these vaults, so strong and deep,

Burst open to the sea-winds' sweep; Some traveller then shall find my bones Whitening amid disjointed stones, And, ignorant of priests' cruelty, Marvel such relics here should be."

XXXII.

Fix'd was her look, and stern her air: Back from her shoulders stream'd her hair; The locks, that wont her brow to shade, Stared up erectly from her head:

Stared up erectly from her head;
Her figure seem d to rise more high;
Her voice, despair's wild energy
Had given a tone of prophecy.
Appall'd the astonish'd conclave sate;
With stupid eyes, the men of fate
Gazed on the light inspired form,
And listen'd for the avenging storm;
The judges felt the victim's dread;
No hand was moved, no word was said,

Till thus the Abbot's doom was give Raising his sightless balls to heavens "Sister, let thy sorrows cease; "Sinful brother, part in peace!" " From that dire dungeon, place of dos Of execution too, and tomb, Paced forth the judges three; Sorrow it were, and shame, to tel The butcher-work that there beed When they had glided from the ci Of sin and misery.

XXXIII.

An hundred winding steps convey That conclave to the upper day; But, ere they breathed the fresher a They heard the shrickings of despet

And many a stifled groan:
With speed their upward way they to
(Such speed as age and fear can be
And cross'd themselves for terror's

As hurrying, tottering on: Even in the vesper's heavenly tone, They seem'd to hear a dying groun, And bade the passing knell to toll For welfare of a parting soul. Slow o'er the midnight wave it swell.

Northumbrian rocks in answer rung To Warkworth cell the echoes roll of His beads the wakeful hermit told, The Bamborough peasant raised

head,
But slept ere half a prayer he said;
So far was heard the mighty knell,
The stag sprung up on Cheviot Fell
Spread his broad nostril to the wind
Listed before, aside, behind,
Then couch'd him down beside the hi
And quaked among the mountain &
To hear that sound so dull and stem

* See Note on Stanza XXV., p. 511.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO THIRD.

TO WILLIAM ERSKINE, Eso.

ril morning clouds, that pass, ying shadow, o'er the grass, ate, on field and furro w, quer'd scene of joy and sorrow; amlet of the mountain north, torrent racing forth, ding slow its silver train, ost slumbering on the plain; ezes of the Autumn day, pice inconstant dies away, · swells again as fast, e ear deems its murmur past; ious, my romantic theme ds, or sinks, a morning dream. d, our eye pursues the trace and Shade's inconstant race; iews the rivulet afar, its maze irregular; ed, we listen as the breeze s wild sigh through Autumn d as cloud, or stream, or gale, flow unconfined, my Tale!

I to thee, dear Erskine, tell : license all too well, i now lowly, and now strong, he desultory song?i 'mid such capricious chime, isient fit of lofty rhyme nd judgment seem'd excuse an error of the muse, hou said, "If, still mis-spent, irs to poetry are lent, o tame thy wandering course, m the fountain at the source; those masters, o'er whose tomb laurels ever bloom: e of the feebler bard, the grave their voice is heard; m, and from the paths they .b'wc ionour'd guide and practised :1: ole on through brake and maze,

pers rude, of barbarous days.

Ashestiel, Ettrick Forest. "Or deem'st thou not our later time Yields topic meet for classic rhyme? Hast thou no elegiac verse For Brunswick's venerable hearse? What! not a line, a tear, a sigh, When valour bleeds for liberty !-Oh, hero of that glorious time, When, with unrivall'd light sublime, Though martial Austria, and though all The might of Russia, and the Gaul, Though banded Europe stood her foes-The star of Brandenburgh arose! Thou couldst not live to see her beam For ever quenched in Jena's stream. Lamented Chief!-it was not given To thee to change the doom of Heaven, And crush that dragon in its birth, Predestined scourge of guilty earth. Lamented Chief!-not thine the power To save in that presumptuous hour, When Prussia hurried to the field, And snatched the spear, but left the shield! Valour and skill 'twas thine to try, And, tried in vain, 'twas thine to die. Ill had it seem'd thy silver hair The last, the bitterest pang to share, For princedoms reft, and scutcheons riven,

And birthrights to usurpers given;
Thy lands, thy children's wrongs to feel,
And witness woes thou couldst not heal!
On thee relenting Heaven bestows
For honour'd life an honour'd close;
And when revolves, in time's sure change,
The hour of Germany's revenge,
When, breathing fury for her sake,
Some new Arminius shall awake,
Her champion, ere he strike, shall come
To whet his sword on BRUNSWICK'S
tomb.

"Or of the Red-Cross hero " teach, Dauntless in dungeon as on breach: Alike to him the sea, the shore, The brand, the bridle, or the oar, " Sir Sidney Smith. Alike to him the war that calls Its votaries to the shatter'd walls, Which the grim Turk, besmear'd with blood.

Against the Invincible made good;
Or that, whose thundering voice could
wake

The silence of the polar lake, When stubborn Russ, and metal'd Swede, On the warp'd wave their death-game play'd;

Or that, where Vengeance and Affright Howl'd round the father of the fight, Who snatched, on Alexandria's sand, Theconqueror's wreath with dying hand.*

"Or, if to touch such chord be thine, Restore the ancient tragic line, And emulate the notes that rung From the wild harp, which silent hung By silver Avon's holy shore, Till twice an hundred years roll'd o'er; When she, the bold enchantress, † came, With fearless hand and heart on flame! From the pale willow snatch'd the treasure,

And swept it with a kindred measure, Till Avon's swans, while rung the grove With Montfort's hate and Basil's love, Awakening at the inspired strain, Deem'd their own Shakspeare lived again."

Thy friendship thus thy judgment wronging,

With praises not to me belonging, In task more meet for mightiest powers, Wouldst thou engage my thriftless hours. But say, my Erskine, hast thou weigh'd That secret power by all obey'd, Which warps not less the passive mind, Its source conceal'd, or undefined; Whether an impulse, that has birth Soon as the infant wakes on earth, One with our feelings and our powers, And rather part of us than ours; Or whether filier term'd the sway Of habit form'd in early day? Howe'er derived, its force confest Rules with despotic sway the breast,

* Sir Ralph Abercromby.

† Joanna Baillie.

And drags us on by viewless che While taste and reason plead in Look east, and ask the Belgian Beneath Batavia's sultry sky, He seeks not eager to inhale The freshness of the mountain a Content to rear his whitened we Beside the dank and dull canal! He'll say, from youth he loved to the same that the same tha

Beside the dank and dull canal!
He'll say, from youth he loved to The white sail gliding by the tre Or see yon weather-beaten hind Whose sluggish herds before his Whose tatter'd plaid and rugget His northern clime and kindred Through England's laughing m goes,

And England's wealth around hin Ask, if it would content him we At ease in those gay plains to d Where hedge-rows spread a

Thus while I ape the measure
Of tales that charm'd me yet a c
Rude though they be, still with the
Return the thoughts of early tin
And feelings, roused in life's firs
Glow in the line, and prompt th
Then rise those crags, that m
tower

Which charm'd my fancy's wa

hour.
Though no broad river swept ak
To claim, perchance, heroic son
Though sigh'd no groves in summ
To prompt of love a softer tale:
Though scarce a puny streamlet:
Claim'd homage from a shepherd
Yet was poetic impulse given,
By the green hill and clear blue!
It was a barren scene, and wild,
Where naked cliffs were rudely I
But ever and anon between

Lay velvet tufts of loveliest gree And well the lonely infant knew Recesses where the wall-flower g ckle loved to crawl rag and ruin'd wall. h nooks the sweetest shade Il its round survey'd; sought that shatter'd tower it work of human power; 'd as the aged hind strange tale bewitch'd my

who, with headlong force, that strength had spurr'd horse, ern rapine to renew, istant Cheviots blue, returning, fill'd the hall wassel-rout, and brawl. that still, with trump and y's broken arches rang; grim features, seam'd with nigh the window's rusty bars, by the winter hearth, heard of woe or mirth, slights, of ladies' charms spells, of warriors' arms; battles, won of old e wight and Bruce the bold; ids of feud and fight, uring from their Highland sh clans, in headlong sway, the scarlet ranks away. tch'd at length upon the floor, ught each combat o'er, d shells, in order laid, : ranks of war display'd; rd still the Scottish Lion bore, the scatter'd Southron fled

Still, with vain fondness, could I trace, Anew, each kind familiar face, That brighten'd at our evening fire! From the thatch'd mansion's grey-hair'd Sire,

Wise without learning, plain and good, And sprung of Scotland's gentler blood; Whose eye, in age, quick, clear, and keen,

Show'd what in youth its glance had been;

Whose doom discording neighbours sought,

Content with equity unbought;
To him the venerable Priest,
Our frequent and familiar guest,
Whose life and manners well could paint
Alike the student and the saint;
Alas! whose speech too oft I broke
With gambol rude and timeless joke:
For I was wayward, bold, and wild,
A self-will'd imp, a grandame's child;
But half a plague, and half a jest,
Was still endured, beloved, cares'd.

For me, thus nurtured, dost thou ask The classic poet's well-conn'd task? Nay, Erskine, nay—On the wild hill Let the wild heath-bell flourish still; Cherish the tulip, prune the vine, But freely let the woodbine twine, And leave untrimm'd the eglantine: Nay, my friend, nay—Since oft thy praise Hath given fresh vigour to my lays; Since oft thy judgment could refine My flatten'd thought, or cumbrous line; Still kind, as is thy wont, attend, And in the minstrel spare the friend. Though wild as cloud, as stream, as gale, Flow forth, flow unrestrain'd, my Tale!

CANTO THIRD.

The Mostel, or Inn.

r.

rg day Lord Marmion rode:
tain path the Palmer show'd,
id streamlet winded still,
inted birches hid the rill.

TC.

They might not choose the Iowland road,
For the Merse forayers were abroad,
Who, fired with hate and thirst of prey,
Had scarcely fail'd to bar their way.

MARMION.

80

[C/

Oft on the trampling band, from crown Of some tall cliff, the deer look'd down; On wing of jet, from his repose In the deep heath, the black-cock rose; Sprung from the gorse the timid roe, Nor waited for the bending bow; And when the stony path began, By which the naked peak they wan, Up flew the snowy ptarmigan. The noon had long been pass'd before They gain'd the height of Lammermoor; Thence winding down the northern way, Before them, at the close of day, Old Gifford's towers and hamlet lay.

No summons calls them to the tower, To spend the hospitable hour. To Scotland's camp the Lord was gone; His cautious dame, in bower alone, Dreaded her castle to unclose. So late, to unknown friends or foes, On through the hamlet as they paced, Before a porch, whose front was graced With bush and flagon trimly placed, Lord Marmion drew his rein:

The village inn seem'd large, though rude

Its cheerful fire and hearty food Might well relieve his train. Down from their seats the horsemen sprung,

With jingling spurs the court-yard rung; They bind their horses to the stall, For forage, food, and firing call, And various clamour fills the hall: Weighing the labour with the cost, Toils everywhere the bustling host.

III.

Soon by the chimney's merry blaze, Through the rude hostel might you gaze ;

Might see, where, in dark nook aloof, The rafters of the sooty roof Bore wealth of winter cheer;

Of sea-fowl dried, and solands store, And gammons of the tusky boar, And savoury haunch of deer,

The chimney arch projected wide; Above, around it, and beside.

Were tools for housewives' hand Nor wanted, in that martial day, The implements of Scottish fray,

The buckler, lance, and brand? Beneath its shade, the place of state On oaken settle Marmion sate, And view'd around the blazing her His followers mix in noisy mirth: Whom with brown ale, in jolly tide From ancient vessels ranged aside, Full actively their host supplied.

Theirs was the glee of martial brea And laughter theirs at little jest: And oft Lord Marmion deigned to And mingle in the mirth they made For though, with men of high deg The proudest of the proud was he Yet, train'd in camps, he knew the To win the soldier's hardy heart. They love a captain to obey, Boisterous as March, yet fresh as I With open hand, and brow as free Lover of wine and minstrelsy; Ever the first to scale a tower, As venturous in a lady's bower : Such buxom chief shall lead his he From India's fires to Zembla's from

Resting upon his pilgrim staff, Right opposite the Palmer stood His thin dark visage seen but half, Half hidden by his hood.

Still fix'd on Marmion was his look Which he, who ill such gaze brook.

Strove by a frown to quell; But not for that, though more than Full met their stern encountering gl The Palmer's visage fell.

VI.

By fits less frequent from the crown Was heard the burst of laughter ke For still, as squire and archer start On that dark face and matted bear

Their glee and game declined. All gazed at length in silence dress Unbroke, save when in comrade's Some yeoman, wondering in his fe

Thus whisper'd forth his mind:-

ary! saw'st thou e'er such sight? e his cheek, his eye how bright, r the fire-brand's fickle light s beneath his cowl! sur Lord he sets his eye; est palfrey, would not I e that sullen scowl."

nion, as to chase the awe us had quell'd their hearts, who -varying fire-light show are stern and face of woe, all'd upon a squire : stace, know'st thou not some lay, the lingering night away? mber by the fire."-

VIII.

e you," thus the youth rejoin'd, icest minstrel's left behind. e hope to please your ear, 'd Constant's strains to hear. full deftly can he strike, the lover's lute alike : aint Valentine, no thrush lier from a spring-tide bush, ngale her love-lorn tune etly warbles to the moon. e cause, whate'er it be, rom us his melody, on rocks, and billows stern, monks of Lindisfarne. t I venture, as I may is favourite roundelay.

voice Fitz-Eustace had, e chose was wild and sad; : I heard, in Scottish land, the busy harvest band, is before the mountaineer, and plains, the ripen'd ear. shrill voice the notes prolong. ild chorus swells the song : I listen'd, and stood still, ie soften'd up the hill, n'd it the lament of men ruish'd for their native glen; ught how sad would be such iehana's swampy ground,

Kentucky's wood-encumber'd brake, Or wild Ontario's boundless lake, Where heart-sick exiles, in the strain, Recall'd fair Scotland's hills again!

x.

Song.

Where shall the lover rest, Whom the fates sever From his true maiden's breast. Parted for ever? Where, through groves deep and high, Sounds the far billow, Where early violets die, Under the willow.

CHORUS. Eleu loro, &c. Soft shall be his pillow. There, through the summer day, Cool streams are laving; There, while the tempests sway, Scarce are boughs waving; There, thy rest shalt thou take, Parted for ever, Never again to wake, Never, O never!

CHORUS. Eleu loro, &c. Never, O never!

Where shall the traitor rest, He, the deceiver, Who could win maiden's breast, Ruin, and leave her? In the lost battle. Borne down by the flying, Where mingles war's rattle With groans of the dying.

CHORUS, Eleu loro, &c. There shall he be lying. Her wing shall the eagle flap

O'er the false-hearted; His warm blood the wolf shall lap, Ere life be parted. Shame and dishonour sit By his grave ever; Blessing shall hallow it,-

Never, O never!

Eleu loro, &c. Never, O never!

XII.

It ceased, the meiancholy sound;
And silence sunk on all around.
The air was sad; but sadder still
It fell on Marmion's ear.
And plain'd as if disgrace and ill,
And shameful death, were near.
He drew his mantle past his face,
Between it and the band,
And rested with his head a space
Reclining on his hand.
His thoughts I scan not; but I ween,
That, could their import have been

seen,
The meanest groom in all the hall,
That e'er tied courser to a stall,
Would scarce have wished to be their

For Lutterward and Fontenaye.

XIII.

High minds, of native pride and force, Most deeply feel thy pangs, Remorse! Fear, for their scourge, mean villains have,

Thou art the torturer of the brave! Yet fatal strength they boast to steel Their minds to bear the wounds they feel,

Even while they writhe beneath the smart

Of civil conflict in the heart.

For soon Lord Marmion raised his head, And, smiling to Fitz-Eustace, said—

"Is it not strange, that, as ye sung, Seem'd in mine ear a death-peal rung. Such as in nunneries they toll For some departing sister's soul?

Say, what may this portend?"— Then first the Palmer silence broke, (The livelong day he had not spoke,) "The death of a dear friend."

XIV.

Marmion, whose steady heart and eye Ne'er changed in worst extremity; Marmion, whose soul could scantly brook,

Even from his King, a haughty look; Whose accent of command controll'd, In camps, the boldest of the bold;—

Thought, look, and utterance fail now—

Fall'n was his glance, and flush brow:

For either in the tone,

Or something in the Palmer's look So full upon his conscience strook That answer he found none.

Thus oft it haps, that when within They shrink at sense of secret sin, A feather daunts the brave; A fool's wild speech confounds the And proudest princes veil their e

Before their meanest slave.

XV.

Well might he falter!—By his aic Was Constance Beverley betray'd Not that he augur'd of the doom, Which on the living closed the to Eut, tired to hear the desperate m Threaten by turns, beseech, upbra And wroth, because in wild despa She practised on the life of Clare Its fugitive the Church he gave, Though not a victim, but a slave And deem'd restraint in convent si Would hide her wrongs, and her re-Himself, proud Henry's favourite Held Romish thunders idle fear; Secure his pardon he might hold, For some slight mulct of penance-Thus judging, he gave secret way, When the stern priests surprised prey.

His train but deem'd the favourite Was left behind, to spare his age; Or other if they deem'd, none dan To mutter what he thought and he Woe to the vassal, who durst pry Into Lord Marmion's privacy!

XVI.

His conscience slept—he deem'd well,

And safe secured in distant cell; But, waken'd by her favourite lay, And that strange Palmer's boding: That fell so ominous and drear, Full on the object of his fear, To aid remorse's venom'd throes, Dark tales of convent-vengeance ro nstance, late betray'd and scorn'd, ily on his soul return'd; as when, at treacherous call, her convent's peaceful wall, i'd with shame, with terror mute, ag alike, escape, pursuit, e, victorious o'er alarms, rs and blushes in his arms.

XVIL.

" he thought, "how changed hat mien! nanged these timid looks have een, ars of guilt, and of disguise, eel'd her brow, and arm'd her e of virgin terror speaks od that mantles in her cheeks: and unfeminine, are there, for joy, for grief despair; he cause-for whom were given ace on earth, her hopes in eaven!thought he, as the picture s stalk had left the rose! y should man's success remove ry charms that wake his love !nvent's peaceful solitude a prison harsh and rude; ent within the narrow cell, ill her spirit chafe and swell! ook the stern monastic laws! nance how—and I the cause !ind scourge - perchance even vorse!"ice he rose to cry, "To horse!"ce his Sovereign's mandate came, mp upon a kindling flame; ice he thought, "Gave I not :harge uld be safe, though not at large? urst not, for their island, shred Iden ringlet from her head."

XVIII.

thus in Marmion's bosom strove ance and reviving love, hirlwinds, whose contending sway an Loch Vennachar obey, Their Host the Palmer's speech had heard,

And, talkative, took up the word:
"Ay, reverend Pilgrim, you, who stray
From Scotland's simple land away,
To visit realms afar,

Full often learn the art to know
Of future weal, or future woe,
By word, or sign, or star;
Yet might a knight his fortune hear,
If, knight-like, he despises fear,
Not far from hence;—if fathers old
Aright our hamlet legend told."—
These broken words the menials move,
(For marvels still the vulgar love,)
And, Marmion giving license cold,
His tale the Host thus gladly told:—

XIX,

The Bost's Cale.

"A Clerk could tell what years have flown Since Alexander fill'd our throne, (Third monarch of that warlike name.) And eke the time when here he came To seek Sir Hugo, then our lord: A braver never drew a sword; A wiser never, at the hour Of midnight, spoke the word of power: The same, whom ancient records call The founder of the Goblin-Hall. I would, Sir Knight, your longer stay Gave you that cavern to survey. Of lofty roof, and ample size, Beneath the castle deep it lies To hew the living rock profound, The floor to pave, the arch to round, There never toil'd a mortal arm-It all was wrought by word and charm; And I have heard my grandsire say, That the wild clamour and affray Of those dread artisans of hell, Who labour'd under Hugo's spell, Sounded as loud as ocean's war Among the caverns of Dunbar.

XX.

"The King Lord Gifford's castle sought, Deep labouring with uncertain thought; Even then he muster'd all his host, To meet upon the western coast: For Norse and Danish galleys plied Their oars within the frith of Clyde. There floated Haco's banner trim, Above Norweyan warriors grim, Savage of heart, and large of limb; Threatening both continent and isle, Bute, Arran, Cunninghame, and Kyle. Lord Gifford, deep beneath the ground, Heard Alexander's bugle sound, And tarried not his garb to change, But, in his wizard habit strange, Came forth, -a quaint and fearful sight; His mantle lined with fox-skins white; His high and wrinkled forehead bore A pointed cap, such as of yore Clerks say that Pharaoh's Magi wore : His shoes were mark'd with cross and spell,

Upon his breast a pentacle;
His zone, of virgin parchment thin,
Or, as some tell, of dead man's skin,
Bore many a planetary sign,
Combust, and retrograde, and trine;
And in his hand he held prepared,
A naked sword without a guard.

XXL X

" Dire dealings with the fiendish race Had mark'd strange lines upon his face : Vigil and fast had worn him grim, His eyesight dazzled seem'd and dim, As one unused to upper day; Even his own menials with dismay Beheld, Sir Knight, the grisly Sire, In his unwonted wild attire; Unwonted, for traditions run, He seldom thus beheld the sun.-"I know, 'he said-(his voice was hoarse, And broken seem'd its hollow force)-*I know the cause, although untold, Why the King seeks his vassal's hold: Vainly from me my liege would know His kingdom's future weal or woe: But yet, if strong his arm and heart, His courage may do more than art.

XXII.

"'Of middle air the demons proud, Who ride upon the racking cloud, Can read, in fix'd or wandering star, The issues of events afar;

But still their sullen aid withh Save when by mightier force of Such late I summon'd to my And though so potent was the That scarce the deepest nook I deem'd a refuge from the spe Yet, obstinate in silence still. The haughty demon mocks m But thou, -who little know'st As born upon that blessed nig When yawning graves, and dyi Proclaim'd hell's empire overt With untaught valour shalt co Response denied to magic spe-Gramercy,' quoth our Monar · Place him but front to front s And, by this good and honour The gift of Cœur-de-Lion's ha Soothly I swear, that, tide wh The demon shall a buffet bide His bearing bold the wizard w And thus, well pleased, his sp new'd :-

'There spoke the blood of Ma mark:

Forth pacing hence, at midnig The rampart seek, whose circli Crests the ascent of yonder do A southern entrance shalt thou There halt, and there thy bugl And trust thine elfin foe to see In guise of thy worst enemy: Couch then thy lance, and

Upon him! and Saint George! If he go down, thou soon shall Whate'er these airy sprites can If thy heart fail thee in the str I am no warrant for thy life."

XXIII.

"Soon as the midnight hell die Alone, and arm'd, forth rode t To that old camp's deserted to Sir Knight, you well might a mound.

Left-hand the town,—the Picti The trench, long since, in blood of The moor around is brown and The space within is green and The spot our village children k For there the earliest wild those

etide the wandering wight, is its circle in the night! ith across, a bowshot clear, ole space for full career: to the four points of heaven, eep gaps are entrance given. iernmost our Monarch past, nd blew a gallant blast; ne north, within the ring the form of England's King, L a thousand leagues afar, ne waged holy war: like England's did he wield. leopards in the shield, Syrian courser's frame, 's length of limb the same: rwards did Scotland know, ard* was her deadliest foe.

XXIV.

on made our Monarch start, he mann'd his noble heart, e first career they ran, Knight fell, horse and man; splinter of his lance Alexander's visor glance, I the skin-a puny wound. , light leaping to the ground, ed blade his phantom foe d the future war to show. he saw the glorious plain, ill gigantic bones remain, ial of the Danish war; he saw, amid the field, his brandish'd war-axe wield, rike proud Haco from his car, around the shadowy Kings 's grim ravens cower'd their ings. . that, in that awful night, visions met his sight,

visions met his sight,
wing future conquests far,
ur sons' sons wage northern
ar;
city, tower and spire,
d the midnight sky with fire,
uting crews her navy bore,
ant to the victor shore.
This may learned clerks explain—

tss the wit of simple swain.

dward L surnamed Longshanks.

XXV.

"The joyful King turn'd home again, Headed his host, and quell'd the Dane; But yearly, when return'd the night Of his strange combat with the sprite,,

His wound must bleed and smart; Lord Gifford then would gibing say, 'Bold as ye were, my liege, ye pay

The penance of your start.'
Long since, beneath Dunfermline's nave,
King Alexander fills his grave,

Our Lady give him rest!
Yet still the knightly spear and shield
The Flfin Warrier deth wield

The Elfin Warrior doth wield, Upon the brown hill's breast; And many a knight hath proved his

chance,
In the charm'd ring to break a lance,
But all have foully sped;
Save two, as legends tell, and they
Were Wallace wight, and Gilbert Hay.—
Gentles, my tale is said."

XXVI.

The quaighs*were deep, the liquor strong, And on the tale the yeoman-throng Had made a comment sage and long,

But Marmion gave a sign:
And, with their lord, the squires retire;
The rest around the hostel tire,

Their drowsy limbs recline:
For pillow, underneath each head,
The quiver and the targe were laid.
Deep slumbering on the hostel floor,
Oppress'd with toil and ale, they snore:
The dying flame, in fitful change,
Threw on the group its shadows strange.

XXVII.

Apart, and nestling in the hay
Of a waste loft, Fitz-Eustace lay;
Scarce, by the pale moonlight, were seen
The foldings of his mantle green:
Lightly he dreamt, as youth will dream,
Of sport by thicket, or by stream,
Of hawk or hound, of ring or glove,
Or, lighter yet, of lady's love.
A cautious tread his slumber broke,
And, close beside him, when he woke,
In moonbeam half, and half in gloom,
Stood a tall form, with nodding plume;

*A wooden cup composed of staves hooped together.

But, ere his dagger Eustace drew, His master Marmion's voice he knew.—

XXVIII.

"Fitz-Eustace! rise,—I cannot rest;— Yon churl's wild legend haunts my breast, And graver thoughts have chafed my mood;

The air must cool my feverish blood;
And fain would I ride forth, to see
The scene of Elfin chivalry.
Arise, and saddle me my steed;
And, gentle Eustace, take good heed
Thou dost not rouse these drowsy slaves;
I would not, that the prating knaves
Had cause for saying, o'er their ale,
That I could credit such a tale."—
Then softly down the steps they slid;
Eustace the stable door undid,
And, darkling, Marmion's steed array'd,
While, whispering, thus the Baron
said:—

XXIX.

"Didst never, good my youth, hear tell, That on the hour when I was born, Saint George, who graced my sire's chapelle,

Down from his steed of marble fell,
A weary wight forlorn?
The flattering chaplains all agree,
The champion left his steed to me.
I would, the omen's truth to show,
That I could meet this Elfin Foe!
Blithe would I battle, for the right
To ask one question at the sprite;
Vain thought! for clves, if elves there be,
An empty race, by fount or sea,
To dashing waters dance and sing,
Or roundthe green oak wheel their ring."
Thus speaking, he his steed bestrode,
And from the hostel slowly rode.

XXX.

Fitz-Eustace followed him abroad, And mark'd him pace the village road,

And listen'd to his horse's tramp Till, by the lessening sound, He judged that of the Pictish can Lord Marmion sought the row Wonder it seem'd, in the squire's e That one, so wary held, and wise, Of whom 'twas said, he scarce reco For gospel, what the church believe Should, stirr'd by idle tale, Ride forth in silence of the night, As hoping half to meet a sprite, Array'd in plate and mail. For little did Fitz-Eustace know. That passions, in contending flow, Unfix the strongest mind; Wearied from doubt to doubt to fle We welcome fond credulity, Guide confident, though blind.

Little for this Fitz-Eustace cared, But, patient, waited till he heard, At distance, prick'd to utmost spee The foot-tramp of a flying steed, Come town-ward rushing on; First, dead, as if on turf it trode, Then, clattering on the village road In other pace than forth he yode,*

Return'd Lord Marmion. Down hastily he sprung from selle. And, in his haste, wellnigh he fell To the squire's hand the rein he the And spoke no word as he withdrew But yet the moonlight did betray, The falcon-crest was soil'd with cla And plainly might Fitz-Eustace see By stains upon the charger's knee, And his left side, that on the moor He had not kept his footing sure. Long musing on these wondrous sig At length to rest the squire reclines Broken and short; for still, betwee Would dreams of terror intervene: Eustace did ne'er so blithely mark The first notes of the morning lark.

* Yode, used by old poets for went.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FOURTH.

TO JAMES SKENE, Esq.

Ashestiel, Ettrick Forest.

mancient Minstrel sagely said, Where is the life which late we led?" That motley clown in Arden wood, Whom humorous Jaques with envy view'd. Not even that clown could amplify, On this trite text, so long as I. Deven years we now may tell, Since we have known each other well; Size, riding side by side, our hand, First drew the voluntary brand; And sare, through many a varied scene, Unkindness never came between. Array these winged years have flown, To join the mass of ages gone; And though deep mark'd, like all below, With chequer'd shades of joy and woe; Though thou o'er realms and seas hast

Mark'd cities lost, and empires changed, While bere, at home, my narrower ken Somewhat of manners saw, and men; Though varying wishes, hopes, and fears, Fere'd the progress of these years, Yet now, days, weeks, and months but

The recollection of a dream, So sill we glide down to the sea Of fathomless eternity.

Even now it scarcely seems a day, Since first I tuned this idle lay; A task so often thrown aside, When leisure graver cares denied, That now, November's dreary gale, Whose voice inspir'd my opening tale, That same November gale once more Whirls the dry leaves on Yarrow shore. Their vex'd boughs streaming to the sky, Once more our naked birches sigh, and Blackhouse heights, and Ettrick Pen. Have donn'd their wintry shrouds again: And mountain dark, and flooded mead, and us forsake the banks of Tweed.

Earlier than wont along the sky, Mix'd with the rack, the snow mists fly; The shepherd, who in summer sun, Had something of our envy won, As thou with pencil, I with pen, The features traced of hill and glen;—He who, outstretch'd the livelong day, At ease among the heath-flowers lay, View'd the light clouds with vacant look, Or slumber'd o'er his tatter'd book, Or idly busied him to guide His angle o'er the lessen'd tide;—At midnight now, the snowy plain Finds sterner labour for the swain.

When red hath set the beamless sun, Through heavy vapours dark and dun; When the tired ploughman, dry andwarm, Hears, half-asleep, the rising storm Hurling the hail, and sleeted rain, Against the casement's tinkling pane; The sounds that drive wild deer, and fox, To shelter in the brake and rocks, Are warnings which the shepherd ask To dismal and to dangerous task. Oft he looks forth, and hopes, in vain, The blast may sink in mellowing rain; Till, dark above, and white below, Decided drives the flaky snow, And forth the hardy swain must go. Long, with dejected look and whine, To leave the hearth his dogs repine; Whistling and cheering them to aid, Around his back he wreathes the plaid: His flock he gathers, and he guides, To open downs, and mountain-sides, Where fiercest though the tempest blow, Least deeply lies the drift below. The blast, that whistles o'er the fells, Stiffens his locks to icicles: Oft he looks back, while streaming far, His cottage window seems a star,-Loses its feeble gleam, - and then Turns patient to the blast again,

And, facing to the tempest's sweep, Drives through the gloom his lagging sheep.

If fails his heart, if his limbs fail, Benumbing death is in the gale: His paths, his landmarks, all unknown, Close to the hut, no more his own, Close to the aid he sought in vain, The morn may find the stiffen'd swain: The widow sees, at dawning pale, His orphans raise their feeble wail; And, close beside him, in the snow, Poor Yarrow, partner of their woe, Couches upon his master's breast, And licks his cheek to break his rest.

Who envies now the shepherd's lot, His healthy fare, his rural cot, His summer couch by greenwood tree, His rustic kirn's bloud revelry, His native hill-notes tuned on high, To Marion of the blithesome eye; His crook, his scrip, his oaten reed, And all Arcadia's golden creed?

Changes not so with us, my Skene, Of human life the varying scene? Our youthful summer oft we see Dance by on wings of game and glee, While the dark storm reserves its rage, Against the winter of our age: As he, the ancient Chief of Troy, His manhood spent in peace and joy; But Grecian fires, and loud alarms, Call'd ancient Priam forth to arms. Then happy those, since each must drain His share of pleasure, share of pain,-Then happy those, beloved of Heaven, To whom the mingled cup is given; Whose lenient sorrows find relief, Whose joys are chasten'd by their grief. And such a lot, my Skene, was thine, When thou, of late, wert doom'd to twine.

Just when thy bridal hour was by,—
The cypress with the myrtle tie.
Just on thy bride her Sire had smiled,
And bless'd the union of his child,
When love must change its joyous cheer
And wipe affection's filial tear.

* The Scottish Harvest-home.

Nor did the actions next his end, Speak more the father than the friend Scarce had lamented Forbes paid The tribute to his Minstrel's shade: The tale of friendship scarce was to Ere the narrator's heart was cold-Far may we search before we find A heart so manly and so kind! But not around his honour'd urn, Shall friends alone and kindred mou The thousand eyes his care had dried Pour at his name a bitter tide: And frequent falls the grateful dew. For benefits the world ne'er knew. If mortal charity dare claim The Almighty's attributed name, Inscribe above his mouldering clay, "The widow's shield, the orphan's star Nor, though it wake thy sorrow, dea My verse intrudes on this sad theme; For sacred was the pen that wrote, "Thy father's friend forget thou not: And grateful title may I plead, For many a kindly word and deed, To bring my tribute to his grave:-Tis little-but 'tis all I have.

To thee, perchance, this rambli strain Recalls our summer walks again: When, doing nought, -and, to spe true, Not anxious to find aught to do, --The wild unbounded hills we ranged While oft our talk its topic changed, And, desultory as our way, Ranged, unconfined, from grave to g Even when it flagg'd, as oft will chan No effort made to break its trance, We could right pleasantly pursue Our sports in social silence too; Thou gravely labouring to pourtray The blighted oak's fantastic spray; I spelling o'er, with much delight, The legend of that antique knight,

At either's feet a trusty squire, Pandour and Camp, with eyes of fir Jealous, each other's motions view'd, And scarce suppress'd their ancient feet Camp was a favourite dog of the Poet's bull-terrier of extraordinary sagacity.

Tirante by name, yclep'd the White.

nck whistled from the cloud; n was lively, but not loud; white thorn the May-flower d ragrance round our head: lived more merrily blossom'd bough, than we,

thesome nights, too, have been some rights, too, have been some retrieved the summer's bowers, re heard, what now I hear, blast sighing deep and drear, es were bright, and lamps un'd gay, stuned the lovely lay; as held a laggard soul, n'd to quaff the sparkling bowl, whose absence we deplore, these the gales of Devon's shore, r miss'd, bewail'd the more; and I, and dear-loved Rae, whose name I may not say,—

For not Mimosa's tender tree Shrinks sooner from the touch than he,— In merry chorus well combined, With laughter drown'd the whistling wind. Mirth was within; and Care without Might gnaw her nails to hear our shout. Not but amid the buxom scene Some grave discourse might intervene—

Not but amid the buxom scene
Some grave discourse might intervene—
Of the good horse that bore him best,
His shoulder, hoof, and arching crest:
For, like mad Tom's, our chiefest care,
Was horse to ride, and weapon wear.
Such nights we've had; and, though
the game
Of manhood be more sober tame,

And though the field-day, or the drill, Seem less important now—yet still Such may we hope to share again. The sprightly thought inspires my strain! And mark, how, like a horseman true, Lord Marmion's march I thus renew.

CANTO FOURTH.

The Camp.

1

; I said, did blithely mark notes of the merry lark. sang shrill, the cock he crew, ily Marmion's bugles blew, their light and lively call, groom and yeoman to the stall. ing they came, and free of heart, soon their mood was changed; laint was heard on every part, something disarranged. amour'd loud for armour lost; awl'd and wrangled with the host; :ket's bones," cried one, "I fear, me false Scot has stolen my pear!"-Blount, Lord Marmion's second quire, is steed wet with sweat and mire; h the rated horse-boy sware, ht be dress'd him sleek and fair.

While chafed the impatient squire like thunder,

Old Hubert shouts, in fear and wonder,—
"Help, gentle Blount! help, comrades all!
Bevis lies dying in his stall:
To Marmion who the plight dare tell,
Of the good steed he loves so well?"
Gaping for fear and ruth, they saw
The charger panting on his straw;
Till one who would seem wisest, cried,—
"What else but evil could betide,
With that cursed Palmer for our guide?
Better we had through mire and bush
Been lantern-led by Friar Rush."

Fitz-Eustace, who the cause but guess'd,
Nor wholly understood,
His comrades' clamorous plaints suppress'd;
He knew Lord Marmion's mood.

Him, ere he issued forth, he sought, And found deep plunged in gloomy thought,

And did his tale display Simply, as if he knew of nought To cause such disarray.

Lord Marmion gave attention cold, Nor marvell'd at the wonders told, — Pass'd them as accidents of course, And bade his clarions sound to horse.

III.

Young Henry Blount, meanwhile, the

Had reckon'd with their Scottish host; And, as the charge he cast and paid, "Ill thou deservest thy hire," he said; "Dost see, thou knave, my horse's plight? Fairies have ridden him all the night,

And left him in a foam! I trust that soon a conjuring band, With English cross, and blazing brand, Shall drive the devils from this land.

To their infernal home:
For in this haunted den, I trow,
All night they trampled to and fro."—
The laughing host look'd on the hire,—
"Gramercy, gentle southern squire,
And if thou comest among the rest,
With Scottish broadsword to be blest,
Sharp be the brand, and sure the blow,
And short the pang to undergo."
Here stay'd their talk,—for Marmion
Gave now the signal to set on.
The Palmer showing forth the way,
They journey'd all the morning day.

IV.

The green-sward way was smooth and good,

Through Humbie's and through Saltoun's wood;

A forest glade, which, varying still, Here gave a view of dale and hill, There narrower closed, till over head A vaulted screen the branches made. "A pleasant path," Fitz-Eustace said; "Such as where errant-knights might see Adventures of high chivalry; Might meet some damsel flying fast, With hair unbound, and looks aghast; And smooth and level course were here, In her defence to break a spear.

Here, too, are twilight nooks and del And oft, in such, the story tells. The damsel kind, from danger freed, Did grateful pay her champion's mee He spoke to cheer Lord Marmin mind;

Perchance to show his lore design'd; For Eustace much had pored Upon a huge romantic tome, In the hall-window of his home, Imprinted at the antique dome

Of Caxton, or de Worde, Therefore he spoke,—but spoke in w For Marmion answer'd nought again

v

Now sudden, distant trumpets shrift In notes prolong d by wood and hill

Were heard to echo far: Each ready archer grasp'd his how, But by the flourish soon they know,

They breathed no point of war. Yet cautious, as in forman's land, Lord Marmion's order speeds the ba

Some opener ground to gain; And scarce a furlong had they rode, When thinner trees, receding, show

A little woodland plain.
Just in that advantageous glade,
The halting troop a line had made,
As forth from the opposing shade
Issued a gallant train.

VI.

First came the trumpets, at whose d So late the forest echoes rang; On prancing steeds they forward pre With searlet mantle, azure vest; Each at his trump a banner wore, Which Scotland's royal scutcheon b Heralds and pursuivants, by name Bute, Islay, Marchmount, Rothsay, ca In painted tabards, proudly showing Gules, Argent, Or, and Azure glow Attendant on a King-at-arms,

Whose hand the armorial trunch held,

That feudal strife had often quell'd, When wildest its alarms.

VII.

He was a man of middle age; In aspect manly, grave, and sage,

n King's errand come; the glances of his eye, trating, keen, and sly ession found its home: sh of that satiric rage, bursting on the early stage, d the vices of the age, broke the keys of Rome. k-white palfrey forth he paced; of maintenance was graced the proud heron-plume. is steed's shoulder, loin, and housings swept the ground, scotland's arms, device, and roider'd round and round. uble tressure might you see, by Achaius borne, stle and the fleur-de-lis, gallant unicorn. the King's armorial coat, ce the dazzled eye could note, colours, blazon'd brave, which his title gave; rhich well bescem'd his state. narm'd, around him wait. thy name in high account, still thy verse has charms, vid Lindesay of the Mount, I Lion King at arms!

VIII.

om his horse did Marmion ring, ie saw the Lion-King; the stately Baron knew uch courtesy was due, wal James himself had crown'd, iis temples placed the round stland's ancient diadem : his brow with hallow'd wine, is finger given to shine nblematic gem. itual greetings duly made, 1 thus his message said :-1 Scotland's King hath deeply knit faith with Henry more, ctly hath forbid resort ngland to his royal court; ve knows Lord Marmion's name.

And honours much his warlike fame, My liege hath deem'd it shame, and lack Of courtesy, to turn him back; And, by his order, I, your guide, Must lodging fit and fair provide, Till finds King James meet time to see The flower of English chivalry."

Though inly chafed at this delay,
Lord Marmion bears it as he may.
The Palmer, his mysterious guide,
Beholding thus his place supplied,
Sought to take leave in vain:
Strict was the Lion-King's command,
That none, who rode in Marmion's band,
Should sever from the train:
"England has here enow of spies
In Lady Heron's witching eyes:"
To Marchmount thus, apart, he said,
But fair pretext to Marmion made.
The right-hand path they now decline,
And trace against the stream the Tyne.

X.
At length up that wild dale they wind,

Where Crichtoun Castle crowns the bank;
For there the Lion's care assign'd
A lodging meet for Marmion's rank.
That Castle rises on the steep
Of the green vale of Tyne:
And far beneath, where slow they creep,
From pool to eddy, dark and deep,
Where alders moist, and willows weep,
You hear her streams repine.
The towers in different ages rose;
Their various architecture shows
The builders' various hands;

The builders' various hands;
A mighty mass, that could oppose,
When deadliest hatred fired its foes,
The vengeful Douglas bands.

XI.

Crichtoun! though now thy miry court
But pens the lazy steer and sheep,
Thy turrets rude, and totter'd Keep,
Have been the minstrel's loved resort.
Oft have I traced, within thy fort,
Of mouldering shields the mystic sense,
Scutcheons of honour, or pretence,
Quarter'd in old armorial sort,
Remains of rude magnificence.

Nor wholly yet had time defaced Thy lordly gallery fair; Nor yet the stony cord unbraced, Whose twisted knots, with roses laced,

Adorn thy ruin'd stair.
Still rises unimpair'd below,
The court-yard's graceful portico;
Above its cornice, row and row

Of fair hewn facets richly show
Their pointed diamond form,
Though there but houseless cattle go,
To shield them from the storm.

And, shuddering, still may we explore, Where oft whilom were captives pent,

The darkness of thy Massy More;*

Or, from thy grass-grown battlement,

May trace, in undulating line, The sluggish mazes of the Tyne.

XII.

Another aspect Crichtoun show'd,
As through its portal Marmion rode;
But yet 'twas melancholy state
Received him at the outer gate;
For none were in the Castle then,
But women, boys, or aged men.
With eyes scarce dried, the sorrowing
dame,

To welcome noble Marmion, came; Her son, a stripling twelve years old, Proffer'd the Baron's rein to hold; For each man that could draw a sword Had march'd that morning with their lord.

Earl Adam Hepburn,—he who died On Flodden, by his sovereign's side: Long may his Lady look in vain! She ne'er shall see his gallant train Come sweeping back through Crichtoun-Dean.

'Twas a brave race, before the name Of hated Bothwell stain'd their fame,

XIII.

And here two days did Marmion rest, With every rite that honour claims, Attended as the King's own guest;— Such the comman of Royal James, Who marshall'd then his land's array, Upon the Borough-moor that lay.

* The pit, or prison rault.—See Appendix.

Perchance he would not foe Upon his gathering host she Till full prepared was every To march against the Englis Here while they dwelt, did

Oft cheer the Baron's moods And, in his turn, he knew to Lord Marmion's powerful wise,—

Train'd in the lore of Rome . And policies of war and pes

XIV.

It chanced, as fell the secon That on the battlements t And, by the slowly fading li

Of varying topics talked; And, unaware, the Herald-t Said, Marmion might his spared,

In travelling so far; For that a messenger from h In vain to James had counse Against the English war:

Against the English war: And, closer question'd, thus A tale, which chronicles of In Scottish story have enroll

XV.

Sir Dabid Tindesay's

"Of all the palaces so fair, Built for the royal dwellin In Scotland far beyond comp Lindithnow is excelling:

Linlithgow is excelling: And in its park, in jovial Jun How sweet the merry linner! How blithe the blackbird!

The wild-buck bells from fer The coot dives merry on the The saddest heart might ples To see all nature gay.

But June is, to our Sovereign The heaviest mouth in all the Too well his cause of grief yo June saw his father's overthin Woe to the traitors, who cou The princely boy against his Still in his conscience burns. In offices as strict as Lent, King James's June is ever sp

XVI.

it this ruthful month was come, ilithgow's holy dome g, as wont, was praying; his royal father's soul, ers sung, the bells did toll, hop mass was sayinghe year brought round again ne luckless king was slainine's aisle the Monarch knelt, cloth-shirt and iron belt, es with sorrow streaming; im, in their stalls of state, le's Knight-Companions sate, anners o'er them beaming. there, and, sooth to tell, d with the jangling knell, thing where the sunbeams fell, stain'd ŗh the casement eaming; le I marked what next befell, a'd as I were dreaming. rom the crowd a ghostly wight, gown, with cincture white; head bald, his head was bare, ang at length his yellow hair. wck me not, when, good my e to you my knightly word. rhen I saw his placid grace, ple majesty of face, ann bearing, and his pace nely gliding on,to me ne'er did limner paint an image of the Saint, opp'd the Virgin in her faint, oved Apostle John!

XVII.

epp'd before the Monarch's chair, sod with rustic plainness there, little reverence made; ad, nor body, bow'd nor bent, the desk his arm he leant, words like these he said, w voice—but never tone II'd through vein, and nerve, and bone:—

nother sent me from afar, ag, to warn thee not to war,—

Woe waits on thine array;
If war thou wilt, of woman fair,
Her witching wiles and wanton snare,
James Stuart, doubly warn'd, beware:
God keep thee as he may!'—
The wondering Monarch seem'd to
seek
For answer, and found none;
And when he raised his head to speak,
The monitor was gone.
The Marshal and myself had cast
To stop him as he outward pass'd;
But, lighter than the whirlwind's blast,
He vanish'd from our eyes,
Like sunbeam on the billow cast,

VVIII

That glances but, and dies."

While Lindesay told his marvel strange, The twilight was so pale, He mark'd not Marmion's colour change, While listening to the tale; But, after a suspended pause, The Baron spoke: —" Of Nature's laws So strong I held the force, That never superhuman cause Could e'er control their course; And, three days since, had judged your Was but to make your guest your game. But I have seen, since past the Tweed, What much has changed my sceptic creed,

staid,
And seem'd to wish his words unsaid:
But, by that strong emotion press d,
Which prompts us to unload our breast,
Even when discovery's pain,
To Lindesay did at length unfold
The tale his village host had told,

And made me credit aught.-" He

At Gifford, to his train.

Nought of the Palmer says he there,
And nought of Constance, or of Clare;
The thoughts which broke his sleep, he
seems

To mention but as feverish dreams.

"In vain," said he, "to rest I spread
My burning limbs, and couch'd my head:

Fantastic thoughts returned;
And, by their wild dominion led,
My heart within me burn'd.
So sore was the delirious goad,
I took my steed, and forth I rode,
And, as the moon shone bright and cold,
Soon reach'd the camp upon the wold.
The southern entrance I pass'd through,
And halted, and my bugle blew.
Methought an answer met my ear,
Yet was the blast so low and drear,
So hollow, and so faintly blown,
It might be echo of my own.

XX.

"Thus judging, for a little space
I listen'd, ere I left the place;
But scarce could trust my eyes,
Nor yet can think they serv'd me true,
When sudden in the ring I view,

In form distinct of shape and hue,
A mounted champion rise.—
I've fought, Lord-Lion, many a day,
In single fight, and mix'd affray,
And ever, I myself may say,

Have borne me as a knight; But when this unexpected foe Seem'd starting from the gulf below,— I care not though the truth I show,—

I trembled with affright;
And as I placed in rest my spear,
My hand so shook for very fear,
I scarce could couch it right.

XXI.

"Why need my tongue the issue tell?
We ran our course,—my charger fell;—
What could he 'gainst the shock of hell?—

I roll'd upon the plain. High o'er my head, with threatening hand,

The spectre shook his naked brand,— Yet did the worst remain: My dazzled eyes I upward cast,— Not opening hell itself could blast

Their sight, like what I saw!
Full on his face the moonbeam strook,—
A face could never be mistook!
I knew the stern vindictive look,
And held my breath for awe.

I saw the face of one who, fled To foreign climes, has long been dea I well believe the last;

For ne'er, from vizor raised, did at A human warrior, with a glare

So grimly and so ghast. Thrice o'er my head he shook the bla But when to good Saint George I pra (The first time e'er I ask'd his aid.)

He plunged it in the sheath; And, on his courser mounting light, He seem'd to vanish from my sight. The moonbeam droop'd, and dec

Sunk down upon the heath.—
'Twere long to tell what cause I h
To know his face, that met methodal'd by his hatred from the granter are the call'd by his hatred from the granter where raise.

To cumber upper air: Dead or alive, good cause had he To be my mortal enemy."

MIXX.

Marvell'd Sir David of the Mount Then, learn'd in story, 'gan recount Such chance had happ'd of old, When once, near Norham, there

fight
A spectre fell of fiendish might,
In likeness of a Scottish knight,
With Brian Bulmer bold,
And train'd him nigh to disallow

And train'd him nigh to disallow
The aid of his baptismal vow.
"And such a phantom, too, 'tis sais
With Highland broadsword, targe,
plaid,

And fingers red with gore, Is seen in Rothiemurcus glade, Or where the sable pine-trees shade Dark Tomantoul, and Auchnaslaid,

Dromouchty, or Glenmore.*

And yet whate er such legends say,
Of warlike demon, ghost, or fay,
On mountain, moor, or plain.

On mountain, moor, or plain, Spotless in faith, in bosom bold, True son of chivalry should hold These midnight terrors vain;

^{*}See the traditions concerning the apcalled Lhamdeary, or Bloody-hand, in a on Canto iii., Appendix, Sees 40.

have such spirits power ave in the evil hour, we meditate within, unrepented sin."—
ion turn'd him half aside, to clear his voice he tried, ss'd Sir David's hand,—, at length, in answer said, heir farther converse staid, lering that his band vne them with the rising day, d s camp to take their way,— s the King's command.

XXIII.

took Dun-Edin's road, ld trace each step they trode: k, nor dell, nor rock, nor le, e path to me unknown. ht it boast of storied lore; ng such disgression o'er, hat their route was laid e furzy hills of Braid. 'd the glen and scanty rill, b'd the opposing bank, until a'd the top of Blackford Hill.

XXIV

ord! on whose uncultured ong the broom, and thorn, and int-boy, I sought the nest, ed, as I lay at rest, ile rose on breezes thin, turmur of the city crowd, from his steeple jangling loud, it Giles's mingling din. from the summit to the plain, s all the hill with yellow grain; lo'er the landscape as I look, nt do I see unchanged remain, e the rude cliffs and chiming rook. hey make a heavy moan, friendships past and gone.

xxv.

rent far the change has been, Marmion, from the crown kford, saw that martial scene the bent so brown: Thousand pavilions, white as snow, Spread all the Borough-moor below,

Upland, and dale, and down:—
A thousand, did I say? I ween,
Thousands on thousands, there were

That chequer'd all the heath between
The streamlet and the town;
In crossing ranks extending far,
Forming a camp irregular;
Oft giving way, where still there stood
Some relics of the old oak wood,
That darkly huge did intervene,
And tamed the glaring white with green:
In these extended lines there lay,
A martial kingdom's vast array.

XXVI.

For from Hebudes, dark with rain,
To eastern Lodon's fertile plain,
And from the southern Redswire edge,
To farthest Rosse's rocky ledge;
From west to east, from south to north,
Scotland sent all her warriors forth.
Marmion might hear the mingled hum
Of myriads up the mountain come;
The horses' tramp, and tingling clank,
Where chiefs review'd their vassal rank,

And charger's shrilling neigh; And see the shifting lines advance While frequent flash'd, from shield and lance,

The sun's reflected ray.

XXVII.

Thin curling in the morning air,
The wreaths of failing smoke declare
To embers now the brands decay'd,
Where the night-watch their fires had
made.

They saw, slow rolling on the plain, Full many a baggage-cart and wain, And dire artillery's clumsy car, By sluggish oxen tugg'd to war; And there were Borthwick's Sisters

Seven,*
And culverins which France had given.
Ill-omen'd gift! the guns remain
The conqueror's spoil on Flodden plain.

* Seven culverins so called, cast by one Borthwick.

XXVIII.

Nor mark'd they less, where in the air A thousand streamers flaunted fair;
Various in shape, device, and hue,
Green, sanguine, purple, red, and blue,

Broad, narrow, swallow-tailed, and square,

Scroll, pennon, pensil, bandrol,* there O'er the pavilions flew. Highest and midmost, was descried

The royal banner floating wide;
The staff, a pine-tree, strong and straight,

Pitch'd deeply in a massive stone, Which still in memory is shown,

Yet bent beneath the standard's weight

Whene'er the western wind unroll'd, With toil, the huge and cumbrous

And gave to view the dazzling field, Where, in proud Scotland's royal shield, The ruddy lion ramp'd in gold.

XXIX.

Lord Marmion view'd the landscape bright,—

He view'd it with a chief's delight,—
Until within him burn'd his heart,
And lightning from his eye did part,
As on the battle-day;

Such glance did falcon never dart,

When stooping on his prey.
"Oh! well, Lord-Lion, hast thou said,
Thy King from warfare to dissuade

Were but a vain essay:
For, by St George, were that host mine,
Not power infernal, nor divine,
Should once to peace my soul incline,
Till I had dimm'd their armour's shine

In glorious battle-fray!"
Answer'd the Bard, of milder mood,—
"Fair is the sight,—and yet 'twere good,
That Kings would think withal,

When peace and wealth their land has bless'd,

'Tis better to sit still at rest, Than rise, perchance to fall."

 Each of these feudal ensigns intimated the different rank of those entitled to display them.

XXX.

Still on the spot Lord Mari For fairer scene he ne'er sur When sated with the mar That peopled all the plain The wandering eye could And mark the distant city With gloomy splendour For on the smoke-wreath slow,

That round her sable turn The morning beams we And tinged them with a li Like that which streaks cloud.

Such dusky grandeur clothed Where the huge Castle hold And all the steep slope do Whose ridgy back heaves to Piled deep and massy, close Mine own romantic town But northward far, with pur On Ochil mountains fell the And as each heathy top they It gleam'd a purple amethys Yonder the shores of Fife y Here Preston-Bay and Berw And, broad between them The gallant Frith the eye m

Whose islands on its bosom Like emeralds chased in g Fitz-Eustace' heart felt close As if to give his rapture ven The spur he to his charger l

And raised his bridle ham And making demi-volte in a Cried, "Where's the coward not dare

To fight for such a land!'
The Lindesay smiled his joy
Nor Marmion's frown repres

XXXI.

Thus while they look'd, a flot Where mingled trump, and continuous And fife, and kettle-drum And sackbut deep, and psal And war-pipe with discorda And cymbal clattering to the Making wild music bold and the mountain company the mountain company to the mountain company t

the bells, with distant chime, d the hour of prime, the Lindesay spoke: nour still the war-notes when o mass his way has ta'en, tharine's of Sienne, d of Saint Rocque. I speak of martial fame; and of peaceful game, ther was their cheer, Falkland-woods the air, me his steed should spare, which foremost might repair ownfall of the deer.

XXXII.

" he said,—"when looking he moress of the North raily throne; 's imperial bowers, proof to hostile powers, halls and holy towers—"he said, "I moan, he woe mischance may bring, hese merry bells may ring

The death-dirge of our gallant King;
Or with the larum call
The burghers forth to watch and ward,
'Gainst southern sack and fires to guard
Dun-Edin's leaguer'd wall.—
But not for my presaging thought,
Dream conquest sure, or cheaply bought!
Lord Marmion, I say nay:
God is the guider of the field,
He breaks the champion's spear and
shield,—

But thou thyself shalt say,
When joins you host in deadly stowre,
That England's dames must weep in
bower,

Her monks the death-mass sing;
For never saw'st thou such a power
Led on by such a King."—
And now, down winding to the plain,
The barriers of the camp they gain,
And there they made a stay.—
There stays the Minstrel, till he fling
His hand o'er every Border string,
And fit his harp the pomp to sing,
Of Scotland's ancient Court and King,
In the succeeding lay.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO FIFTH.

TO GEORGE ELLIS, Esq.

Edinburgh.

rk December glooms the day, our autumn joys away; ort and scant the sunbeam ows, weary waste of snows, d protitless regard, on on a needy bard; ran occupation's done, the chimney rests the gun, , in idle trophy, near, -pouch, fishing-rod, and spear; ry terrier, rough and grim, hound, with his length of limb, ter, now employ'd no more, our parlour's narrow floor; his stall the impatient steed ondemn'd to rest and feed; om our snow-encircled home, wes the hardiest step to roam,

Since path is none, save that to bring The needful water from the spring; When wrinkled news-page, thrice conn'd o'er,

Beguiles the dreary hour no more, And darkling politician, cross'd, Inveighs against the lingering post, Andanswering housewife sore complains Of carriers' snow-impeded wains; When such the country cheer, I come, Well pleased, to seek our city home; For converse, and for books, to change The Forest's melancholy range, And welcome, with renew'd delight, The busy day and social night.

Not here need my desponding rhyme Lament the ravages of time, As erst by Newark's riven towers,

ĸ

And Ettrick stripp'd of forest bowers. True,—Caledonia's Queen is changed, Since on her dusky summit ranged, Within its steepy limits pent, By bulwark, line, and battlement, And flanking towers, and laky flood, Guarded and garrison'd she stood, Denying entrance or resort, Save at each tall embattled port; Above whose arch, suspended, hung Portcullis spiked with iron prong. That long is gone, —but not so long, Since, early closed, and opening late, Jealous revolved the studded gate, Whose task, from eve to morning tide, A wicket churlishly supplied. Stern then, and steel-girt was thy brow, Dun-Edin! O, how alter'd now, When safe amid thy mountain court Thou sit'st, like Empress at her sport, And liberal, unconfined, and free, Flinging thy white arms to the sea, For thy dark cloud, with umber'd lower, That hung o'er cliff, and lake, and tower, Thou gleam'st against the western ray Ten thousand lines of brighter day.

Not she, the Championess of old, In Spenser's magic tale enroll'd, She for the charmed spear renown'd, Which forced each knight to kiss the

ground, —
Not she more changed, when, placed at
rest.

What time she was Malbecco's guest,* She gave to flow her maiden vest; When from the corslet's grasp relieved, Free to the sight her bosom heaved; Sweet was her blue eye's modest smile, Erst hidden by the aventagle; And down her shoulders graceful roll'd Her locks profuse, of paly gold. They who whilom, in midnight fight, Had marvell'd at her matchless might, No less her maiden charms approved, But looking liked, and liking loved. The sight could jealous pangs beguile, And charm Malbecco's cares a while; And he, the wandering Squire of Dames, Forgot his Columbella's claims, And passion, erst unknown, could gain " See "The Fairy Queen," book iii. canto ix. The breast of blunt Sir Satyrane; Nor durst light Paridel advance, Bold as he was, a looser glance. She charm'd, at once, and tame heart,

Imcomparable Britomarte!

So thou, fair City! disarray'd Of battled wall, and rampart's aid As stately seem'st, but lovelier for Than in that panoply of war. Nor deem that from thy fenceless to Strength and security are flown; Still, as of yore, Queen of the Ne Still canst thou send thy children Ne'er readier at alarm-bell's call Thy burghers rose to man thy wa Than now, in danger, shall be the Thy dauntless voluntary line; For fosse and turret proud to sta Their breasts the bulwarks of the Thy thousands, train'd to martial Full red would stain their native a Ere from thy mural crown there The slightest knosp, or pinnacle. And if it come, —as come it may, Dun-Edin! that eventful day, Renown'd for hospitable deed. That virtue much with Heaven

plead,
In patriarchal times whose care
Descending angels deign'd to shart
That claim may wrestle blessings of
On those who fight for The Good T
Destined in every age to be
Refuge of injured royalty;
Since first, when conquering York of
To Henry meek she gave repose,
Till late, with wonder, grief, and
Great Bourbon's relics, and she say

Truce to these thoughts!—fo they rise,
How gladly I avert mine eyes,
Bodings, or true or false, to chang
For Fiction's fair romantic range,
Or for Tradition's dubious light,
That hovers 'twixt the day and nig
Dazzling alternately and dim,
Her wavering lamp I'd rather trin
Knights, squires, and lovely dames, i
Creation of my fantasy,

e abroad on reeky fen,
e of mists invading men.—
s not more the night of June
l December's gloomy noon?
nlight than the fog of frost?
we say, which cheats the most?

20 shall teach my harp to gain of the romantic strain, Inglo-Norman tones whilere in the royal Henry's ear, leauclere call'd, for that he loved strel, and his lay approved? ill these lingering notes redeem, g on Oblivion's stream; tes as from the Breton tongue anslated, Blondel sung?-L Time's ravage to repair, ke the dying Muse thy care; hen his scythe her hoary foe ising for the final blow apon from his hand could wring, mak his glass, and shear his wing, 1, reviving in his strain, tle poet live again; who canst give to lightest lay edantic moral gay, s the dullest theme bid flit es of unexpected wit; ns as in life approved, ke honour'd, and beloved,-LLIS! to the bard impart n of thy magic art,

To win at once the head and heart,— At once to charm, instruct, and mend, My guide, my pattern, and my friend!

Such minstrel lesson to bestow
Be long thy pleasing task,—but, O!
No more by thy example teach,
—What few can practise, all can
preach,—

With even patience to endure Lingering disease, and painful cure, And boast affliction's pangs subdued By mild and manly fortitude, Enough, the lesson has been given: Forbid the repetition, Heaven!

Come listen, then! for thou hast known, And loved the Minstrel's varying tone, Who, like his Border sires of old Waked a wild measure rude and bold, Till Windsor's oaks, and Ascot plain, With wonder heard the northern strain. Come listen! bold in thy applause, The Bard shall scorn pedantic laws; And, as the ancient art could stain Achievements on the storied pane, Irregularly traced and plann'd, But yet so glowing and so grand, -So shall he strive, in changeful hue, Field, feast, and combat, to renew, And loves, and arms, and harpers' glee, And all the pomp of chivalry.

CANTO FIFTH.

The Court.

I.

ain has left the hills of Braid; rrier guard have open made idesay bade) the palisade, closed the tented ground; nen the warders backward drew, rried pikes as they rode through, its ample bound.

In the Scottish warriors there, the Southern band to stare.

In with their wonder rose, such well-appointed foes;

Such length of shafts, such mighty bows, So huge, that many simply thought, But for a vaunt such weapons wrought; And little deem'd their force to feel, Through links of mail, and plates of steel, When rattling upon Flodden vale, The cloth-yard arrows flew like hail.

II.

Nor less did Marmion's skilful view Glance every line and squadron through; And much he marvell'd one small land Could marshal forth such various band a For men-at-arms were here, Heavily sheathed in mail and plate, Like iron towers for strength and weight, On Flemish steeds of bone and height, With battle-axe and spear.

Young knights and squires, a lighter train, Practised their chargers on the plain, By aid of leg, of hand, and rein,

Each warlike feat to show, To pass, to wheel, the croupe to gain, And high curvett, that not in vain

The sword sway might descend amain On foeman's casque below. He saw the hardy burghers there March arm'd, on foot, with faces bare,

For vizor they wore none, Nor waving plume, nor crest of knight; But burnish'd were their corslets bright, Their brigantines, and gorgets light,

Like very silver shone.

Long pikes they had for standing fight,
Two-handed swords they wore,
And many wielded mace of weight,
And bucklers bright they bore.

III.

On foot the yeoman too, but dress'd In his steel-jack, a swarthy vest,

With iron quilted well;
Each at his back (a slender store)
His forty days' provision bore,
As feudal statutes tell.

His arms were halbert, axe, or spear, A crossbow there, a hagbut here,

A dagger-knife, and brand. Sober he seem'd, and sad of cheer, As loath to leave his cottage dear,

And march to foreign strand; Or musing, who would guide his steer, To till the fallow land,

Yet deem not in his thoughtful eye Did aught of dastard terror lie;

More dreadful far his ire, Than theirs, who, scorning danger's name, In eager mood to battle came, Their valour like light straw on flame,

A fierce but fading fire.

IV.

Not so the Borderer:—bred to war, He knew the battle's din afar, And joy'd to hear it swell. His peaceful day was slothful ease; Nor harp, nor pipe, his ear could p

Like the loud slogan yell. On active steed, with lance and bla The light-arm'd pricker plied histrad

Let nobles light for fame; Let vassals follow where they lead, Burghers, to guard their townships, ble

But war's the Borderer's game. Their gain, their glory, their delight To sleep the day, maraud the night,

O'er mountain, moss, and moor; Joyful to fight they took their way, Scarce caring who might win the da

Their booty was secure.

These, as Lord Marmion's train po

Look'd on at first with careless ere Nor marvell'd aught, well taugh

The form and force of English bow But when they saw the Lord array In splendid arms, and rich brocade Each Borderer to his kinsman said.

"Hist, Ringan! seest thou there Canst guess which road they'll he

ward ride?—
O! could we but on Border side,
By Eusedale glen, or Liddell's tide,

By Eusedale glen, or Liddell's tide. Beset a prize so fair! That fangless Lion, too, their guide

Might chance to lose his glistering brown Maudlin, of that doublet p Could make a kirtle rare."

V.

Next, Marmion mark'd the Celtic of Of different language, form, and fa

A various race of man; Just then the Chiefs their tribes are And wild and garish semblance ma The chequer'd trews, and belted al And varying notes the war-pipes ha

To every varying clan; Wild through their red or sable ha Look'd out their eyes with savages

On Marmion as he pass'd; Their legs above the knee were but Their frame was sinewy, short, and

And harden'd to the blast; Of taller race, the chiefs they own Were by the eagle's plumage know

Red-deer's undress'd hide buskins well supplied; 1 bonnet deck'd their head : neir shoulders hung the plaid; ord of unwieldy length, roved for edge and strength, d targe they wore, s, bows, and shafts, -but O! he shaft, and weak the bow, which England bore. nen carried at their backs t Danish battle-axe. l a wild and wondering cry, guide rode Marmion by. their clamouring tongues, as ng sea-fowl leave the fen, their cries discordant mix'd, and yell'd the pipes betwixt.

VI. igh the Scottish camp they ď, d the City gate at last, around, a wakeful guard, ghers kept their watch and they cause of jealous fear, encamp'd, in field so near, zer and the Mountaineer. h the bustling streets they go, ive with martial show: urn, with dinning clang, arer's anvil clash'd and rang; he swarthy smith, to wheel nat arms the charger's heel; : falchion, to the side grindstone was applied. om, and squire, with hurrying street, and lane, and marketnce, or casque, or sword; ighers, with important face, ed each new-come lord, his lineage, told his name, ring, and his warlike fame. led to lodging meet, igh o'erlook'd the crowded eet; nust the Baron rest, the hour of vesper tide,

And then to Holy-Rood must ride,—
Such was the King's behest.
Meanwhile the Lion's care assigns
A banquet rich, and costly wines,
To Marmion and his train;
And when the appointed hour succeeds,
The Baron dons his peaceful weeds,
And following Lindesay as he leads,
The palace-halls they gain.

VII

Old Holy-rood rung merrily, That night, with wassell, mirth, and glee: King James within her princely bower Feasted the Chiefs of Scotland's power, Summon'd to spend the parting hour; For he had charged, that his array Should southward march by break of day, Well loved that splendid monarch aye

The banquet and the song,
By day the tourney, and by night
The merry dance, traced fast and light,
The maskers quaint, the pageant bright,

The revel loud and long.
This feast outshone his banquets past;
It was his blithest—and his last.
The dazzling lamps, from gallery gay,
Cast on the Court a dancing ray;
Here to the harp did minstrels sing;
There ladies touched a softer string;
With long-ear'd cap, and motley vest,
The licensed fool retail'd his jest:
His magic tricks the juggler plied;
At dice and draughts the gallants vied;
While some, in close recess apart,
Courted the ladies of their heart,

Nor courted them in vain;
For often, in the parting hour,
Victorious Love asserts his power
O'er coldness and disdain;
And flinty is her heart, can view
To battle march a lover true—
Can hear, perchance, his last adieu,
Nor own her share of pain.

VIII.

Through this mix'd crowd of glee and game,
The King to greet Lord Marmion came,
While, reverent, all made room.
An easy task it was, I trow,
King James's manly form to know,

Although, his courtesy to show, He doff'd, to Marmion bending low, His broider'd cap and plume. For royal was his garb and mien,

His cloak, of crimson velvet piled, Trimm'd with the fur of martin wild; His vest of changeful satin sheen,

The dazzled eye beguiled; His gorgeous collar hung adown, Wrought with the badge of Scotland's

The thistle brave, of old renown: His trusty blade, Toledo right, Descended from a baldric bright; White were his buskins, on the heel His spurs inlaid of gold and steel; His bonnet, all of crimson fair, Was button'd with a ruby rare: And Marmion deem'd he ne'er had seen A prince of such a noble mien.

IX.

The Monarch's form was middle size; For feat of strength, or exercise, Shaped in proportion fair; And hazel was his eagle eye, And auburn of the darkest dye, His short curl'd beard and hair.

Light was his footstep in the dance, And firm his stirrup in the lists; And, oh ! he had that merry glance,

That seldom lady's heart resists, Lightly from fair to fair he flew, And loved to plead, lament, and sue ;-Suit lightly won, and short-lived pain, For monarchs seldom sigh in vain.

I said he joy'd in banquet bower; But, 'mid his mirth, 'twas often strange, How suddenly his cheer would change,

His look o'ercast and lower, If, in a sudden turn, he felt The pressure of his iron belt, That bound his breast in penance pain, In memory of his father slain. Even so 'twas strange how, evermore, Soon as the passing pang was o'er Forward he rush'd, with double glee, Into the stream of revelry: Thus, dim-seen object of affright Startles the courser in his flight, And half he halts, half springs aside; But feels the quickening spur applied,

And, straining on the tighten'd r Scours doubly swift o'er hill and

O'er James's heart, the courtiers Sir Hugh the Heron's wife held

To Scotland's Court she came To be a hostage for her lord, Who Cessford's gallant heart had And with the King to make acce

Had sent his lovely dame. Nor to that lady free alone Did the gay King allegiance own

For the fair Queen of France Sent him a turquois ring and glo And charged him, as her knight an

For her to break a lance; And strike three strokes with S brand,

And march three miles on Southro And bid the banners of his band In English breezes dance.

And thus, for France's Queen he His manly limbs in mailed vest: And thus admitted English fair His inmost counsels still to share And thus, for both, he madly pla The ruin of himself and land!

And yet, the sooth to tell, Nor England's fair, nor France's Were worth one pearl-drop, brig sheen,

From Margaret's eyes that fell His own Queen Margaret, who, i gow's bower.

All lonely sat, and wept the wear;

The Queen sits lone in Lithgow 1 And weeps the weary day, The war against her native soil, Her Monarch's risk in battle bro And in gay Holy-rood, the while Dame Heron rises with a smile Upon the harp to play.

Fair was her rounded arm, as o'e The strings her fingers flew;

And as she touch'd and tuned the Ever her bosom's rise and fall Was plainer given to view 1

For, all for heat, was laid aside Her wimple, and her hood unties she pitch'd her voice to sing, need her dark eye on the King, around the silent ring; h'd, and blush'd, and oft did say; y oath, by Yea, and Nay, She could not, would not, durst not play! At length, upon the harp, with glee, Mingled with arch simplicity, A soft, yet lively, air she rung, While thus the wily lady sung:—

XIL.

LOCHINVAR.

Jady Beron's Song.

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword, he weapons had none,
He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone, He swam the Eske river where ford there was none; But ere he alighted at Netherby gate, The bride had consented, the gallant came late; For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war, Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall, Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all: Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword, (For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,) Oc to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"—

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied;— Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide— And now am I come, with this lost love of mine, To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine. There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far, That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kiss'd the goblet: the knight took it up, He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup. She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh, With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye. He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace:
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whisper'd, ""Twere better by far,
To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the hall-door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan; Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran: There was racing and chasing, on Cannobie Lee, But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see. So daring in love, and so dauntless in war, Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

XIII

The monarch o'er the siren hung, And beat the measure as she sung; And, pressing closer, and more near, 'He whisper'd praises in her ear. In loud applause the courtiers vied; And ladies wink'd, and spoke aside.

The witching dame to Marmion threw A glance, where seem'd to reign The pride that claims applauses due, And of her royal conquest too,

A real or feign'd disdain:
Familiar was the look, and told,
Marmion and she were friends of old.
The King observed their meeting eyes,
With something like displeased surprise;
For monarchs ill can rivals brook,
Even in a word, or smile, or look.
Straight took he forth the parchment
broad.

Which Marmion's high commission show'd:

"Our Borders sack'd by many a raid, Our peaceful liegemen robb'd," he said; "On day of truce our Warden slain, Stout Barton kill'd, his vassals ta'en— Unworthy were we here to reign, Should these for vengeance cry in vain; Our full defiance, hate, and scorn, Our herald has to Henry borne."

XIV.

He paused, and led where Douglas stood, And with stern eye the pageant view'd: I mean that Douglas, sixth of yore, Who coronet of Augus bore, And, when his blood and heart were high, Did the third James in camp defy, And all his minions led to die

On Lauder's dreary flat: Princes and favourites long grew to And trembled at the homely name

Of Archibald Bell-the-Cat; The same who left the dusky vale Of Hermitage in Liddisdale,

Its dungeons, and its towers, Where Bothwell's turrets brave the And Bothwell bank is blooming fai

To fix his princely bowers.

Though now, in age, he had laid d
His armour for the peaceful gown,
And for a staff his brand,

Yet often would flash forth the fire, That could, in youth, a monarch's And minion's pride withstand:

And even that day, at council boar Unapt to soothe his sovereign's m Against the war had Angus stoo And chafed his royal lord.

XV.

His giant form, like ruin'd tower Though fall'n its muscles' brawny v. Huge-boned, and tall, and grim,

gaunt,
Seem'd o'er the gaudy scene to lo
His locks and beard in silver grew
His eyebrows kept their sable hue.
Near Douglas when the Monarch st
His bitter speech he thus pursued :
"Lord Marmion, since these letters
That in the North you needs must

While slightest hopes of peace rer Uncourteous speech it were, and st To say—Return to Lindisfarne,

Until my herald come again.-

ı on Tantalion Hold; all be the Douglas bold, e his sires of old ir motto on his blade, o'er his towers display'd; sovereign to oppose, face his country's foes. hink me, by St Stephen, morn to me was given first-fruits of the war, alley from Dunbar, the maids of Heaven. guard, these holy maids turn to cloister shades, they at Tantallon stay, Cochran's soul may say." the slaughter'd favourite's Monarch's brow there came

xvi.

ire, remorse and shame.

rought could Angus speak; heart swell'd wellnigh to k: iside, and down his cheek ig tear there stole. he Monarch sudden took, us kind heart could not brook: by the Bruce's soul, hasty speech forgive! s doth his spirit live, of the Douglas old, ay say of you,-: King did subject hold, more free, in war more bold, nder and more true: e, Douglas, once again." e the King his hand did strain, ian's tears fell down like rain. he moment Marmion tried, per'd to the King aside: such tears unwonted plead e short from dubious deed! ill weep a bramble's smart, see her sparrow part, g for a woman's heart: iwaits a country, when he tears of bearded men. ! what omen, dark and high, niglas wets his manly eye!

XVII.

Displeased was James, that stranger view'd

And tamper'd with his changing mood.

"Laugh those that can, weep those that may,"

Thus did the fiery Monarch say, "Southward I march by break of day; And if within Tantallon strong, The good Lord Marmion tarries long, Perchance our meeting next may fall At Tamworth, in his castle-hall."-The haughty Marmion felt the taunt, And answer'd, grave, the royal vaunt: "Much honour'd were my humble home, If in its halls King James should come; But Nottingham has archers good, And Yorkshire men are stern of mood: Northumbrian prickers wild and rude. On Derby hills the paths are steep; In Ouse and Tyne the fords are deep: And many a banner will be torn, And many a knight to earth be borne, And many a sheaf of arrows spent, Ere Scotland's King shall cross the Trent:

Yet pause, brave Prince, while yet you may!"—

The Monarch lightly turn'd away,
And to his nobles loud did call,—
"Lords, to the dance,—a hall! a hall!"
Himself his cloak and sword flung by,
And led Dame Heron gallantly;
And minstrels, at the royal order,
Rung out—"Blue Bonnets o'er the
Border."

XVIII.

Leave we these revels now, to tell What to Saint Hilda's maids befell, Whose galley, as they sail'd again To Whitby, by a Scot was ta'en. Now at Dun-Edin did they bide, Till James should of their fate decide;

And soon, by his command,
Were gently summon'd to prepare
To journey under Marmion's care,
As escort honour'd, safe, and fair,
Again to English land.

* The ancient cry to make room for a dance, or pageant.

The Abbess told her chaplet o'er, Nor knew which saint she should implore:

For, when she thought of Constance, sore

She fear'd Lord Marmion's mood. And judge what Clara must have felt! The sword, that hung in Marmion's belt, Had drunk De Wilton's blood.

Unwittingly, King James had given, As guard to Whitby's shades, The man most dreaded under Heaven

The man most dreaded under Heaven
By these defenceless maids:
Yet what petition could avail,
Or who would listen to the tale
Of woman, prisoner, and nun,
'Mid bustle of a war begun?
They deem'd it hopeless to avoid
The convoy of their dangerous guide.

XIX.

Their lodging, so the King assign'd,
To Marmion's, as their guardian, join'd;
And thus it fell, that, passing nigh,
The Palmer caught the Abbess' eye,
Who warn'd him by a scroll,
Sha had a servert to reveal.

She had a secret to reveal,

That much concern'd the Church's weal,

And health of sinner's soul;

And health of sinner's soul;
And, with deep charge of secrecy,
She named a place to meet,
Within an open balcony,

That hung from dizzy pitch, and high, Above the stately street; To which, as common to each home, At night they might in secret come.

XX.

At night, in secret, there they came,
The Palmer and the holy Dame.
The moon among the clouds rose high,
And all the city hum was by.
Upon the street, where late before
Did din of war and warriors roar,

You might have heard a pebble fall, A beetle hum, a cricket sing,

An owlet flap his boding wing
On Giles's steeple tall.
The antique buildings, climbing high,
Whose Gothic frontlets sought the sky,
Were here wrapt deep in shade;

There on their brows the moonb

Through the faint wreaths of silvesmoke,

And on the casements play'd.

And other light was none to see,
Save torches gliding far,
Before some chieftain of degree,

Who left the royal revelry

To bowne him for the war.—

A solemn scene the Abbess chose;

A solemn hour, her secret to disclose

XXL

"O, holy Palmer !" she began.-"For sure he must be sainted man, Whose blessed feet have trod the gro Where the Redeemer's tomb is for For His dear Church's sake, my tal Attend, nor deem of light avail, Though I must speak of worldly low How vain to those who wed above! De Wilton and Lord Marmion woo Clara de Clare, of Gloster's blood; (Idle it were of Whitby's dame, To say of that same blood I came; And once, when jealous rage was hi Lord Marmion said despiteously, Wilton was traitor in his heart, And had made league with Ma

Swart,
When he came here on Simnel's part And only cowardice did restrain
His rebel aid on Stokefield's plain,
And down he threw his glove:

Was tried, as wont, before the King Where frankly did De Wilton own. That Swart in Gueldres he had kno And that between them then there v Some scroll of courteous complimer For this he to his castle sent; But when his messenger return'd, Judge how De Wilton's fury burn'd For in his packet there were laid Letters that claim'd disloyal aid, And proved King Henry's cause

tray'd.

His fame, thus blighted, in the field
He strove to clear, by spear and shield
To clear his fame in vain he strove,
For wondrous are His ways above!

ne form was unobserved; grayer, or faith, he swerved; d guiltless champion quail, lessed ordeal fail?

XXIL

who now De Wilton saw oom'd to suffer law. own'd in vain. e had the scrolls in care, uiden, passing fair, him with a beverage rare; no faith could gain. lone he credence won, han wed Marmion, Hilda's shrine repair, ouse her livings fair, tal vot'ress there. rom the earth was given, to the paths of heaven. , a lovelier maid, d her in Whitby's shade, Saxon Edelfled; ace of earthly strain. her lover's loss es a sorrow vain, murs at the cross. er heritage;—it goes e banks of Tame; of grain the reaper mows, s rich the heifer lows, er and huntsman knows lands for the game. t to Saint Hilda dear, ımble vot'ress here, a deadly sin, poil'd before mine eyes, farmion such a prize ent should win: boisterous Monarch sworn, all from our house be torn; cause have I to fear, : doth Lord Marmion bear.

XXIII.

ier, helpless, and betray'd; I claim thine aid, ep that thou hast trod e and grotto dim, tyr's tortured limb, it, and seraphim, Church of God!

For mark: — When Wilton was betray'd, And with his squire forged letters laid, She was, alas! that sinful maid
By whom the deed was done, —
O! shame and horror to be said! —
She was a perjured nun!
No clerk in all the land, like her,
Traced quaint and varying character.
Perchance you may a ma. vel deem,
That Marmion's paramour
(For such vile thing she was) should scheme

Her lover's nuptial hour; But o'er him thus she hoped to gain, As privy to his honour's stain, Illimitable power:

For this she secretly retain'd
Each proof that might the plot reveal,
Instructions with his hand and seal;
And thus Saint Hilda deign'd,
Through sinners' perhoy impure,
Her house's glory to secure.

Her house's glory to secure, And Clare's immortal weal,

XXIV.

"'Twere long, and needless, here to tell, How to my hand these papers fell; With me they must not stay. Saint Hilda keep her Abbess true ! Who knows what outrage he might do, While journeying by the way?-O, blessed Saint, if e'er again I venturous leave thy calm domain, To travel or by land or main, Deep penance may I pay !-Now, saintly Palmer, mark my prayer: I give this packet to thy care, For thee to stop they will not dare; And O! with cautious speed, To Wolsey's hand the papers bring, That he may show them to the King: And, for thy well-earn'd meed, Thou holy man, at Whitby's shrine A weekly mass shall still be thine, While priests can sing and read.— What ail'st thou !—Speak!"—For as he took

The charge, a strong emotion shook His frame; and, ere reply, They heard a faint, yet shrilly tone, Like distant clarion feebly blown, That on the breeze did die; And loud the Abbess shriek'd in fear, "Saint Withold, save us!—What is here!

Look at yon City Cross!
See on its battled tower appear
Phantoms, that scutcheons seem to rear,
And blazon'd banners toss!"—

XXV.

Dun-Edin's Cross, a pillar'd stone, Rose on a turret octagon; (But now is razed that monument, Whence royal edict rang, And voice of Scotland's law was sent In glorious trumpet-clang. O! be his tomb as lead to lead, Upon its dull destroyer's head!-A minstrel's malison is said.)-Then on its battlements they saw A vision, passing Nature's law, Strange, wild, and dimly seen; Figures that seem'd to rise and die, Gibber and sign, advance and fly, While nought confirm'd could ear or eye Discern of sound or mien. Yet darkly did it seem, as there Heralds and pursuivants prepare, With trumpet sound, and blazon fair, A summons to proclaim; But indistinct the pageant proud, As fancy forms of midnight cloud, When flings the moon upon her shroud A wavering tinge of flame; It flits, expands, and shifts, till loud, From midmost of the spectre crowd, This awful summons came:-

XXVI.

"Prince, prelate, potentate, and peer, Whose names I now shall call, Scottish, or foreigner, give ear! Subjects of him who sent me here, At his tribunal to appear, I summon one and all: I cite you by each deadly sin, That e'er hath soil'd your hearts within; I cite you by each brutal lust, That e'er defiled your earthly dust,—By wrath, by pride, by fear, By each o'er-mastering passion's tone, By the dark grave, and dying groan!

To answer and appear."-Then thunder'd forth a roll of names The first was thine, unhappy James: Then all thy nobles came: Crawford, Glencairn, Montrose, Arg Ross, Bothwell, Forbes, Lennox, Lyli Why should I tell their separate styl Each chief of birth and fame, Of Lowland, Highland, Border, Isl Fore-doom'd to Flodden's carnage Was cited there by name; And Marmion, Lord of Fontenaye, Of Lutterward, and Scrivelbaye; De Wilton, erst of Aberley, The self-same thundering voice did But then another spoke: "Thy fatal summons I deny, And thine infernal Lord defy, Appealing me to Him on High, Who burst the sinner's yoke." At that dread accent, with a scream Parted the pageant like a dream, The summoner was gone. Prone on her face the Abbess fell, And fast, and fast, her beads did to Her nuns came, startled by the yell

When forty days are pass'd and goal I cite you, at your Monarch's throng

What time, or how, the Palmer pe XXVII.

And found her there alone.

She mark'd not, at the scene aghas

Shift we the scene.—The camp doth n Dun-Edin's streets are empty no Save when, for weal of those they To pray the prayer, and vow the The tottering child, the anxious fai

The tottering child, the anxious fai The grey-hair'd sire, with pious car To chapels and to shrines repair— Where is the Palmer now? and with The Abbess, Marmion, and Clare! Bold Douglas! to Tantallon fair They journey in thy charge:

Lord Marmion rode on his right had The Palmer still was with the band Angus, like Lindesay, did comman That none should room at large.

That none should roam at large. But in that Palmer's alter'd mien A wondrous change might now be a

Freely he spoke of war,
Of marvels wrought by single hand

or a native land; c'd high, as if he plann'd erate deed afar. rould he feed and stroke, up his sable frocke, its mettle bold provoke, ie or quell his pride. said, that never one pt Lord Marmion, fairly ride.

XXVIII.

our's march behind, there

e govern'd fair, rting Hilda's Dame, er nuns, and Clare. had Lord Marmion sought; ar'd to aggravate lare's suspicious hate; was, he thought, II, from the nuns removed, nce of kinsmen loved, y Henry's self approved, nsent had wrought. o flickering flame, that dies en fann'd by looks and sighs, ed oft at lady's eyes; to stretch his wide command ess Clara's ample land: then Wilton with him vied, the pang of humbled pride of jealousy supplied, t, by that meanness won path'd to think upon, times, to hate the cause, : him burst through honour's

v'd, 'twas her alone, ithin that vault of stone.

XXIX.

rhen close at hand they saw ick's town, and lofty Law, bade them pause a while, rerable pile, rrets view'd. afar, ass, the Lambie Isle, a's peace or war. f a bell, forth came t's venerable Dame, Saint Hilda's Abbess rest

With her, a loved and honour'd guest,
Till Douglas should a bark prepare
To waft her back to Whitby fair.
Glad was the Abbess, you may guess,
And thank'd the Scottish Prioress;
And tedious were to tell, I ween,
The courteous speech that pass'd between.

O'erjoy'd the nuns their palfreys leave; But when fair Clara did intend, Like them, from horseback to descend,

Fitz-Eustace said,—"I grieve, Fair lady, grieve e'en from my heart, Such gentle company to part;—

Think not discourtesy,
But lords' commands must be obey'd;
And Marmion and the Douglas said,
That you must wend with me.
Lord Marmion hath a letter broad,
Which to the Scottish Earl he show'd,
Commanding that, beneath his care,
Without delay, you shall repair
To your good kinsman, Lord FitzClare."

XXX.

The startled Abbess loud exclaim'd; But she, at whom the blow was aim'd, Grew pale as death, and cold as lead,—She deem'd she heard her death-doom read.

"Cheer thee, my child!" the Abbess said,

"They dare not tear thee from my hand, To ride alone with armed band."— "Nay, holy mother, nay,"

Fitz-Eustace said, "the lovely Clare Will be in Lady Angus' care, In Scotland while we stay; And, when we move, an easy ride Will bring us to the English side, Female attendance to provide

Befitting Gloster's heir; Nor thinks, nor dreams, my noble lord, By slightest look, or act, or word,

To harass Lady Clare.
Her faithful guardian he will be,
Nor sue for slightest courtesy
That e'en to stranger falls.

That e'en to stranger falls,
Till he shall place her, safe and free,
Within her kinsman's halls."

Hespoke, and blush'd with earnest grace;
His faith was painted on his face,
And Clare's worst fear relieved,
The Lady Abbess loud exclaim'd
On Henry, and the Douglas blamed,

On Henry, and the Douglas blamed,
Entreated, threaten'd, grieved;
To martyr, saint, and prophet pray'd,
Against Lord Marmion inveigh'd,
And call'd the Prioress to aid,
To curse with candle, bell, and book.
Her head the grave Cistertian shook:
"The Douglas, and the King," she said,
"In their commands will be obey'd;
Grieve not, nor dream that harm can fall
The maiden in Tantallon hall."

XXXI.

The Abbess, seeing strife was vain,
Assumed her wonted state again,
For much of state she had,
Composed her veil, and raised her head,
And—"Bid," in solemn voice she said,

"Thy master, bold and bad,
The records of his house turn o'er,
And, when he shall there written see,
That one of his own ancestry
Drove the Monks forth of Coventry,

Bid him his fate explore !

Prancing in pride of earthly trust, His charger hurl'd him to the dust, And, by a base plebeian thrust,

He died his band before.

God judge 'twixt Marmion and me; He is a Chief of high degree,

And I a poor recluse;

Yet oft, in holy writ, we see Even such weak minister as me May the oppressor bruise?

For thus, inspired, did Judith slay The mighty in his sin,

And Jael thus, and Deborah"—— Here hasty Blount broke in: "Fitz-Eustace, we must march our band; St Anton' fire thee! wilt thou stand All day, with bonnet in thy hand,

To hear the lady preach? By this good light! if thus we stay, Lord Marmion, for our fond delay,

Will sharper sermon teach.

Come, d'on thy cap, and mount thy horse;
The Dame must patience take perforce."—

XXXIL

"Submit we then to force," said "But let this barbarous lord desp

His purposed aim to win; Let him take living, land, and lib But to be Marmion's wedded wife

In me were deadly sin: And if it be the King's decree, That I must find no sanctuary, In that inviolable dome,

Where even a homicide might co And safely rest his head, Though at its open portals stood,

Thirsting to pour forth blood for The kinsmen of the dead; Yet one asylum is my own Against the dreaded hour;

A low, a silent, and a lone, Where kings have little power. One victim is before me there. Mother, your blessing, and in pro-Remember your unhappy Clare! Loud weeps the Abbess, and bes

Kind blessings many a one : Weeping and wailing loud arose, Round patient Clare, the clamorous

Of every simple nun, His eyes the gentle Eustace dried And scarce rude Blount the sight

bide.
Then took the squire her rein,
And gently led away her steed,
And, by each courteous word and
To cheer her strove in vain.

XXXIII.

But scant three miles the band ha When o'er a height they pass's And, sudden, close before them: His towers, Tantallon vast;

His towers, Tantallon vast; Broad, massive, high, and stretchi And held impregnable in war, On a projecting rock they rose, And round three sides the ocean The fourth did battled walls encl

And double mound and fosse, By narrow drawbridge, outworks Through studded gates, an entrance

To the main court they cross, It was a wide and stately square: Around were lodgings, fit and fai And towers of various form, the court projected far, e its lines quadrangular, square keep, there turret high, le that sought the sky, oft the Warder could descry thering ocean-storm.

XXXIV.

they rest. - The princely care as, why should I declare, ey met reception fair? the tidings say, arying, to Tantallon came, ng posts, or fleeter fame, very varying day? t, they heard King James had m and Wark, and Ford; and then, orham Castle strong was ta'en. ore marvell'd Marmion ; iglas hoped his monarch's hand on subdue Northumberland: nisper'd news there came, ule his host inactive lay, ted by degrees away nes was dallying off the day Heron's wily dame. -

Such acts to chronicles I yield; Go seek them there and see: Mine is a tale of Flodden Field,

And not a history.—
At length they heard the Scottish host
On that high ridge had made their

Which frowns o'er Millfield Plain, And that brave Surrey many a band Had gather'd in the Southern land, And march'd into Northumberland,

And camp at Wooler ta'en.

Marmion, like charger in the stall,
That hears, without, the trumpet-call,
Began to chase, and swear:
"A sorry thing to hide my head
In castle, like a fearful maid,
When such a field is near!
Needs must I see this battle-day:
Death to my same if such a fray
Were fought, and Marmion away!
The Douglas, too, I wot not why,
Hath 'bated of his courtesy:
No longer in his halls I'll stay."
Then bade his band they should array

For march against the dawning day.

INTRODUCTION TO CANTO SIXTH.

To RICHARD HEBER, Esq.

Mertoun-House, Christmas.

They make such barbarous mirth the while,

As best might to the mind recall The boisterous joys of Odin's hall.

more wood!—the wind is chill; t whistle as it will, ep our Christmas merry still. has deem'd the new-born year st time for festal cheer: eathen yet, the savage Dane tore deep the mead did drain; the beach his galleys drew, sted all his pirate crew; his low and pine-built hall, hields and axes deck'd the wall, rged upon the half-dress'd steer; d in seas of sable beer ound, in brutal jest, were thrown f-gnaw'd rib, and marrow-bone, a'd all, in grim delight, calds yell'd out the joys of fight. rth, in frenzy, would they hie, vildly-loose their red locks fly, neing round the blazing pile,

And well our Christian sires of old Loved when the year its course had roll'd, And brought blithe Christmas back again, With all his hospitable train.

Domestic and religious rite Gave honour to the holy night;
On Christmas Eve the bells were rung; On Christmas Eve the mass was sung: That only night in all the year, Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear. The damsel donn'd her kirtle sheen The hall was dress'd with holly green; Forth to the wood did merry-men go, To gather in the mistletoe.

Then open'd wide the barou's hall

To vassal, tenant, serf, and all; Power laid his rod of rule aside, And Ceremony doff'd his pride. The heir, with roses in his shoes, That night might village partner choose; The Lord, underogating, share The vulgar game of "post and pair." All hail'd, with uncontroll'd delight, And general voice, the happy night, That to the cottage, as the crown, Brought tidings of salvation down.

The fire, with well-dried logs supplied, Went roaring up the chimney wide; The huge hall-table's oaken face, Scrubb'd till it shone, the day to grace, Bore then upon its massive board No mark to part the squire and lord. Then was brought in the lusty brawn, By old blue-coated serving-man; Then the grim boar's head frown'd on high,

Crested with bays and rosemary. Well can the green-garb'd ranger tell, How, when, and where, the monster fell; What dogs before his death he tore, And all the baiting of the boar. The wassel round, in good brown bowls, Garnish'd with ribbons, blithely trowls. There the huge sirloin reek'd; hard by Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas pie; Nor fail'd old Scotland to produce, At such high tide, her savoury goose. Then came the merry maskers in, And carols roar'd with blithesome din; If unmelodious was the song, It was a hearty note, and strong. Who lists may in their mumming see Traces of ancient mystery; White shirts supplied the masquerade, And smutted cheeks the visors made; But, O! what maskers, richly dight, Can boast of bosoms half so light! England was merry England, when Old Christmas brought his sports again. 'Twas Christmas broach'd the mightiest ale;

'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale; A Christmas gambol oft could cheer The poor man's heart through half the year.

Still linger, in our northern clime,

Some remnants of the good old And still, within our valleys he We hold the kindred title dear, Even when, perchance, its fa claim

To Southron ear sounds empty For course of blood, our prover Is warmer than the mountain-s And thus, my Christmas still I Where my great-grandsire cam With amber beard, and flaxen And reverend apostolic air-The feast and holy-tide to shar And mix sobriety with wine, And honest mirth with thought Small thought was his, in after E'er to be hitch'd into a rhyme The simple sire could only box That he was loyal to his cost; The banish'd race of kings rev And lost his land,—but kept h

In these dear halls, where welc Is with fair liberty combined; Where cordial friendship gives t And flies constraint the magic Of the fair dame that rules the Little we heed the tempest dre While music, mirth, and social Speed on their wings the passi And Mertoun's halls are fair e' When not a leaf is on the bour Tweed loves them well, and tur As loath to leave the sweet dor And holds his mirror to her fac And clips her with a close emb Gladly as he, we seek the dom And as reluctant turn us home.

How just that, at this time c Mythoughts should, Heber, tun: For many a merry hour we've And heard the chimes of midnig Cease, then, my friend! a mome And leave these classic tomes i Of Roman and of Grecan lord Sure mortal brain can hold no These ancients, as Noll Bluff m "Were pretty fellows in their c But time and tide o'er all preva On Christmas eve a Christmas Of wonder and of war—"Prof What! leave the lofty Latian a

prose, her verse's charms, clash of rusty arms: nd or Limbo lost, njuror and ghost, witch!"—Nay, Heber dear, ouch my charter, hear; rden aids, alas! no more, ith many-languaged lore, say :- in realms of death ets Alcides' wraith; m Thracia's shore, of murder'd Polydore: we in Livy cross, rn, locutus Bos. ad duly speaks that ox, ld the price of stocks; Rome republican, of Common-councilman. ms have their omens drear, ids wild of woe and fear. a look-the peasant see, m of Glendowerdy, "the spirit's Blasted Tree." ander, whose red claymore turn'd on Maida's shore, Friday morn, look pale, tell a fairy tale: he vengeful Elfin King, s that day his grassy ring : zo human ken, among the sons of men.

'er, dear Heber, pass along ie towers of Franchémont, te an eagle's nest in air, the stream and hamlet fair? icir vaults, the peasants say, treasure buried lay, through rapine and through ing t Lord of Franchémont. hest is bolted hard, in sits, its constant guard; s neck his horn is hung, r in his belt is slung; feet his blood-hounds lie: not for his gloomy eye, ithering glance no heart can huntsman doth he look, e'er in brake did sound. ollow'd to a hound.

To chase the fiend, and win the prize, In that same dungeon ever tries An aged Necromantic Priest; It is an hundred years at least, Since 'twixt them first the strife begun, And neither yet has lost nor won. And oft the Conjuror's words will make The stubborn Demon groan and quake; And oft the bands of iron break, Or bursts one lock, that still amain, Fast as 'tis open'd, shuts again. That magic strife within the tomb May last until the day of doom, Unless the Adept shall learn to tell The very word that clench'd the spell, When Franch'mont lock'd the treasure cell.

An hundred years are pass'd and gone, And scarce three letters has he won.

Such general superstition may
Excuse for old Pitscottic say;
Whose gossip history has given
My song the messenger from Heaven,
That warn'd, in Lithgow, Scotland's
King.

King, Nor less the infernal summoning; May pass the Monk of Durham's tale, Whose Demon fought in Gothic mail; May pardon plead for Fordun grave, Who told of Gifford's Goblin-Cave, But why such instances to you, Who, in an instant, can renew Your treasured hoards of various lore, And furnish twenty thousand more? Hoards, not like theirs whose volumes rest Like treasures in the Franch'mont chest, While gripple owners still refuse To others what they cannot use; Give them the priest's whole century, They shall not spell you letters three; Their pleasure in the books the same The magpie takes in pilfer'd gem. Thy volumes, open as thy heart, Delight, amusement, science, art, To every ear and eye impart; Yet who, of all who thus employ them, Can like the owner's self enjoy them ?-But, hark! I hear the distant drum! The day of Flodden Field is come. --Adieu, dear Heber! life and health, And store of literary wealth!

CANTO SIXTH.

The Battle.

I.

WHILE great events were on the gale, And each hour brought a varying tale, And the demeanour, changed and cold, Of Douglas, fretted Marmion bold, And, like the impatient steed of war, He snuff'd the battle from afar; And hopes were none, that back again Herald should come from Terouenne, Where England's King in leaguer lay, Before decisive battle-day; Whilst these things were, the mournful Clare

Did in the Dame's devotions share:
For the good Countess ceaseless pray'd
To Heaven and Saints, her sons to aid,
And, with short interval, did pass
From prayer to book, from book to mass,
And all in high Baronial pride,—
A life both dull and dignified;—
Yet as Lord Marmion nothing press'd
Upon her intervals of rest,
Dejected Clara well could bear
The formal state, the lengthen'd prayer,
Though dearest to her wounded heart
The hours that she might spend apart.

II.

I said, Tantallon's dizzy steep Hung o'er the margin of the deep. Many a rude tower and rampart there Repell'd the insult of the air, Which, when the tempest vex'd the sky, Half breeze, half spray, came whistling by. Above the rest, a turret square Did o'er its Gothic entrance bear, Of sculpture rude, a stony shield; The Bloody Heart was in the Field, And in the chief three mullets stood, The cognizance of Douglas blood. The turret held a narrow stair, Which, mounted, gave you access where A parapet's embattled row Did seaward round the castle go. Sometimes in dizzy steps descending, Sometimes in narrow circuit bending, Sometimes in platform broad extending, Its varying circle did combine

Bulwark, and bartisan, and line,
And bastion, tower, and vantage of
Above the booming ocean leant
The far projecting battlement;
The billows burst, in ceaseless flow
Upon the precipice below.
Where'er Tantallon faced the land,
Gate-works, and walls, were stre
mann'd;
No need upon the see sist side.

No need upon the sea-girt side; The steepy rock, and frantic tide, Approach of human step denied; And thus these lines, and ramparts a Were left in deepest solitude.

III.

And, for they were so Ionely, Clare Would to these battlements repair, And muse upon her sorrows there,

And list the sea-bird's cry; Or slow, like noontide ghost, would Along the dark grey bulwarks' side And ever on the heaving tide

Look down with weary eye.

Oft did the cliff, and swelling main,
Recall the thoughts of Whitby's fan
A home she ne'er might see again;

For she had laid adown, So Douglas bade, the hood and vei And frontlet of the cloister pale,

And Benedictine gown:
It were unseemly sight, he said,
A novice out of convent shade.—
Now her bright locks, with sunny g
Again adorn'd her brow of snow;
Her mantle rich, whose borders, ro
A deep and fretted broidery bound,
In golden foldings sought the grom
Of holy ornament, alone
Remain'd a cross with ruby stone;

And often did she look

On that which in her hand she bon With velvet bound, and broider'd (Her breviary book.

In such a place, so lone, so grim, At dawning pale, or twilight dim, It fearful would have been form so richly dress'd,
in hand, and cross on breast,
h a woeful mien.
ice, loitering with his bow,
ie on the gull and crow,
at distance, gliding slow,
if by Mary swear,—
i-lorn Fayshe might have been,
Romance, some spell-bound
ieen;
in work-day world, was seen
is ow witching fair.

IV.

lking thus, at evening tide, ed a gliding sail she spied, hing, thought-" The Abbess, iere, ce, does to her home re- ur; ceful rule, where Duty, iree, nand in hand with Charity; oft Devotion's tranced glow h a glimpse of heaven bestow, e enraptured sisters see sion, and deep mystery; ry form of Hilda fair, ng upon the sunny air, ailing on her votaries' prayer. rerefore, to my duller eye, I the Saint her form deny! t, that, sear'd by sinful scorn, art could neither melt nor burn? my warm affections low, im, that taught them first to glow? entle Abbess, well I knew, thy kindness grateful due, all could brook the mild command, uled thy simple maiden band. ifferent now! condemn'd to bide om from this dark tyrant's pride, armion has to learn, ere long, onstant mind, and hate of wrong, ided to a feeble girl, Red De Clare, stout Gloster's Earl: h a stem, a sapling weak, er shall bend, although he break.

V

see!—what makes this armour here?"—
in her path there lay

Targe, corslet, helm;—she view'd them near.—

"The breast-plate pierced !—Ay, much I fear,

Weak fence wert thou 'gainst foeman's spear,

That hath made fatal entrance here, As these dark blood-gouts say.— Thus Wilton! Oh! not corslet's ward, Not truth, as diamond pure and hard,

Could be thy manly bosom's guard,
On yon disastrous day!"
She raised her eyes in mournful mood,—
WILTON himself before her stood!
It might have seem'd his passing ghost,
For every youthful grace was lost;
And joy unwonted, and surprise,
Gavetheir strange wildness to his eyes.—
Expect not, noble dames and lords,
That I can tell such scene in words:
What skilful limner e'er would choose
To paint the rainbow's varying hues,
Unless to mortal it were given
To dip his brush in dyes of heaven?
Far less can my weak line declare

Each changing passion's shade; Brightening to rapture from despair, Sorrow, surprise, and pity there, And joy, with her angelic air, And hope, that paints the future fair,

Their varying hues display'd: Each o'er its rival's ground extending, Alternate conquering, shifting, blending, Till all, fatigued, the conflict yield, And mighty Love retains the field. Shortly I tell what then he said, By many a tender word delay'd, And modest blush, and bursting sigh, And question kind, and fond reply:—

٧ſ.

De Wilton's Pistory.

"Forget we that disastrous day,
When senseless in the lists I lay.
Thence dragg'd,—but how I cannot
know,

For sense and recollection fled,— I found me on a pallet low, Within my ancient beadsman's shed.

Austin, - Remember'st thou, my Clare, How thou didst blush, when the old man, When first our infant love began,

Said we would make a matchless pair ?-

Menials, and friends, and kinsmen fled From the degraded traitor's bed,-He only held my burning head, And tended me for many a day, While wounds and fever held their sway. But far more needful was his care, When sense return'd to wake despair;

For I did tear the closing wound, And dash me frantic on the ground, If e'er I heard the name of Clare, At length, to calmer reason brought, Much by his kind attendance wrought,

With him I left my native strand, And, in a Palmer's weeds array'd, My hated name and form to shade,

I journey'd many a land; No more a lord of rank and birth, But mingled with the dregs of earth.

Oft Austin for my reason fear'd, When I would sit, and deeply brood On dark revenge, and deeds of blood,

Or wild mad schemes uprear'd. My friend at length fell sick, and said, God would remove him soon :

And, while upon his dying bed, He begg'd of me a boon-If e'er my deadliest enemy Beneath my brand should conquer'd lie, Even then my mercy should awake, And spare his life for Austin's sake.

VII.

"Still restless as a second Cain, To Scotland next my route was ta'en, Full well the paths I knew. Fame of my fate made various sound,

That death in pilgrimage I found, That I had perish'd of my wound,

None cared which tale was true: And living eye could never guess De Wilton in his Palmer's dress ; For now that sable slough is shed, And trimm'd my shaggy beard and head, I scarcely know me in the glass. A chance most wondrous did provide, That I should be that Baron's guide-

ve his name !-

Vengeance to God alone belongs; But, when I think on all my wron

My blood is liquid flame And ne'er the time shall I forget, When, in a Scottish hostel set,

Dark looks we did exchange: What were his thoughts I cannot I But in my bosom muster'd Hell Its plans of dark revenge.

"A word of vulgar augury, That broke from me, I scarce knew Brought on a village tale;

Which wrought upon his moody s And sent him armed forth by nigh I borrow'd steed and mail,

And weapons, from his sleeping be And, passing from a postern downwest, and, counter'd hand to har

He fell on Gifford moor. For the death-stroke my brand I d (O then my helmed head he knew,

The Palmer's cowl was gone,) Then had three inches of my blade The heavy debt of vengeance paid My hand the thought of Austin sta

I left him there alone .-O good old man! even from the g Thy spirit could thy master save: If I had slain my foeman, ne'er Had Whitby's Abbess, in her fear, Given to my hand this packet dear Of power to clear my injured fame, And vindicate De Wilton's name. Perchance you heard the Abbess te

Of the strange pageantry of Hell, That broke our secret speech-It rose from the infernal shade, Or featly was some juggle play'd,

A tale of peace to teach. Appeal to Heaven I judged was be When my name came among the re

IX.

"Now here, within Tantallon Hole To Douglas late my tale I told, To whom my house was known of Won by my proofs, his falchion bri This eve anew shall dub me knight These were the arms that once did The tide of fight on Otterburne,

otspur forced to yield, d Douglas won the field. ave—his armourer's care, ll every breach repair; e said, was in his halls, mour on the walls, gers in the stalls, priests, and grey-hair'd

all in Twisel glen.
ttch my armour here,
s, till midnight's near;
ain a belted knight,
camp with dawn of light.

X.

igain we meet, my Clare! eans to guide thee there: es his King's command, take thee from his band. kinsman, Surrey, too, Wilton justice due. ir for martial broil, ibs, and strung by toil, ——"O Wilton! must we

id happiness again, f arms once more? ot an humble glen, content and poor, cottage in the shade, ou, and I to aid 1 dale and moor ?g brow !--too well I know. Clare can peace bestow, hood stains thy name: ht! Clare bids thee go! arrior's feelings know, 1 warrior's shame; Gilbert's spirit feel, urs upon thy heel, with thy brand of steel, hee forth to fame!'

XI.

pon the rocks and bay, moonbeam slumbering lay, s silver light, and pure, -hole, and through embra-

allon tower and hall:

But chief where arched windows wide Illuminate the chapel's pride,

The sober glances fall.

Much was there need; though seam'd
with scars.

Two veterans of the Douglas' wars,
Though two grey priests were there,
And each a blazing torch held high,
You could not by their blaze descry
The chapel's carving fair.
Amid that dim and smoky light.

Amid that dim and smoky light, Chequering the silvery moonshine bright, A hishon by the alter stood

A bishop by the altar stood, A noble lord of Douglas blood, With mitre sheen, and rocquet white. Yet show'd his meek and thoughtful eye But little pride of prelacy; More pleased that, in a barbarous age, He gave rude Scotland Virgil's page, Than that beneath his rule he held The bishopric of fair Dunkeld. Beside him ancient Angus stood, Doff'd his furr'd gown, and sable hood: O'er his huge form and visage pale, He wore a cap and shirt of mail; And lean'd his large and wrinkled hand Upon the huge and sweeping brand Which wont of yore, in battle fray, His foeman's limbs to shred away, As wood-knife lops the sapling spray. He seem'd as, from the tombs around

Rising at judgment-day, Some giant Douglas may be found In all his old array; So pale his face, so huge his limb, So old his arms, his look so grim.

XII.

Then at the altar Wilton kneels, And Clare the spurs bound on his heels; And think what next he must have felt, At buckling of the falchion belt!

And judge how Clara changed her hue, While fastening to her lover's side A friend, which, though in danger tried, He once had found untrue! Then Douglas struck him with his blade: "Saint Michael and Saint Andrew aid,

I dub thee knight.

Arise, Sir Ralph, De Wilton's heir!

For King, for Church, for Lady fair,

See that thou fight."—

And Bishop Gawain, as he rose, Said—"Wilton! grieve not for thy woes, Disgrace, and trouble;

For He, who honour best bestows,

May give thee double."—
De Wilton sobb'd, for sob he must—
"Where'er I meet a Douglas, trust

That Douglas is my brother !"—
"Nay, nay," old Angus said, "not so;
To Surrey's camp thou now must go,

Thy wrongs no longer smother.
I have two sons in yonder field;
And, if thou meet'st them under shield,
Upon them bravely—do thy worst;
And foul fall him that blenches first!"

XIII

Not far advanced was morning day, When Marmion did his troop array To Surrey's camp to ride:

To Surrey's camp to ride; He had safe-conduct for his band, Beneath the Royal seal and hand,

And Douglas gave a guide:
The ancient Earl, with stately grace,
Would Clara on her palfrey place,
And whisper'd in an under tone,
"Letthe hawk stoop, his prey is flown."—
The train from out the castle drew,
But Marmion stopp'd to bid adieu:—
"Though something I might plain," he
said,

"Of cold respect to stranger guest,

Sent hither by your King's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I staid;
Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble Earl, receive my hand."—
But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:
"My manors, halls, and bowers, shall
still,

Be open, at my Sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my King's alone,
From turret to foundation-stone—
The hand of Douglas is his own;
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."—

XIV.

Burn'd Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire, And shook his very frame for ire, And—"This to me!" he said,—
"An 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not sta

To cleave the Douglas' head!
And, first, I tell thee, haughty Peer,
He, who does England's message he
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mat
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here

Even in thy pitch of pride, Here in thy hold, thy vassals near, (Nay, never look upon your lord, And lay your hands upon your swor

I tell thee, thou 'rt defied! And if thou said'st, I am not peer To any lord in Scotland here, Lowland or Highland, far or near,

Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"— On the Earl's cheek the flush of rag O'ercame the ashen hue of age: Fierce he broke forth,—" And da

thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?

And hopest thou hence unscather

No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no Up drawbridge, grooms—what, V der, ho!

Let the portcullis fall."— Lord Marmion turn'd,—well was need.

And dash'd the rowels in his steed, Like arrow through the archway spra The ponderous grate behind him ru To pass there was such scanty room The bars, descending, razed his plu

XV.

The steed along the drawbridge flie Just as it trembled on the rise; Nor lighter does the swallow skim Along the smooth lake's level brims And when Lord Marmion reach'd band,

He halts, and turns with elenched had shout of loud defiance pours.
And shook his gauntlet at the tower "Horse! horse!" the Douglas or "and chase!"

But soon he rein'd his fury's pace :

essenger he came, st unworthy of the name. ged! Saint Jude to speed! night so foul a deed! eart it liked me ill ling praised his clerkly skill. Saint Bothan, son of mine, in, ne'er could pen a line: and I swear it still, -bishop fret his fill. mend my fiery mood! er cools the Douglas blood, n slay him where he stood. him too," he cried: he speak, and fairly ride, im a warrior tried. is mandate he recalls. r seeks his castle halls.

XVI.

Marmion's journey wore; s passion's gust was o'er, s'd the heights of Stanrigmore closely there he scann'd, I the Palmer from the band. r not," young Blount did say, ed at the peep of day; th, it was in strange array."array?" said Marmion, quick. d I ill can spell the trick; th long, with clink and bang, y couch did hammers clang; he falling drawbridge rang, a loop-hole while I peep he-Cat came from the Keep, n a gown of sables fair, of the morning air; when that was blown aside, irt of mail I spied, ald won in bloody work, e Saracen and Turk: it hung not in the hall; some marvel would befall. I saw them saddled lead ot forth, the Earl's best steed; ss horse, though something old, his paces, cool and bold. e Sheriff Sholto say, did much the Master pray n on the battle-day;

But he preferr'd"——"Nay, Henry, cease!
Thou sworn horse-courser, hold thy peace.—
Eustace, thou bear'st a brain—I pray
What did Blount see at break of day?"—

XVII.

"In brief, my lord, we both descried (For then I stood by Henry's side) The Palmer mount, and outwards ride,

Upon the Earl's own favourite steed: All sheathed he was in armour bright, And much resembled that same knight, Subdued by you in Cotswold fight:

Lord Angus wish'd him speed."—
The instant that Fitz-Eustace spoke,
A sudden light on Marmion broke;—
"Ah! dastard fool, to reason lost!"
He mutter'd; "'Twas nor fay nor ghost
I met upon the moonlight wold,
But living man of earthly mould.—
Oddtage blind and gross!

O dotage blind and gross!
Had I but fought as wont, one thrust
Had laid De Wilton in the dust,

My path no more to cross.— How stand we now?—he told his tale To Douglas; and with some avail;

'Twas therefore gloom'd his rugged brow.—

Will Surrey dare to entertain,
'Gainst Marmion, charge disproved and
vain?

Small risk of that, I trow.
Yet Clare's sharp questions must I shun;
Must separate Constance from the Nun—
O, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive!
A Palmer too!—no wonder why
I felt rebuked beneath his eye:
I might have known there was but one,
Whose look could quell Lord Marmion."

XVIII.

Stung with these thoughts, he urged to speed
His troop, and reach'd, at eve, the Tweed,
Where Lennel's convent closed their

march;
(There now is left but one frail arch,
Yet mourn thou not its cells;
Our time a fair exchange has made;
Hard by, in hospitable shade,

A reverend pilgrim dwells, Well worth the whole Bernardine brood, That e'er wore sandal, frock, or hood.) Yet did Saint Bernard's Abbot there Give Marmion entertainment fair, And lodging for his train and Clare. Next morn the Baron climb'd the tower, To view afar the Scottish power,

Encamp'd on Flodden edge: The white pavilions made a show, Like remnants of the winter snow,

Along the dusky ridge.
Long Marmion look'd:—at length his eye
Unusual movement might descry
Amid the shifting lines:

The Scottish host drawn out appears, For, flashing on the hedge of spears The eastern sunbeam shines.

Their front now deepening, now extend-

ing;
Their flank inclining, wheeling, bending,
Now drawing back, and now descending,
The skilful Marmion well could know,
They watch'd the motions of some foe,
Who traversed on the plain below.

XIX.

Even so it was. From Flodden ridge The Scots beheld the English host Leave Barmore-wood, their evening post.

And heedful watch'd them as they

____cross'd

The Till by Twisel Bridge.
High sight it is, and haughty, while
They dive into the deep defile;
Beneath the cavern'd cliff they fall,
Beneath the castle's airy wall.

By rock, by oak, by hawthorn-tree, Troop after troop are disappearing; Troop after troop their banners rearing, Upon the eastern bank you see. Still pouring down the rocky den,

Where flows the sullen Till, And rising from the dim-wood glen, Standards on standards, men on men, In slow succession still,

And, sweeping o'er the Gothic arch, And pressing on, in ceaseless march, To gain the opposing hill.

That morn, to many a trumpet clang, Twisel! thy rock's deep echo rang; And many a chief ot birth a Saint Helen! at thy fountain Thy hawthorn glade, which In spring-tide bloom so lavis Had then from many an axe To give the marching column

XX.

And why stands Scotland id Dark Flodden! on thy airy Since England gains the pas And struggles through the d What checks the fiery soul o Why sits that champion of t

Inactive on his steed, And sees, between him and I Between him and Tweed'

strand,

His host Lord Surrey lead What 'vails the vain knii brand?—

O, Douglas, for thy leading Fierce Randolph, for thy s O for one hour of Wallace w Or well-skill'd Bruce, to rule And cry—"Saint Andrew and Another sight had seen that From Fate's dark book a leaf And Flodden had been

bourne !—
The precious hour has pass'd
And England's host has gain'c
Wheeling their march, and ci
Around the base of Flodden

XXI.

Ere yet the bands met Marm Fitz-Eustace shouted loud an "Hark! hark! my lord, an En, And see ascending squadrons Between Tweed's river and Foot, horse, and cannon:—haj

My basnet to a prentice cap.

Lord Surrey's o'er the Till

Yet more! yet more!—how They file from out the hawth And sweep so gallant by! With all their banners bravel And all their armour flashi

Saint George might waken from To see fair England's stands y prate," quoth Blount, 'dst best, our lord's behest." ag brow Lord Marmion

t be our band array'd; st be quickly cross'd, join Lord Surrey's host. James,—as well I trust will, and fight he must, are behind our lines while the battle joins."

XXII.

wift on horseback threw,
Abbot bade adieu;
Id listen to his prayer,
ind the helpless Clare.
Tweed his band he drew,
i, as the flood they view,
nt in the falcon's claw,
Il yield to please a daw:
may the Abbot awe,
hall bide with me."
t dangerous ford, and deep,
the Tweed Leat's eddies

ed desperately:
coment will he bide,
or groom, before him ride;
f all he stems the tide,
it gallantly.
Clare upon her horse,
rt led her rein,
braved the current's course.

i far downward driven per

ern bank they gain;

s traggling, came to shore,
ey might, the train:
s head his yew-bow bore,
not in vain;
hat day that every string,
arm'd, should sharply ring.
hen Lord Marmion staid,
d his steed, his men array'd,
ard moved his band,
Surrey's rear-guard won,
y a Cross of Stone.
nillock standing lone,
e held command.

XXIIL

Hence might they see the full array
Of either host, for deadly fray;
Their marshall'd lines stretch'd east and
west,

And fronted north and south,
And distant salutation pass'd
From the loud cannon mouth;
Not in the close successive rattle,
That breathes the voice of modern battle,
But slow and far between.—

The hillock gain'd, Lord Marmion staid:
"Here, by this Cross," he gently said,
"You well may view the scene.
Here shalt thou tarry, lovely Clare:
O! think of Marmion in thy prayer!—
Thou wilt not?—well,—no less my care
Shall, watchful, for thy weal prepare.—
You, Blount and Eustace, are her guard,

With ten pick'd archers of my train; With England if the day go hard,

To Berwick speed amain.—
But if we conquer, cruel maid,
My spoils shall at your feet be laid,
When here we meet again."
He waited not for answer there,
And would not mark the maid's despair,
Nor heed the discontented look
From either souire: but sourr'd amain.

From either squire; but spurr'd amain, And, dashing through the battle plain, His way to Surrey took.

XXIV.

"—The good Lord Marmion, by my life!
Welcome to danger's hour!—

Short greeting serves in time of strife:—
Thus have I ranged my power:
Myself will rule this central host,
Stout Stanley fronts their right,
My sons command the vaward post,
With Brian Tunstall, stainless knight;
Lord Dacre, with his horsemen light,
Shall be in rearward of the fight,
And succour those that need it most.

Now, gallant Marmion, well I know, Would gladly to the vanguard go; Edmund, the Admiral, Tunstall there, With thee their charge will blithely share; There fight thine own retainers too, Beneath De Burg, thy steward true."— "Thanks, noble Surrey!" Marmion said, Nor farther greeting there he paid; But, parting like a thunderbolt, First in the vanguard made a halt,

Where such a shout there rose
Of "Marmion! Marmion!" that the cry
Up Flodden Mountain shrilling high,
Startled the Scottish foes.

xxv.

Blount and Fitz-Eustace rested still

With Lady Clare upon the hill; On which, (for far the day was spent,) The western sunbeams now were bent. The cry they heard, its meaning knew, Could plain their distant comrades view: Sadly to Blount did Eustace say, "Unworthy office here to stay! No hope of gilded spurs to-day. But see! look up—on Flodden bent The Scottish foe has fired his tent.' And sudden, as he spoke, From the sharp ridges of the hill, All downward to the banks of Till, Was wreathed in sable smoke. Volumed and fast, and rolling far, The cloud enveloped Scotland's war, As down the hill they broke; Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone, Announced their march; their tread At times one warning trumpet blown, At times a stifled hum, Told England, from his mountain-throne King James did rushing come. -Scarce could they hear, or see their foes, Until at weapon-point they close. -They close, in clouds of smoke and dust, With sword-sway, and with lance's thrust; And such a yell was there, Of sudden and portentous birth, As if men fought upon the earth, And fiends in upper air;

Could in the darkness nought descry. xxvi.

Long look'd the anxious squires; their eye

O life and death were in the shout,

Recoil and rally, charge and rout,

And triumph and despair.

At length the freshening western blast Aside the shroud of battle cast;

And in the smoke the pennons fler As in the storm the white sea-mew, Then mark'd they, dashing broad as The broken billows of the war, And plumed crests of chieftains be Floating like foam upon the wave; But nought distinct they see: Wide raged the battle on the plain; Spears shook, and falchions for amain ; Fell England's arrow-flight like rale Crests rose, and stoop'd, and rose Wild and disorderly. Amid the scene of tumult, high They saw Lord Marmion's falcon And stainless Tunstall's banner wi And Edmund Howard's lion brief Still bear them bravely in the fight; Although against them come, Of gallant Gordons many a one, And many a stubborn Badenoch-And many a rugged Border clan. With Huntly, and with Home.

And, first, the ridge of mingled specified Above the brightening cloud appear

XXVII.

Far on the left, unseen the while,

Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle; Though there the western mountain Rush'd with bare bosom on the spe And flung the feeble targe aside, And with both hands the broads plied, 'Twas vain:-But Fortune, on the r With fickle smile, cheer'd Scoth fight. Then fell that spotless banner whit The Howard's lion fell; Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon fle With wavering flight, while fiercer Around the battle-yell. The Border slogan rent the sky! A Home! a Gordon! was the cry Loud were the clanging blows; Advanced, -forced back, -now now high,

The pennon sunk and rose; As bends the bark's mast in the gal When rent are rigging, shrouds, and It waver'd 'mid the foes.

r Blount the view could bear: ren and all its saints! I swear, not see it lost! ace, you with Lady Clare rour beads, and patter prayer,p to the host." he fray he rode amain, by all the archer train. youth, with desperate charge, g a space, an opening large,exceed banner rose, tly closed the war around, netree, rooted from the ground, it among the foes. astace mounted too :- yet staid, I to leave the helpless maid, , fast as shaft can fly, not his eyes, his nostrils spread, e rein dangling from his head, and saddle bloody red, Marmion's steed rush'd by ; tace, maddening at the sight, and sign to Clara cast, rk he would return in haste, inged into the fight.

XXVIII.

: not what the maiden feels, m that dreadful hour alone : sce her reason stoops, or reels; nace a courage, not her own, s ber mind to desperate tone. ter'd van of England wheels; nly said, as loud in air mult roar'd," Is Wilton there?"fly, or, madden'd by despair, it to die. - "Is Wilton there?" at, straight up the hill there rode norsemen drench'd with gore, their arms, a helpless load, anded knight they bore. I still strain'd the broken brand: s were smear'd with blood and

from among the horses' feet, nted shield, and helmet beat, :on-crest and plumage gone, t be haughty Marmion ! . Blount his armour did unlace, uzing on his ghastly face, -" By Saint George, he's gone! That spear-wound has our master sped, And see, the deep cut on his head! Good-night to Marmion."-"Unnurtured Blount! thy brawling cease:

He opes his eyes," said Eustace; "peace!"

When, doff'd his casque, he felt free air, Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare :-"Where's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustace

where? Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare! Redeem my pennon,-charge again! Cry-' Marmion to the rescue!'-Vain! Last of my race, on battle-plain That shout shall ne'er be heard again !-Yet my last thought is England's-fly, To Dacre bear my signet ring: Tell him his squadrons up to bring.-Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie; Tunstall lies dead upon the field, His life-blood stains the spotless shield: Edmund is down: - my life is reft; The Admiral alone is left. Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,-

With Chester charge, and Lancashire, Full upon Scotland's central host, Or victory and England's lost.—
Must I bid twice?—hence, varlets! fly! Leave Marmion here alone—to die. They parted, and alone he lay; Clare drew her from the sight away, Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,

And half he murmur'd, -" Is there none, Of all my halls have nurst, Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring Of blessed water from the spring, To slake my dying thirst!

O, woman! in our hours of ease, Uncertain, coy, and hard to please, And variable as the shade By the light quivering aspen made; When pain and anguish wring the brow, A ministering angel thou !-Scarce were the piteous accents said, When, with the Baron's casque, the maid To the nigh streamlet ran: Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears; The plaintive voice alone she hears,

Sees but the dying man.

She stoop'd her by the runnel's side,
But in abhorrence backward drew;
For, oozing from the mountain's side,
Where raged the war, a dark-red tide

Was curdling in the streamlet blue. Where shall she turn!—behold her mark

A little fountain cell, Where water, clear as diamond-spark, In a stone basin fell.

Above, some half-worn letters say, Drink weary pilgrim brink and pray. For the kind soul of Sphil Gray. The built this cross and well.

She fill'd the helm, and back she hied, And with surprise and joy espied

A Monk supporting Marmion's head; A pious man, whom duty brought To dubious verge of battle fought, To shrieve the dying, bless the dead.

XXXI.

Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave, And, as she stoop'd his brow to lave— "Is it the hand of Clare," he said, "Or injured Constance, bathes my head?" Then, as remembrance rose,— "Speak not to me of shrift or prayer!

I must redress her woes. Shortspace, few words, are mine to spare; Forgive and listen, gentle Clare!"— "Alse!" she said! "the while—

"Alas!" she said, "the while,— O, think of your immortal weal! In vain for Constance is your zeal; She——died at Holy Isle."—

Lord Marmion started from the ground, As light as if he felt no wound; Though in the action burst the tide, In torrents, from his wounded side. "Then it was truth," he said—"I knew That the dark presage must be true.— I would the Fiend, to whom belongs The vengeance due to all her wrongs, Would spare me but a day!

For wasting fire, and dying groan, And priests slain on the altar stone Might bribe him for delay.

It may not be !— this dizzy trance— Curse on von base marauder's lance, And doubly cursed my failing brand! A sinful heart makes feeble hand." Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk, Supported by the trembling Monk.

XXXII.

With fruitless labour, Clara bound And strove to stanch the gushing war. The Monk, with unavailing cares, Exhausted all the Church's prayer Ever, he said, that, close and near A lady's voice was in his ear, And that the priest he could not he

For that she ever sung,
"In the lost battle, borne down by the
Where mingles war's rattle with

of the dying!"

So the notes rung;—
"Avoid thee, Fiend!—with cruel!
Shake not the dying sinner's and!
O, look, my son, upon yon sign

Of the Redeemer's grace divine;
O, think on faith and bliss!—
By many a death-bed I have been,
And many a sinner's parting seen,

But never aught like this. —
The war, that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering swell d the

And—STANLEY! was the cry:
A light on Marmion's visage spread
And fired his glazing eye:

With dying hand, above his head, He shook the fragment of his blade And shouted "Victory!—

Charge, Chester, charge! On, Star on!"

Were the last words of Marmion.

XXXIII.

By this, though deep the evening fe Still rose the battle's deadly swell. For still the Scots, around their Ki Unbroken, fought in desperate ring Where's now their victor vaward w

Where Huntly, and where Home O for a blast of that dread horn, On Fontarabian echoes borne,

That to King Charles did come, When Rowland brave, and Olivier, And every paladin and peer, On Roncesvalles died!

Such blast might warn them, not in a To quit the plunder of the slain, And turn the doubtful day again,

While yet on Flodden side, Afar, the Royal Standard flies, And round it toils, and bleeds, and in pride!
—for far away,
havoc mark their way,
ss the plunderers stray.
d the Monk, "away!"
er on her steed,
he chapel fair,
upon Tweed,
ht they spent in prayer,
of morning, there
sman, Lord Fitz-Clare.

the dark'ning heath, 'grew the strife of death.' fis in volleys hail'd, 'rge their horse assail'd; 'id rear, the squadrons

XXXIV.

round their King. thick the shafts as snow, ig knights like whirl-

n ply the ghastly blow, s the ring; car-men still made good netrable wood, here his comrade stood, hat he fell. there of dastard flight;

there of dastard flight; rried phalanx tight, like noble, squire like

and well; ess closed her wing nost and wounded King. rrey's sage commands trife his shatter'd bands; charge they drew, wes, from wasted lands, o ocean blue. oss his foemen know; ir Lords, their mightiest

m the field as snow, are swoln and south ow, ilent dew. heard the ceaseless plash, a broken band, nigh her currents dash,

To gain the Scottish land;
To town and tower, to down and dale,
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
And raise the universal wail.
Tradition, legend, tune, and song,
Shall many an age that wail prolong:
Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife, and carnage drear,
Of Flodden's fatal field,
Where shiver'd was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield!

xxxv.

Day dawns upon the mountain's side:—
There, Scotland! lay thy bravest pride,
Chiefs, knights, and nobles, many a one:
The sad survivors all are gone.—
View not that corpse mistrustfully,
Defaced and mangled though it be;
Nor to yon Border castle high,
Look northward with upbraiding eye;
__Nor cherish hope in vain,

Nor cherish hope in vain,
That, journeying far on foreign strand,
The Royal Pilgrim to his land
May yet return again.

He saw the wreck his rashness wrought; Reckless of life, he desperate fought, And fell on Flodden plain: And well in death his trusty brand, Firm clench'd within his manly hand, Beseem'd the Monarch slain. But, O! how changed since yon blithe night!—

Gladly I turn me from the sight, Unto my tale again.

xxxvi.

Short is my tale:—Fitz-Eustace' care
A pierced and mangled body bare
To moated Lichfield's lofty pile;
And there, beneath the southern aisle,
A tomb, with Gothic sculpture fair,
Did long Lord Marmion's image bear,
(Now vainly for its site you look;
'Twas levell'd, when fanatic Brook
The fair cathedral storm'd and took;
But, thanks to Heaven, and good Saint
Chad!

A guerdon meet the spoiler had!)
There erst was martial Marmion found,
His feet upon a couchant hound,
His hands to heaven upraised;

And all around, on scutcheon rich, And tablet carved, and fretted niche, His arms and feats were blazed. And yet, though all was carved so fair, And priest for Marmion breathed the

The last Lord Marmion lay not there. From Ettrick woods, a peasant swain Follow'd his lord to Flodden plain, — One of those flowers, whom plaintive lay In Scotland mourns as "wede away:" Sore wounded, Sybil's Cross he spied, And dragg'd him to its foot, and died, Close by the noble Marmion's side. The spoilers stripp'd and gash'd the slain, And thus their corpses were mista'en; And thus, in the proud Baron's tomb, The lowly woodsman took the room.

XXXVII.

Less easy task it were, to show
LordMarmion's nameless grave, and low.
They dug his grave e'en where he lay,
But every mark is gone;
Time's wasting hand has done away
The simple Cross of Sybil Gray,
And broke her font of stone;
But yet out from the little hill
Oozes the slender springlet still.
Oft halts the stranger there,
For thence may best his curious eye

The memorable field descry;
And shepherd boys repair
To seek the water-flag and rush,
And rest them by the hazel bush,
And plait their garlands fair;
Nor dream they sit upon the grave
That holds the bones of Marmion

brave. —
When thou shalt find the little hill,
With thy heart commune, and be still.
If ever, in temptation strong,
Thou left'st the right path for the wrong;
If every devious step, thus trod,
Still led thee further from the road;
Dread thou to speak presumptuous doom
On noble Marmion's lowly tomb;
But say, "He died a gallant knight,
With sword in hand, for England's right."

XXXVIII.

I do not rhyme to that dull elf, Who cannot image to himself,

That, all through Flodden's dismal Wilton was foremost in the fight; That, when brave Surrey's steed was 'Twas Wilton mounted him again: 'Twas Wilton's brand that deepest h Amid the spearmen's stubborn was Unnamed by Hollinshed or Hall. He was the living soul of all; That, after fight, his faith made pli He won his rank and lands again; And charged his old paternal shiel With bearings won on Flodden Fr Nor sing I to that simple maid, To whom it must in terms be said. That King and kinsmen did agree, To bless fair Clara's constancy; Who cannot, unless I relate Paint to her mind the bridal's state That Wolsey's voice the blessing s More, Sands, and Denny, pass d the That Bluff King Hal the curtain d And Catherine's hand the stocking the And afterwards, for many a day, That it was held enough to say, In blessing to a wedded pair. "Love they like Wilton and like Ch

F'Enboy.

TO THE READER.

WHY then a final note prolong, Or lengthen out a closing song, Unless to bid the gentles speed, Who long have listed to my rede? To Statesmen grave, if such may To read the Minstrel's idle strain, Sound head, clean hand, and piercing And patriotic heart—as PITT! A garland for the hero's crest, And twined by her he loves the be To every lovely lady bright, What can I wish but faithful knigh To every faithful lover too. What can I wish but lady true? And knowledge to the studious sag And pillow to the head of age. To thee, dear school-boy, whom m Has cheated of thy hour of play, Light task, and merry holiday! To all, to each, a fair good night, And pleasing dreams, and slumbers !

IE LADY OF THE LAKE:

A POEM.

IN SIX CANTOS.

ΤU

THE MOST NOBLE

JOHN JAMES, MARQUIS OF ABERCORN, *ውር. ውር. ውር*

THIS POEM IS INSCRIBED

BY THE AUTHOR.

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	ARGU		
The Scene of the following the Western Highland and the transactions of each	ds of Perthshire.	The time of Action	
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THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

E years separated Scott's second poetical venture from his first; but the of the Lake" followed "Marmion" after an interval of little more than a (years. Scott has told us himself the alarm of his aunt, * when she heard that meditating another appeal to public favour, lest he should in any way injure a popularity he had already achieved, or, in her own words, lest standing be got a severe fall if he attempted to climb higher. "And a favourite, ed, sententiously, " will not be permitted to stumble with impunity." But rithout being guilty of any overweening self-confidence, had taken the of his powers, and felt that he might safely make the effort. Besides, he d that he held his distinguished position as the most successful poet of the much the same condition as the champion of the prize-ring holds the belt f being always ready to show proofs of his skill. The result fully justified Measured even by the standard of the "Minstrel" and "Marmion," dy of the Lake" possessed merits of its own, which raised his reputation er. Jeffrey's prediction has been perfectly fulfilled, that the "Lady of the would be "oftener read hereafter than either of the former;" and it is v acknowledged to be, in Lockhart's words, "the most interesting, c, picturesque, and graceful of his great poems." is acquaintance with the Highlands dated from his boyhood. them before his sixteenth year, and repeatedly returned thither. His first ction to the scenery of the "Lady of the Lake" was curious enough. ered it, " riding in all the dignity of danger, with a front and rear-guard, del arms." He was then a writer's apprentice, or, in English phrase, an 's clerk, and had been despatched by his father to enforce the execution of nstrument against some Maclarens, refractory tenants of Stewart of Appin. sed force with which he was attended, consisting of a serjeant and six men Highland regiment lying in Stirling Castle, proved unnecessary, for no e was offered. The Maclarens had decamped, and Scott afterwards hat they went to America. That such an escort should have been deemed however, gives one an idea of what the Highlands and the inhabitants n at a time so close upon our own day. In the course of his successive is to the Highlands, Scott made himself thoroughly acquainted with their He not only became familiar with the people, but, as one of his aid, even the goats might have claimed him as an old friend. With chac conscientiousness, however, when he conceived the idea of the "Lady ake," he did not trust to the impressions thus acquired to guide him in

* Miss Christian Rutherford, his mother's sister.

iptions of scenery, which form one of the chief charms of the poem, and, even now, one of the most minute and faithful hand-books to the region the drama of Ellen and the Knight of Snowdoun is enacted. He made a our, in order to verify the accuracy of the local circumstances of the story,

and a hot gallop from the banks of Loch Vennachar to Stirling Castle the time which was allotted to King James for his flight after the co Roderick Dhu. This "fiery progress" was otherwise well known to principal land-marks were so many hospitable mansions where he l welcome and grateful guest-Blairdrummond, the residence of Lord Ochtertyre, that of John Ramsay, the antiquary; and Kier, the seat of t family (now represented by Sir William Maxwell, M.P.). The usual rotourist reverses that of FitzJames's desperate ride. Starting from "gre with her towers and town," he leaves behind him the Abbey Craig, the Wallace monument, and crosses the Forth and the Allan. The mentioned are all in this neighbourhood, while further on are Down ruined castle, once the residence of the Duke of Albany, and afterward Mary, and Deanstown, where there are now extensive cotton-mills. Teith, the traveller sees, on the north bank, Lanrick Castle, formerly t the chieftain of Clan-Gregor (Sir Evan Murray), and soon reaches which is now the favourite head-quarters of those who wish to make into the region which Scott rendered at once famous and fashionable (2,882 feet) rises on the north; Ben-a'an (1800) is further west, and (2,386) appears to the south. At the eastern extremity of Loch where it contracts into the river Teith, is Coilantogle, the scene of between King James and Rhoderick Dhu. This was the limit of the passport, "Clan-Alpine's outmost guard," and here, on terms of exchallenged the mysterious stranger.

> "The Chief in silence strode before, And reached that torrent's sounding shore, Which, daughter of three mighty lakes, From Vennachar in silver breaks, Sweeps through the plain and ceaseless mines On Bochastle the mouldering lines Where Rome, the Empress of the world, Of yore her eagle wings unfurl'd."

The last lines refer to the supposed traces of Roman occupation in to on the haugh of Callander, and also near the railway station, which name of the Roman Camp. It is, however, still matter of controvers these embankments are of human or of natural origin. At the other en Vennachar, which is five miles long, is the muster-place of Clan Alpine Mead, I The sudden revelation of the ambuscade is supposed to take plarther to the westward, when

"Instant through copse and heath arose Bonnets and spears, and bended bows; On right, on left, above, below. Sprung up at once the lurking foe."

Within a mile "Duncraggan's huts" appear, where Malise surrender cross to the young Angus, by the side of his father's bier, while the coronach for the dead is mingled with lamentations for the orphan' About a mile up Glenfinlas (once a royal deer forest, and still inhabit exclusively by Stewarts), which here opens on the right, is the water pours down

"— that huge cliff, whose ample verge Tradition calls the hero's targe,"

^{*} St. Bride's Chapel, where Angus gives up the cross to Norman, the bridegroom, a side of the Teith, near Loch Lubraig, while the rest of the course was by Lock Voil, to the source of Balvaig, and thence southwards down Strath-Gartney.

utlaw is reported to have found shelter, and where the white bull was which the chieftain sought an augury. The Brig of Turk, said to take om a ferocious boar which long haunted the spot, comes next; and then hich gives access to the Trosachs, skirts the north shore of Loch Achray te Laurel Field), "between the precipice and brake."

h the name "Trosachs" is often loosely applied to the whole region; Loch Katrine and the adjoining lakes, it belongs, strictly speaking, only between Loch Achray and Loch Katrine.
sachs, or Bristled Territory, as the word signifies in Gaelic, now form ce to one of the chief passes of the Grampians; but formerly it was a the progress of all, save the most alert and enterprising travellers, mparatively recent time a ladder of branches and roots of trees, sus-

"No pathway met the wanderer's view, Unless he climbed with footing nice A far projecting precipice: The broom's tough roots his ladder made, The hazel saplings lent their aid."

er a steep crag, afforded the only means of traversing the defile.

instance of the complete manner in which Scott has identified himself district, that the defile at the end of the Trosachs is known as Beanine (so called from a skirmish between the Highlanders and a party ill's troops, in which one of the latter was killed), although the real pass me is at some distance to the east, on the old road. It was in the rage of the Trosachs that Fitzjames's "gallant grey" sank exhausted; ides point out this and the spots where the other incidents of the poem inted as having occurred with as careful an identification as if they had illy historic localities. The savage tumultuous wildness of the Trosachs d more striking by, and in turn enhances, the rich loveliness of Loch rhich suddenly appears in sight at a turn in the road. At the eastern lake a projecting spit of land forms

"A narrow inlet still and deep,
Affording scarce such breadth of brim
As served the wild-duck's brood to swim."

Isle, also, blocks the prospect. It is only by a rude scramble over the le direction of the old road that the point can be reached from which beheld the lake and its islets. Some lower eminences afford a partial it is usually from the little steamer which plies during the season that ficent scene is disclosed to the tourist in its full extent. The lake about ten miles in length, and two in average breadth, and is of a windtine form. Towards the west its shores are rocky and precipitous, and s clothed with dense copse-wood. The silver strand where the royal first sees Ellen, lies to the left of the road—

"A beach of pebbles bright as snow."

L with its tangled screen, lies in front, and a little lodge, answering to pation in the poem, was some years back to be found there. It was acciurned, however, and the hidden bower, like the heroine who lived there, be supplied by the imagination. In other respects Scott's picture is red, nor do the guides forget to call forth the echo which answered Fitzegle. There are other islands besides this, and on one of them are the ne Castle of Macgregor. On the south side of the lake, opposite to is Coir-nan-Uriskan, or Goblin's Cave, where Douglas hid himself

with his daughter, a vast circular hollow in the mountain, some few diameter at the top, which gradually narrows towards the bottom. on all sides by steep cliffs, while brushwood and boulders hide the mou The Urisks, from whom the place derives its name, were shage the Brownie kind.

The Pass of Cattle, or Bealach-nam-bo (so called from the herds v cattle-lifters used to drive this way), which may be reached either th opening in the cave or by another path, is higher up. Scott declared t "the most sublime piece of scenery that the imagination can concei-although much of its imposing effect has departed since the axe was la overhanging timber on Benvenue, it has still a wild grandeur which,

degree, justifies the eulogium.
When Scott first spoke of taking Rokeby as the scene of a poem, 1 Morritt jocularly declared that he should at once raise the rent of an it estate as some compensation for the rush of tourists which might be ex follow the publication of the poem. The effect of the "Lady of the Lake respect was certainly such as to justify the anticipation. The poem hap appear in May, and before July the Trosachs had been invaded by a pleasure-travellers. Crowds started for Loch Katrine. The little inns at intervals along the high roads were filled to overflowing; and nume tages were turned into taverns. Shepherds and gillies suddenly found tl able to make what they deemed splendid fortunes, by acting as guides t who wished to compare the realities of nature with the poetical description had so enchanted them. It is stated as a fact that from the year in "Lady of the Lake" was published, the post-horse duty in Scotland r extraordinary degree, and even continued to do so regularly for some ti wards, as successive editions of the poem appeared, and as the circle c The seclusion of the Lower Highlands was at an end. Be grew wider. made the region fashionable, the Trosachs were only a vague name to m townspeople of Edinburgh and Glasgow. Here and there a sportsman in grouse and capercailzie, or a man of business on some chance errand, among those wilds; but the ordinary holiday-tourist never dreamed of to steps in that direction. But no sooner did the poem appear than not or but English, thronged to the Trosachs, which indeed quickly became mor to the latter, notwithstanding the long distance and tedious journey, Welsh hills which were comparatively close at hand. Such an influx of most of them wealthy, and willing to pay well for the comforts and li which they were accustomed at home, could not fail to have a marked effe condition of the natives. Their primitive simplicity, as well as perhaps in setheir primitive honesty, has departed, but contact with strangers has c their intelligence, and widened their ideas, as well as filled their pocke money thus brought into the country has been applied, not only to impre accommodation for travellers, but to the development of various industrie the route of the tourist may now for the most part be traced not mere natural beauties through which it passes, but by a thriving and busy popu

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

CANTO FIRST.

The Chase

HARP of the North! that mouldering long hast hung
On the witch-elm that shades Saint Fillan's spring,
And down the fitful breeze thy numbers flung,
Till envious ivy did around thee cling,
Muffling with verdant ringlet every string,—
O Minstrel Harp, still must thine accents sleep?
Mid rustling leaves and fountains murmuring,
Still must thy sweeter sounds their silence keep,
Nor bid a warrior smile, nor teach a maid to weep?

Not thus, in ancient days of Caledon,
Was thy voice mute amid the festal crowd,
When lay of hopeless love, or glory won,
Aroused the fearful, or subdued the proud.

At each according pause, was heard aloud Thine ardent symphony sublime and high! Fair dames and crested chiefs attention bow'd; For still the burden of thy minstrelsy

Was Knighthood dauntless deed, and Beauty's matchless eye.

O wake once more! how rude soe'er the hand That ventures o'er thy magic maze to stray;
O wake once more! though scarce my skill command Some feeble echoing of thine earlier lay:
Though harsh and faint, and soon to die away, And all unworthy of thy nobler strain,
Yet if one heart throb higher at its sway,
The wizard note has not been touch'd in vain.

Then silent be no more! Enchantress, wake again!

T.

g at eve had drunk his fill, anced the moon on Monan's rill, a his midnight lair had made Glenartney's hazel shade; en the sun his beacon red diled on Benvoirlich's head, apmouth'd bloodhound's heavy say led up the rocky way, ont, from farther distance borne, aard the clanging hoof and horn.

II.

As Chief, who hears his warder call,
"To arms! the foemen storm the wall,"
The antler'd monarch of the waste
Sprung from his heathery couch in haste.
But, ere his fleet career he took,
The dew-drops from his flanks he shook
Like crested leader proud and high,
Toss'd his beam'd frontlet to the sky:
A moment gazed adown the dale,
A moment snuff'd the tainted gale,
A moment listen'd to the cry,

That thicken'd as the chase drew nigh; Then, as the headmost foes appear'd, With one brave bound the copse he clear'd,

And, stretching forward free and far, Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var.

III.

Yell'd on the view the opening pack; Rock, glen, and cavern, paid them back; To many a mingled sound at once The awaken'd mountain gave response. A hundred dogs bay'd deep and strong, Clatter'd a hundred steeds along, Their peal the merry horns rung out, A hundred voices join'd the shout; With hark and whoop and wild halloo, No rest Benvoirlich's echoes knew. Far from the tumult fled the roe, Close in her covert cower'd the doe, The falcon, from her cairn on high, Cast on the rout a wondering eye, Till far beyond her piercing ken The hurricane had swept the glen. Faint, and more faint, its failing din Return'd from cavern, cliff, and linn, And silence settled, wide and still, On the lone wood and mighty hill.

IV.

Less loud the sounds of silvan war Disturb'd the heights of Uam-Var, And roused the cavern, where, 'tis told, A giant made his den of old; For ere that steep ascent was won, High in his pathway hung the sun, And many a gallant, stay'd perforce, Was fain to breathe his faltering horse, And of the trackers of the deer; Scarce half the lessening pack was near; So shrewdly on the mountain side, Had the bold burst their mettle tried.

v.

The noble stag was pausing now Upon the mountain's southern brow, Where broad extended, far beneath, The varied realms of fair Menteith. With anxious eye he wander'd o'er Mountain and meadow, moss and moor, And ponder'd refuge from his toil, By far Lochard or Aberfoyle.

But nearer was the copsewood That waved and wept on Loel And mingled with the pine-tri On the bold cliffs of Benvenus Fresh vigour with the hope re With flying foot the heath he Held westward with unwearie And left behind the panting e

VI

'T were long to tell what steeds As swept the hunt through more;

What reins were tighten'd in a When rose Benledi's ridge in Who flagg'd upon Bochastle's Who shunn'd to stem the floode For twice that day, from shore The gallant stag swam stoutly Few were the stragglers, follow That reach'd the lake of Venn And when the Brigg of Turk-The headmost horseman rode:

VIL

Alone, but with unbated zeal, That horseman plied the sco steel;

For jaded now, and spent with Emboss'd with foam, and dark While every gasp with sobs his The labouring stag strain'd full Two dogs of black Saint Hube Unmatch'd for courage, breath, Fast on his flying traces came, and all but won that desperat For, scarce a spear's length

haunch,
Vindictive toil'd the bloodhoun
Nor nearer might the dogs att
Nor farther might the quarry
Thus up the margin of the lal
Between the precipice and has
O'er stock and rock their race

VIII

The Hunter mark'd that mous The lone lake's western bound And deem'd the stag must tur Where that huge rampart barr'd Aiready glorying in the prize, Measured his antlers with his

death-wound and death-halloo, his breath, his whinyard drew; dering as he came prepared, idy arm and weapon bared, r quarry shunn'd the shock, i'd him from the opposing rock; ashing down a darksome glen, t to hound and Hunter's ken, eep Trosachs' wildest nook ary refuge took. rhile close couch'd, the thicket s and wild flowers on his head, d the baffled dogs in vain rough the hollow pass amain, the rocks that yell'd again.

the hounds the Hunter came. r them on the vanish'd game; mbling in the rugged dell, ant horse exhausted fell. atient rider strove in vain : him with the spur and rein, good steed, his labours o'er, this stiff limbs, to rise no more; such'd with pity and remorse, w'd o'er the expiring horse. thought, when first thy rein dupon the banks of Seine, ighland eagle e'er should feed fleet limbs, my matchless steed! nth the chase, woe worth the day, sts thy life, my gallant grey!'

rough the dell his horn resounds, in pursuit to call the hounds. p'd, with slow and crippled pace, cy leaders of the chase; their master's side they press'd, ooping tail and humbled crest; the dingle's hollow throat 'd the swelling bugle-note. ets started from their dream, les answer'd with their scream, and around the sounds were cast, o seem'd an answering blast; the Hunter hied his way, some comrades of the day; n paused, so strange the road, drous were the scenes it show'd.

The western waves of ebbing day Roll'd o'er the glen their level way; Each purple peak, each flinty spire, Was bathed in floods of living fire. But not a setting beam could glow Within the dark ravines below, Where twined the path in shadow hid, Round many a rocky pyramid, Shooting abruptly from the dell Its thunder-splinter'd pinnacle; Round many an insulated mass, The native bulwarks of the pass, Huge as the tower which builders vain Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain. The rocky summits, split and rent, Form'd turret, dome, or battlement, Or seem'd fantastically set With cupola or minaret, Wild crests as pagod ever deck'd, Or mosque of Eastern architect. Nor were these earth-born castles bare, Nor lack'd they many a banner fair; For, from their shiver'd brows display'd, Far o'er the unfathomable glade, All twinkling with the dewdrops sheen, The brier-rose fell in streamers green, And creeping shrubs, of thousand dyes, Waved in the west-wind's summer sighs.

Boon nature scatter'd, free and wild, Each plant or flower, the mountain's child. Here eglantine embalm'd the air, Hawthorn and hazel mingled there; The primrose pale and violet flower, Found in each cliff a narrow bower; Fox-glove and night-shade, side by side, Emblems of punishment and pride, Group'd their dark hues with every stain The weather-beaten crags retain. With boughs that quaked at every breath, Grey birch and aspen wept beneath; Aloft, the ash and warrior oak Cast anchor in the ritted rock; And, higher yet, the pine-tree hung His shatter'd trunk, and frequent flung, Where seem'd the cliffs to meet on high, His boughs athwart the narrow'd sky. Highest of all, where white peaks glanced, Where glist'ning streamers waved and danced,

The wanderer's eye could barely view The summer heaven's delicious blue; So wondrous wild, the whole might seem The scenery of a fairy dream.

XIII.

Onward, amid the copse 'gan peep A narrow inlet, still and deep, Affording scarce such breadth of brim As served the wild duck's brood to swim. Lost for a space, through thickets veering, But broader when again appearing, Tall rocks and tufted knolls their face Could on the dark-blue mirror trace; And farther as the Hunter stray'd, Still broader sweep its channels made. The shaggy mounds no longer stood, Emerging from entangled wood, But, wave-encircled, seem'd to float, Like castle girdled with its moat; Yet broader floods extending still Divide them from their parent hill, Till each, retiring, claims to be An islet in an inland sea.

XIV.

And now, to issue from the glen, No pathway meets the wanderer's ken, Unless he climb, with footing nice, A far projecting precipice. The broom's tough roots his ladder made, The hazel saplings lent their aid; And thus an airy point he won, Where, gleaming with the setting sun, One burnish'd sheet of living gold, Loch Katrine lay beneath him roll'd, " In all her length far winding lay, With promontory, creek, and bay, And islands that, empurpled bright, Floated amid the livelier light, And mountains, that like giants stand, To sentinel enchanted land. High on the south, huge Benvenue + Down on the lake in masses threw Crags, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurl'd,

The fragments of an earlier world;

* Loch-Ketturin is the Celtic pronunciation. In his notes to The Fair Maid of Ferth, the author has signified his belief that the lake was named after the Catterius, or wild robbers, who haunted its shores.

t Benrouse is literally the little mountain-

A wildering forest feather'd His ruin'd sides and summi While on the north, throug Ben-an heaved high his fore

vv

From the steep promontory The stranger, raptured and And, "What a scene were he "For princely pomp, or

pride!
On this bold brow, a lordly
In that soft vale, a lady's b
On yonder meadow, far aw
The turrets of a cloister gre
How blithely might the but
Chide, on the lake, the ling
How sweet, at eve, the low
Chime, when the groves w
mute!

And, when the midnight r

Her forehead in the silver v How solemn on the ear wo The holy matins' distant hu While the deep peal's comn Should wake, in yonder isle A sainted hermit from his c To drop a bead with every And bugle, lute, and bell, a Should each bewilder'd stra To friendly feast, and lights

XVI.

"Blithe were it then to wan But now, -beshrew you nin Like that same hermit's, thi The copse must give my eve Some mossy bank my coucl Some rustling oak my canor Vet pass we that; the war Give little choice of resting A summer night, in greenw Were but to-morrow's merr But hosts may in these wild Such as are better miss'd the To meet with Highland plus Were worse than loss of stee I am alone :- my bugle stra May call some straggler of t Or, fall the worst that may Ere now this falchion has be

XVII.

e again his horn he wound, ! forth starting at the sound, lerneath an aged oak, ted from the islet rock, guider of its way, ciff shot to the bay, ad the promontory steep eep line in graceful sweep, in almost viewless wave, ing willow twig to lave, with whispering sound and h of pebbles bright as snow. had touch'd this silver strand, e Hunter left his stand, d conceal'd amid the brake, his Lady of the Lake. en paused, as if again th to catch the distant strain. d up-raised, and look intent, und ear attentive bent, s flung back, and lips apart, ument of Grecian art, ig mood, she seem'd to stand, dian Naiad of the strand.

XVIII.

er did Grecian chisel trace sh, a Naiad, or a Grace, form, or lovelier face! augh the sun, with ardent frown. thely tinged her cheek with own, tive toil, which, short and light, d her glowing hue so bright, n in hastier swell to show mpses of a breast of snow: ough no rule of courtly grace ired mood had train'd her pace. ore light, a step more true, m the heath-flower dash'd the slight harebell raised its head, om her airy tread: ough upon her speech there hung ents of the mountain tongue, lver sounds, so soft, so dear, ner held his breath to hear!

XIX.

A chieftain's daughter seem'd the maid; Her satin snood,* her silken plaid, Her golden brooch such birth betray'd. And seldom was a snood amid Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid, Whose glossy black to shame might bring The plumage of the raven's wing; And seldom o'er a breast so fair, Mantled a plaid with modest care, And never brooch the folds combined Above a heart more good and kind. Her kindness and her worth to spy, You need but gaze on Ellen's eye; Not Katrine, in her mirror blue, Gives back the shaggy banks more true, Than every free-born glance confess'd The guileless movements of her breast; Whether joy danced in her dark eye, Or woe or pity claim'd a sigh, Or filial love was glowing there, Or meek devotion pour'd a prayer, Or tale of injury call'd forth The indignant spirit of the North. One only passion unreveal'd, With maiden pride the maid conceal'd, Yet not less purely felt the flame;-O! need I tell that passion's name!

ΥY

Impatient of the silent horn,
Now on the gale her voice was borne:—
"Father!" she cried; the rocks around
Loved to prolong the gentle sound.
A while she paused, no answer came,—
"Malcolm, was thine the blast?" the

Less resolutely utter'd fell,
The echoes could not catch the swell.
"A stranger I," the Huntsman said,
Advancing from the hazel shade.
The maid, alarm'd, with hasty oar,
Push'd her light shallop from the shore.
And when a space was gain'd between,
Closer she drew her bosom's screen;
(So forth the startled swan would swing.)
Then safe, though flutter'd and amazed.
She paused, and on the stranger gazed.
Not his the form, nor his the eye,
That youthful maidens wont to fly.

* See Note on Canto III., stanza 5, p. 524.

XXI.

On his bold visage middle age Had slightly press'd its signet sage, Yet had not quench'd the open truth And hery vehemence of youth ; Forward and frolic glee was there, The will to do, the soul to dare, The sparkling glance, soon blown to fire, Of hasty love, or headlong ire. His limbs were cast in manly mould, For hardy sports or contest bold: And though in peaceful garb array'd, And weaponless, except his blade, His stately mien as well implied A high-born heart, a martial pride, As if a Baron's crest he wore, And sheathed in armour trode the shore. Slighting the petty need he show'd, He told of his benighted road; His ready speech flow'd fair and free, In phrase of gentlest courtesy; Yet seem'd that tone, and gesture bland, Less used to sue than to command.

XXII.

A while the maid the stranger eyed, And, reassured, at length replied, That Highland halls were open still To wilder'd wanderers of the hill. "Nor think you unexpected come To you lone isle, our desert home: Before the heath had lost the dew. This morn, a couch was pull'd for you; On yonder mountain's purple head Have ptarmigan and heath-cock bled, And our broad nets have swept the mere, To furnish forth your evening cheer."— "Now, by the rood, my lovely maid, Your courtesy has err'd," he said; "No right have I to claim, misplaced, The welcome of expected guest. A wanderer, here by fortune tost, My way, my friends, my courser lost, I ne'er before, believe me, fair, Have ever drawn your mountain air, Till on this lake's romantic strand, I found a fay in fairy land !"-

XXIII.

"I well believe," the maid replied, As her light skiff approach'd the side,- "I well believe, that ne'er Your foot has trod Loch Ka But yet, as far as yesternig Old Allan-bane foretold y A grey-hair'd sire, whose of Was on the vision'd future He saw your steed, a dapp Lie dead beneath the birch Painted exact your form at Your hunting suit of Linco. That tassell'd horn so gaily That falchion's crooked ble That cap with heron plum. And yon two hounds so da He bade that all should rec To grace a guest of fair de But light I held his prophe And deem'd it was my fait Whose echoes o'er the lake

XXIV.

The stranger smiled :-- "S

A destined errant-knight I Announced by prophet soo Doom'd, doubtless, for achie I'll lightly front each high of For one kind glance of those Permit me, first, the task the Your fairy frigate o'er the tast the toil unwonted saw him For seldom sure, if e'er bel His noble hand had grasp'd Yet with main strength his

drew,
And o'er the lake the shalle
With heads erect, and whin
The hounds behind their pa
Nor frequent does the brigh
The darkening mirror of th
Until the rocky isle they re
And moor their shallop on

XXV.

The stranger view'd the sho 'Twas all so close with copsey Nor track nor pathway migh That human foot frequented Until the mountain maiden A clambering unsuspected re led through the tangled screen, i'd on a narrow green, eeping birch and willow round r long fibres swept the ground retreat in dangerous hour, ef had framed a rustic bower.

XXVI.

lodge of ample size, ge of structure and device; materials, as around man's hand had readiest found. f their boughs, their hoar trunks he hatchet rudely squared, he walls their destined height, ly oak and ash unite; as and clay and leaves combined each crevice from the wind. er pine-trees, overhead, nder length for rafters spread. er'd heath and rushes dry a russet canopy. ward, fronting to the green, ortico was seen, native pillars borne, ain fir with bark unshorn, llen's hand had taught to twine und Idæan vine, natis, the favour'd flower cests the name of virgin-bower, ry hardy plant could bear strine's keen and searching air. at in this porch she staid, y to the stranger said, ven and on thy lady call, r the enchanted hall!

XXVII.

e, my heaven, my trust must be, e guide, in following thee."—d the threshold—and a clang steel that instant rang.

It is guide, in following thee is steel that instant rang.

It is guide, in following that instant rang.

It is guide in the spirit rush'd, for vain alarm he blush'd, the floor he saw display'd, the din, a naked blade from the sheath, that carelessing itag's huge antiers swung; round, the walls to grace, ophies of the fight or chase:

A target there, a bugle here, A battle-axe, a hunting spear, And broadswords, bows, and arrows store.

store,
With the tusk'd trophies of the boar.
Here grins the wolf as when he died,
And there the wild-cat's brindled hide
The frontlet of the elk adorns,
Or mantles o'er the bison's horns;
Pennons and flags defaced and stain'd,
That blackening streaks of blood retain'd,
And deer-skins, dappled, dun, and white,
With otter's fur and seal's unite,
In rude and uncouth tapestry all,
To garnish forth the silvan hall.

XXVIII.

The wondering stranger round him gazed, And next the fallen weapon raised:—
Few were the arms whose sinewy strength Sufficed to stretch it forth at length. And as the brand he poised and sway'd, "I never knew but one," he said, "Whose stalwart arm might brook to

A blade like this in battle-field."
She sigh'd, then smiled and took the word;

"You see the guardian champion's sword:

As light it trembles in his hand, As in my grasp a hazel wand; My sire's tall form might grace the part Of Ferragus, or Ascabart; But in the absent giant's hold Are women now, and menials old."

XXIX.

The mistress of the mansion came,
Mature of age, a graceful dame;
Whose easy step and stately port
Had well become a princely court,
To whom, though more than kindred
knew,
Young Ellen gave a mother's due.
Meet welcome to her guest she made,

Meet welcome to her guest she made, And every courteous rite was paid, That hospitality could claim, Though all unask'd his birth and name. Such then the reverence to a guest, That fellest foe might join the feast, And from his deadliest foeman's door Unquestion'd turn, the banquet o'er. At length his rank the stranger names, "The Knight of Snowdoun, James Fitz-

James;
Lord of a barren heritage,
Which his brave sires, from age to age,
By their good swords had held with toil;
His sire had fall'n in such turmoil,
And he, God wot, was forced to stand
Oft for his right with blade in hand.
This morning with Lord Moray's train
He chased a stalwart stag in vain,
Outstripp'd his comrades, miss'd the deer,
Lost his good steed, and wander'd here."

XXX

Fain would the Knight in turn require The name and state of Ellen's sire. Well show'd the elder lady's mien, That courts and cities she had seen; Ellen, though more her looks display'd The simple grace of sylvan maid, In speech and gesture, form and face, Show'd she was come of gentle race. 'Twere strange in ruder rank to find Such looks, such manners, and such mind. Each hint the Knight of Snowdoun gave, Dame Margaret heard with silence grave; Or Ellen, innocently gay, Turn'd all inquiry light away :-"Weird women we! by dale and down We dwell, afar from tower and town. We stem the flood, we ride the blast. On wandering knights our spells we cast; While viewless minstrels touch the string. 'Tis thus our charmed rhymes we sing.' She sung, and still a harp unseen Fill'd up the symphony between.

XXXI.

Song.

"Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er, Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking: Dream of battled fields no more,

Days of danger, nights of waking. In our isle's enchanted hall,

Hands unseen thy couch are strewing, Fairy strains of music fall,

Every sense in slumber dewing.

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er, Dream of fighting-fields no more: Sleep the sleep that knows not line Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

"No rude sound shall reach thine Armour's clang, or war-steed ch ing,

Trump nor pibroch summon here
Mustering clan, or squadron tram
Yet the lark's shrill file may come
At the day-break from the fallon
And the bittern sound his drum,

Booming from the sedgy shallon Ruder sounds shall none be near, Guards nor warders challenge here Here's no war-steed's neigh and change.

Shouting clans or squadrons stampi

XXXII.

She paused—then, blushing, let be To grace the stranger of the day. Her mellow notes awhile proba-The cadence of the flowing same Till to her lips in measured frame. The minstrel verse spontaneous can

Song continued.

"Huntsman, rest! thy chase is do While our slumbrous spells mean Dream not, with the rising sun, Bugles here shall sound revellle. Sleep! the deer is in his den;

Sleep! thy hounds are by thee! Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen. How thy gallant steed lay dying Huntsman, rest! thy chase is don

Think not of the rising sun, For at dawning to assail ye, Here no bugles sound reveillé."

XXXIII.

The hall was clear'd—the stranger Was there of mountain heather so Where oft a hundred guests had a And dream'd their forest sports a But vainly did the heath-flower shits moorland fragrance round his Not Ellen's spell had bull'd to rea The fever of his troubled breast.

dreams the image rose perils, pains, and woes: now flounders in the brake, s his barge upon the lake; er of a broken host, ard falls, his honour's lost. om my couch may heavenly worst phantom of the night !arn'd the scenes of youth, nt undoubting truth; soul he interchanged nds whose hearts were long anged. e, in dim procession led, the faithless, and the dead; each hand, each brow as gay, parted yesterday. t distracts him at the viewis senses false or true? ne of death, or broken vow, l a vision now?

xxxIV. with Ellen in a grove

'd with a blush and sigh,
ras warm, his hopes were high,
ther yielded hand to clasp,
digauntlet met his grasp:
atom's sex was changed and
re,
head a helmet shone;
alarged to giant size,
rken'd cheek and threatening
es,
y visage, stern and hoar,
still a likeness bore.—
, and, panting with affright,
the vision of the night.
th's decaying brands were red,

d to walk, and speak of love;

And deep and dusky lustre shed, Half showing, half concealing, all The uncouth trophies of the hall. Mid those the stranger fix'd his eye Where that huge falchion hung on high, And thoughts on thoughts, a countless

throng, Rush'd, chasing countless thoughts along, Until, the giddy whirl to cure, He rose, and sought the moonshine pure.

xxxv.

The wild rose, eglantine, and broom, Wasted around their rich perfume:
The birch-trees wept in fragrant balm,
The aspens slept beneath the calm;
The silver light, with quivering glance,
Play'd on the water's still expanse,—
Wild were the heart whose passions'

sway
Could rage beneath the sober ray!
He felt its calm, that warrior guest,
While thus he communed with his

breast :-"Why is it, at each turn I trace Some memory of that exiled race? Can I not mountain-maiden spy, But she must bear the Douglas eye? Can I not view a Highland brand, But it must match the Douglas hand? Can I not frame a fever'd dream, But still the Douglas is the theme? I'll dream no more—by manly mind Not even in sleep is will resign'd. My midnight orisons said o'er, I'll turn to rest, and dream no more." His midnight orisons he told, A prayer with every bead of gold, Consign'd to heaven his cares and woes, And sunk in undisturb'd repose; Until the heath-cock shrilly crew, And morning dawn'd on Benvenue.

CANTO SECOND.

The Island.

.

At morn the black-cock trims his jetty wing,
"Tis morning prompts the linnet's blithest lay,
All Nature's children feel the matin spring
Of life reviving, with reviving day;

And while you little bark glides down the bay, Wasting the stranger on his way again, Morn's genial influence roused a minstrel grey, And sweetly o'er the lake was heard thy strain, Mix'd with the sounding harp, O white-hair'd Allan-bane!

11

Song.

"Not faster yonder rowers' might
Flings from their oars the spray,
Not faster yonder rippling bright,
That tracks the shallop's course in light,
Melts in the lake away,
Than men from memory erase
The benefits of former days;
Then, stranger, go! good speed the
while,
Nor think again of the lonely isle.

"High place to thee in royal court,
High place in battle line,

Good hawk and hound for silvan sport, Where beauty sees the brave resort,

The honour'd meed be thine!
True be thy sword, thy friend sincere,
Thy lady constant, kind, and dear,
And lost in love and friendship's smile
Be memory of the lonely isle.

III.

Song continued.

"But if beneath yon southern sky A plaided stranger roam, Whose drooping crest and stifled sigh, And sunken cheek and heavy eye, Pine for his Highland home;

Then, warrior, then be thine to show The care that soothes a wanderer's woe; Remember then thy hap ere while, A stranger in the lonely isle.

"Or if on life's uncertain main
Mishap shall mar thy sail:
If faithful, wise, and brave in vain,
Woe, want, and exile thou sustain
Beneath the fickle gale;
Waste not a sigh on fortune changed.
On thankless courts, or friends estranged.
But come where kindred worth shall
smile,
To greet thee in the lonely isle."

w

As died the sounds upon the tide, The shallop reach'd the mainland s And ere his onward way he took, The stranger cast a lingering look. Where easily his eye might reach The Harper on the islet beach, Reclined against a blighted tree. As wasted, grey, and worn as he. To minstrel meditation given, His reverend brow was raised to hem As from the rising sun to claim A sparkle of inspiring flame. His hand, reclined upon the wire, Seem'd watching the awakening free So still he sate, as those who wait Till judgment speak the doom of fin So still, as if no breeze might des To lift one lock of hoary hair; So still, as life itself were fled In the last sound his harp had spel.

V

Upon a rock with lichens wild, Beside him Ellen sate and smiled.-Smiled she to see the stately drake Lead forth his fleet upon the lake, While her vex'd spaniel, from the be Bay'd at the prize beyond his reach Yet tell me, then, the maid who kne Why deepen'd on her cheek the rose Forgive, forgive, Fidelity! Perchance the maiden smiled to see Yon parting lingerer wave adieu, And stop and turn to wave anew; And, lovely ladies, ere your ire Condemn the heroine of my lyre, Show me the fair would scorn to sp And prize such conquest of her eye

VT.

While yet he loiter'd on the spot, It seem'd as Ellen mark'd him not But when he turn'd him to the glass One courteous parting sign she was the knight would say, prize of festal day by the brightest fair, jewel in her hair, is bosom swell, ole mute farewell. isty mountain-guide, tag-hounds by his side, maid, unconscious still, ind slowly round the hill; ately form was hid, n her bosom chid-! vain and selfish maid!" aiding conscience said, [alcolm idly hung th phrase of southern

Icolm strain'd his eye, 121 thine to spy.—
ane," aloud she cried, 51 tel by her side,—
rom thy moody dream!
rp heroic theme,
with a noble name;
glory of the Græme!"
r lip the word had rush'd,
conscious maiden blush'd;
, in hall and bower,
m Græme was held the

VII.

waked his harp-three

known martial chimes, ir high heroic pride murmurs died. bid'st, O noble maid," ither'd hands, he said, bid'st me wake the strain, wont to bid in vain. ne a mightier hand y harp, my strings has! brds of joy, but low answer notes of woe; d march, which victors

ailing for the dead.
if mine alone
ep prophetic tone!
ful fathers said,

This harp, which erst Saint Modan swayed,
Can thus its master's fate foretell,
Then welcome be the minstrel's knell!

VIII.

"But ah! dear lady, thus it sigh'd, The eve thy sainted mother died; And such the sounds which, while I

To wake a lay of war or love, Came marring all the festal mirth, Appalling me who gave them birth, And, disobedient to my call, Wail'd loud through Bothwell's banner'd hall,

Ere Douglasses, to ruin driven,
Were exiled from their native heaven.—
Oh! if yet worse mishap and woe,
My master's house must undergo,
Or aught but weal to Ellen fair,
Brood in these accents of despair,
No future bard, sad Harp! shall fling
Triumph or rapture from thy string;
One short, one final strain shall flow,
Fraught with unutterable woe,
Then shiver'd shall thy fragments lie,
Thy master cast him down and die!"

IX.

Soothing she answer'd him—" Assuage, Mine honour'd friend, the fears of age; All melodies to thee are known, That harp has rung or pipe has blown, In Lowland vale or Highland glen, From Tweed to Spey-what marvel, then, At times, unbidden notes should rise, Confusedly bound in memory's ties, Entangling, as they rush along, The war-march with the funeral song?-Small ground is now for boding fear; Obscure, but safe, we rest us here. My sire, in native virtue great, Resigning lordship, lands, and state, Not then to fortune more resign'd, Than yonder oak might give the wind; The graceful foliage storms may reave, The noble stem they cannot grieve. For me,"—she stoop'd, and, looking round, Pluck'd a blue hare-bell from the ground, --

"For me, whose memory scarce conveys
An image of more splendid days,
This little flower, that loves the lea,
May well my simple emblem be;
It drinks heaven's dew as blithe as rose
That in the King's own garden grows;
And when I place it in my hair,
Allan, a bard, is bound to swear
He ne'er saw coronet so fair."
Then playfully the chaplet wild
She wreath'd in her dark locks, and
smiled.

X.

Her smile, her speech, with winning Wiled the old harper's mood away. With such a look as hermits throw, When angels stoop to soothe their woe, He gazed, till fond regret and pride Thrill'd to a tear, then thus replied : "Loveliest and best! thou little know'st The rank, the honours, thou hast lost! O might I live to see thee grace, In Scotland's court, thy birth-right place, To see my favourite's step advance, The lightest in the courtly dance, The cause of every gallant's sigh, And leading star of every eye, And theme of every minstrel's art, The Lady of the Bleeding Heart!" *-

XI.

"Fair dreams are these," the maiden cried,
(Light was her accent, yet she sigh'd;)
"Yet is this mossy rock to me
Worth splendid chair and canopy;
Nor would my footsteps spring more gay In courtly dance than blithe strathspey, Nor half so pleased mine ear incline
To royal minstrel's lay as thine.
And then for suitors proud and high,
To bend before my conquering eye,—
Thou, flattering bard! thyself wilt say,
That grim Sir Roderick owns its sway.
The Saxon scourge, Clan-Alpine's pride,
The terror of Loch-Lomond's side,
Would, at my suit, thou know'st, delay
A Lennox foray—for a day,"—

* The well-known cognizance of the Douglas family.

XII.

The ancient bard his g "Ill hast thou chosen For who, through all t Named Black Sir Re

smiled!
In Holy-Rood a knigh
I saw, when back the
Courtiers give place be
Of the undaunted hom
And since, though o

hand Full sternly kept his n Who else dared give-That I such hated trut The Douglas, like a st Disown'd by every nol Even the rude refuge v Alas, this wild marnuc Alone might bazard or And now thy maiden Looks for his guerdon Full soon may dispens To back his suit, from ! Then, though an exile Thy father, as the Dou Be held in reverence a And though to Roderic That thou might'st g

thread, Slave of thy will, this vet, O loved maid, thy Thy hand is on a lion's

XIII.

"Minstrel," the maid a Her father's soul glanc "My debts to Roderick All that a mother could be a mother could be a mother of the following that a mother could be a mother of Scotland's king who A deeper, holier debt is And, could I pay it with Allan! Sir Roderick si My blood, my life,—In Rather will Ellen Dou A votaress in Maronna

ough realms beyond the sea, e world's cold charity, :r was spoke a Scottish word, the name of Douglas heard, pilgrim will she rove, the man she cannot love.

XIV.

kest, good friend, thy tresses ing look, what can it say own ?-I grant him brave, Bracklinn's thundering wave; ous-save vindictive mood, transport, chase his blood: a true to friendly band, more is to his hand; at very blade of steel y for a foe would feel: a liberal, to fling . clan the wealth they bring, L by lake and glen they wind, : Lowland leave behind, e some pleasant hamlet stood, ashes slaked with blood. that for my father fought, as his daughter ought; clasp it reeking red, unts slaughter'd in their shed? ly while his virtues gleam, te his passions darker seem, along his spirit high, ming o'er the midnight sky. a child,—and children know, : taught, the friend and foe,d at his brow of gloom, wy plaid, and sable plume; grown, I ill could bear ity mien and lordly air: nu join'st a suitor's claim, mood, to Roderick's name, th anguish! or, if e'er s knew the word, with fear. ze such odious theme were ink'st thou of our stranger est?"

XV.

aink I of him?—woe the while ight such wanderer to our isle!

Thy father's battle-brand, of yore For Tine-man forged by fairy lore, What time he leagued, no longer foes, His Border spears with Hotspur's bows, Did, self-unscabbarded, foreshow The footstep of a secret foe. If courtly spy hath harbour'd here, What may we for the Douglas fear? What for this island, deem'd of old Clan-Alpine's last and surest hold? If neither spy nor foe, I pray What yet may jealous Roderick say? -Nay, wave not thy disdainful head, Bethink thee of the discord dread, That kindled when at Beltane game Thou ledst the dance with Malcolm Græme ;

Greme;
Still, though thy sire the peace renew'd,
Smoulders in Roderick's breast the feud;
Beware!—But hark, what sounds are

these?
My dull ears catch no faltering breeze,
No weeping birch, nor aspens wake,
Nor breath is dimpling in the lake,
Still is the canna's * hoary beard,
Yet. by my minstrel faith, I heard—
And hark again! some pipe of war
Sends the bold pibroch from afar."

XVI.

Far up the lengthen'd lake were spied Four darkening specks upon the tide, That, slow enlarging on the view, Four mann'd and masted barges grew, And, bearing downwards from Glengyle, Steer'd full upon the lonely isle; The point of Brianchoil they pass'd, And, to the windward as they cast, Against the sun they gave to shine The bold Sir Roderick's banner'd Pine. Nearer and nearer as they bear, Spears, pikes, and axes flash in air. Now might you see the tartans brave, And plaids and plumage dance and wave: Now see the bonnets sink and rise, As his tough oar the rower plies; See, flashing at each sturdy stroke, The wave ascending into smoke; See the proud pipers on the bow, And mark the gaudy streamers flow

* The cotton-grass.

From their loud chanters * down, and sweep

The furrow'd bosom of the deep, As, rushing through the lake amain, They plied the ancient Highland strain.

XVII.

Ever, as on they bore, more loud And louder rung the pibroch proud, At first the sound, by distance tame, Mellow'd along the waters came, And, lingering long by cape and bay, Wail'd every harsher note away, Then bursting bolder on the ear, The clan's shrill Gathering they could

Those thrilling sounds, that call the might Of Old Clan-Alpine to the fight. Thick beat the rapid notes, as when The mustering hundreds shake the glen, And hurrying at the signal dread, The batter'd earth returns their tread. Then prelude light, of livelier tone, Express'd their merry marching on, Ere peal of closing battle rose, Withmingled outcry, shrieks, and blows;

And mimic din of stroke and As broadsword upon target is And groaning pause, ere yet: Condensed, the battle yell'd a The rapid charge, the rallying Retreat borne headlong into r And bursts of triumph, to des Clan-Alpine's conquest—all w Nor ended thus the strain; b Sunk in a moan prolong'd an And changed the conquerin swell,

For wild lament o'er those th

XVIII.

The war-pipes ceased; but lai Were busy with their echoes s And, when they slept, a vocal Bade their hoarse chorus waks while loud a hundred clansm. Their voices in their Chieftain Each boatman, bending to his With measured sweep the bur In such wild cadence, as the b Makes through December's lea. The chorus first could Allan i "Roderick Vich Alpine, ho And near, and nearer as they Distinct the martial ditty flow

* The sipe of the bagpipe.

XIX.

Bout Song.

Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances!

Honour'd and bless'd be the ever-green Pine!

Long may the tree, in his banner that glances,

Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line!

Heaven send it happy dew,

Earth lend it sap anew, Gayly to bourgeon, and broadly to grow, While every Highland glen Sends our shout back agen,

"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,
Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade;
When the whirlwind has stripped every leef on the n

When the whirlwind has stripp'd every leaf on the mountain, The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.

Moor'd in the rifted rock,
Proof to the tempest's shock,
Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow;
Menteith and Breadalbane, then,
Echo his praise agen,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

XX.

Proudly our pibroch has thrill'd in Glen Fruin,
And Bannochar's groans to our slogan replied;
Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin,
And the best of Loch-Lomond lie dead on her side.
Widow and Saxon maid
Long shall lament our raid,
Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with woe;
Lennox and Leven-glen
Shake when they hear agen,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands!
Stretch to your oars, for the ever-green Pine!
O, that the rose-bud that graces yon islands,
Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine!
O that some seedling gem,
Worthy such noble stem,
Honour'd and bless'd in their shadow might grow!
Loud should Clan-Alpine then
Ring from her deepmost glen,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! icroe!"

XXI.

all her joyful female band, Lady Margaret sought the strand. : on the breeze their tresses flew, high their snowy arms they threw, :hoing back with shrill acclaim, chorus wild, the Chieftain's name; ; prompt to please, with mother's art, arling passion of his heart, ame called Ellen to the strand. et her kinsman ere he land: e, loiterer, come! a Douglas thou, un to wreathe a victor's brow?"antly and slow, the maid welcome summoning obey'd. when a distant bugle rung, mid-path aside she sprung: Allan-bane! From mainland cast my father's signal blast. she cried, "the skiff to guide, aft him from the mountain-side. like a sunbeam, swift and bright, rted to her shallop light, agerly while Roderick scann'd, r dear form, his mother's band,

The islet far behind her lay, And she had landed in the bay.

XXII.

Some feelings are to mortals given, With less of earth in them than heaven: And if there be a human tear From passion's dross refined and clear, A tear so limpid and so meek, It would not stain an angel's cheek, 'Tis that which pious fathers shed Upon a duteous daughter's head! And as the Douglas to his breast His darling Ellen closely press'd, Such holy drops her tresses steep'd, Though 'twas an hero's eye that weep'd. Nor while on Ellen's faltering tongue Her filial welcomes crowded hung, Mark'd she, that fear (affection's proof) Still held a graceful youth aloof; No! not till Douglas named his name, Although the youth was Malcolm Græme.

VVIII

Allan, with wistful look the while, Mark'd Roderick landing on the isle; His master piteously he eyed, Then gazed upon the Chieftain's pride, Then dash'd, with hasty hand, away From his dimm'd eyet the gathering spray; And Douglas, as his hand he laid On Malcolm's shoulder, kindly said, "Canst thou, young friend, no meaning

spy
In my poor follower's glistening eye?
I'll tell thee:—he recalls the day,
When in my praise he led the lay
O'er the arch'd gate of Bothwell proud,
While many a minstrel answer'd loud,
When Percy's Norman pennon, won
In bloody field, before me shone,
And twice ten knights, the least a name
As mighty as yon Chief may claim,
Gracing my pomp, behind me came.
Yet trust me, Malcolm, not so proud
Was I of all that marshall'd crowd,
Though the waned crescent own'd my
might,

And in my train troop'd lord and knight, Though Blantyre hymn'd her holiest lays, And Bothwell's bards flung back my

praise,

As when this old man's silent tear, And this poor maid's affection dear, A welcome give more kind and true, Than aught my better fortunes knew. Forgive, my friend, a father's boast, O! it out-beggars all I lost!"

XXIV.

Delightful praise !- like summer rose, That brighter in the dew-drop glows, The bashful maiden's cheek appear'd, For Douglas spoke, and Malcolm heard. The flush of shame-faced joy to hide, The hounds, the hawk, her cares divide; The loved caresses of the maid The dogs with crouch and whimper paid; And, at her whistle, on her hand The falcon took his favourite stand, Closed his dark wing, relax'd his eye, Nor, though unbooded, sought to-fly. And, trust, while in such guise she stood, Like fabled Goddess of the wood, That if a father's partial thought O'erweigh'd her worth, and beauty aught, Well might the lover's judgment fail To balance with a juster scale;

For with each secret gla The fond enthusiast sen

880

Of stature tall, and sler But firmly knit, was Ma The belted plaid and ta Did ne'er more graceful His flaxen hair, of sunn Curl'd closely round his Train'd to the chase, hi The ptarmigan in snow Each pass, by mountain, He knew, through Lenne Vain was the bound of When Malcolm bent his And scarce that doe,

with fear, Outstripp'd in speed the Right up Ben-Lomond And not a sob his toil c His form accorded with Lively and ardent, frank A blither heart, till Elle Did never love nor sorre It danced as lightsome As play'd the feather or Vet friends, who nearest His scorn of wrong, his And bards, who saw his When kindled by the ta Said, were that youth to I Not long should Roderic Be foremost voiced by a But quail to that of Ma

XXVI.

Now back they wend the And, "O my sire!" did "Why urge thy chase so And why so late return de The rest was in her specified, the chase I "Tis mimicry of noble we And with that gallant power all of Douglas I I met young Malcolm as Far eastward, in Glenfin Nor stray'd I safe; for, Hunters and horsemenso. This you h, though still Risk'd life and load to I

igh the passes of the wood y steps, not unpursued; rick shall his welcome make, d spleen, for Douglas' sake. t he seek Strath-Endrick glen, aught for me agen."

XXVII.

ick, who to meet them came, at sight of Malcolm Græme, n action, word, or eye, ht in hospitality d sport they whiled away ing of that summer day; h noon a courier light et parley with the knight, ody aspect soon declared, were the news he heard. ght seem'd toiling in his head; ne evening banquet made, embled round the flame, er, Douglas, and the Græme, , too; then cast around hen fix'd them on the ground, ig phrase that might avail nvey unpleasant tale. i his dagger's hilt he play'd, ad his haughty brow, and said:-

XXVIII.

e my speech;—nor time affords, slain temper, glozing words. and father,—if such name rouchsafe to Roderick's claim; our'd mother: - Ellen-why, i, turn away thine eye ?ne; in whom I hope to know a noble friend or foe, : shall give thee thy command, ng in thy native land, --The King's vindictive pride have tamed the Border-side, niefs, with hound and hawk o came their monarch's silvan game, es in bloody toils were snared; a the banquet they prepared, their loyal portals flung, own gateway struggling hung. es their blood from Meggat's ad. row braes, and banks of Tweed,

Where the lone streams of Ettrick glide, And from the silver Teviot's side; The dales, where martial clans did ride, Are now one sheep-walk, waste and wide. This tyrant of the Scottish throne, So faithless, and so ruthless known, Now hither comes; his end the same, The same pretext of silvan game. What gracefor Highland Chiefs, judge ye By fate of Border chivalry. Yet more; amid Glenfinlas green, Douglas, thy stately form was seen. This by espial sure I know: Your counsel in the streight I show."

XXIX.

Ellen and Margaret fearfully
Sought comfort in each other's eye,
Then turn'd their ghastly look, each one,
This to her sire, that to her son.
The hasty colour went and came
In the bold cheek of Malcolm Græme;
But from his glance it well appear'd,
'Twas but for Ellen that he fear'd;
While, sorrowful, but undismay'd,
The Douglas thus his counsel said:—
"Brave Roderick, though the tempest
roar,

It may but thunder and pass o'er;
Nor will I here remain an hour,
To draw the lightning on thy bower;
For well thou know'st, at this grey head
The royal bolt were fercest sped.
For thee, who, at thy King's command,
Canst aid him with a gallant band,
Submission, homage, humbled pride,
Shall turn the monarch's wrath aside.
Poor remnants of the Bleeding Heart,
Ellen and I will seek, apart,
The refuge of some forest cell,
There, like the hunted quarry, dwell,
Till on the mountain and the moor,
The stern pursuit be pass'd and o'er."—

YYY

"No, by mine honour," Roderick said.
"So help me Heaven, and my good blade!

No, never! Blasted be yon Pine, My father's ancient crest and mine, If from its shade in danger part The lineage of the Bleeding Heart\ Hear my blunt speech: grant me this maid

To wife, thy counsel to mine aid; To Douglas, leagued with Roderick Dhu, Will friends and allies flock enow; Like cause of doubt, distrust, and grief, Will bind to us each Western Chief. When the loud pipes my bridal tell, The Links of Forth shall hear the knell, The guards shall start in Stirling's porch; And, when I light the nuptial torch, A thousand villages in flames Shall scare the slumbers of King James! -Nay, Ellen, blench not thus away, And, mother, cease these signs, I pray; I meant not all my heart might say.-Small need of inroad, or of fight, When the sage Douglas may unite Each mountain clan in friendly band, To guard the passes of their land, Till the foil'd king, from pathless glen, Shall bootless turn him home agen."

XXXI.

There are who have, at midnight hour, In slumber scaled a dizzy tower, And, on the verge that beetled o'er The ocean tide's incessant roar, Dream'd calmly out their dangerous dream,

Till waken'd by the morning beam; When, dazzled by the eastern glow, Such startler cast his glance below, And saw unmeasured depth around, And heard unintermitted sound, And thought the battled fence so frail, It waved like cobweb in the gale ;-Amid his senses' giddy wheel, Did he not desperate impulse feel, Headlong to plunge himself below, And meet the worst his fears foreshow?-Thus, Ellen, dizzy and astound, As sudden ruin yawn'd around, By crossing terrors wildly toss'd, Still for the Douglas fearing most, Could scarce the desperate thought withstand,

XXXII.

To buy his safety with her hand,

Such purpose dread could Malcolm spy In Ellen's quivering lip and eye,

And eager rose to speak-but His tongue could burry forth Had Douglas mark'd the becti Where death seem'd combating For to her cheek, in feverish One instant rush'd the throbbi Then ebbing back, with suddle Left its domain as wan as clay "Roderick, enough! enough! "My daughter cannot be thy l Not that the blush to wooer de Nor paleness that of maiden f It may not be-forgive her, Cl Nor hazard aught for our relie Against his sovereign, Douglas Will level a rebellious spear. 'Twas I that taught his youthfi To rein a steed and wield a br I see him yet, the princely boy Not Ellen more my pride and I love him still, despite my wa By hasty wrath, and slanderous O seek the grace you well may Without a cause to mine com

XXXIII.

Twice through the hall the strode;

The waving of his tartans broad And darken'd brow, where pride

With ire and disappointment 4 Seem'd, by the torch's gloomy Like the ill Demon of the nig Stooping his pinions' shadowy Upon the nighted pilgrim's wa But, unrequited Love! thy da Plunged deepest its envenom'd And Roderick, with thine angu At length the hand of Dougla While eyes, that mock'd at tes With bitter drops were running The death-pangs of long-cheri Scarce in that ample breast ha But, struggling with his spirit Convulsive heaved its chequer While every sob-so mute wer Was heard distinctly through The son's despair, the mother' Ill might the gentle Ellen broc She rose, and to her side there To aid her parting steps, the f

XXXIV.

rick from the Douglas brokeflame through sable smoke, s wreaths, long, dark, and low, pad blaze of ruddy glow, :p anguish of despair ierce jealousy, to air. wart grasp his hand he laid lm's breast and belted plaid: ardless boy!" he sternly said, ninion! hold'st thou thus at ight n I so lately taught? , the Douglas, and that maid, ou for punishment delay'd." greyhound on his game, with Roderick grappled Græme. my name, if aught afford tain safety save his sword!" hey strove, their desperate hand o the dagger or the brand, th had been -but Douglas rose, **1st between the struggling foes** t strength :- "Chieftains, foree first who strikes, my foe.-**L. forbe**ar your frantic jar! is the Douglas fall'n so far, ghter's hand is doom'd the spoil a dishonourable broil!" and slowly, they unclasp, ick with shame, their desperate zh upon his rival glared,

XXXV.

the brands aloft were flung, ton Roderick's mantle hung, lcolm heard his Ellen's scream, 'd through terrific dream. oderick plunged in sheath his word, I'd his wrath in scornful word: afe till morning; pity 'twere eek should feel the midnight air! ayest thou to James Stuart tell, k will keep the lake and fell, cey, with his freeborn clan, eant pomp of earthly man. ruld he of Clan-Alpine know,

Thou canst our strength and passes show.-Malise, what ho!"—his henchman came; "Give our safe-conduct to the Græme. Young Malcolm answer'd, calm and bold, "Fear nothing for thy favourite hold; The spot, an angel deign'd to grace, Is bless'd, though robbers haunt the place. Thy churlish courtesy for those Reserve, who fear to be thy foes. As safe to me the mountain way At midnight as in blaze of day, Though with his boldest at his back, Even Roderick Dhu beset the track. Brave Douglas, -lovely Ellen, -nay, Nought here of parting will I say. Earth does not hold a lonesome glen, So secret, but we meet agen.

XXXVI.

Chieftain! we too shall find an hour,"-

He said, and left the silvan bower.

Old Allan follow'd to the strand, (Such was the Douglas's command,) And anxious told, how, on the morn, The stern Sir Roderick deep had sworn, The Fiery Cross should circle o'er Dale, glen, and valley, down, and moor. Much were the peril to the Græme, From those who to the signal came; Far up the lake 'twere safest land, Himself would row him to the strand. He gave his counsel to the wind, While Malcolm did, unheeding, bind, Round dirk and pouch and broadsword roll'd,

His ample plaid in tighten'd fold, And stripp'd his limbs to such array, As best might suit the watery way,—

XXXVII.

Then spoke abrupt: "Farewell to thee, Pattern of old fidelity!"
The Minstrel's hand he kindly press'd,—
"O! could I point a place of rest!
My sovereign holds in ward my land,
My uncle leads my vassal band;
To tame his foes, his friends to aid,
Poor Malcolm has but heart and blade.
Yet, if there be one faithful Græme,
Who loves the chieftain of his name,

Not long shall honour'd Douglas dwell, Like hunted stag in mountain cell; Nor, ere yon pride-swoll'n robber dare,— I may not give the rest to air! Tell Roderick Dhu, I owed him nought, Not the poor service of a boat, To waft me to yon mountain-side." Then plunged he in the flashing tide. Bold o'er the flood his head he bore, And stoutly steer'd him from the shore; And Allan strain'd his anx. Far 'mid the lake his form Darkening across each pun To which the moon her sil Fast as the cormorant could The swimmer plied each at Then landing in the moon! Lond shouted of his weal to The Minstrel heard the far And joyful from the shore

CANTO THIRD. The Gathering.

0

Time rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore, Who danced our infancy upon their knee, And told our marvelling boyhood legends store, Of their strange ventures happ'd by land or sea, How are they blotted from the things that be! How few, all weak and wither'd of their force, Wait on the verge of dark eternity, Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning hoarse,

Yet live there still who can remember well,
How, when a mountain chief his bugle blew,
Both field and forest, dingle, cliff, and dell,
And solitary heath, the signal knew;
And fast the faithful clan around him drew,
What time the warning note was keenly wound,
What time aloft their kindred banner flew,

To sweep them from our sight! Time rolls his ceaseless cour

While clamorous war-pipes yell'd the gathering sound, And while the Fiery Cross glanced, like a meteor, round.

11.

The Summer dawn's reflected hue
To purple changed Loch Katrine blue;
Mildly and soft the western breeze
Just kiss'd the lake, just stirr'd the trees,
And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,
Trembled but dimpled not for joy;
The mountain-shadows on her breast
Were neither broken nor at rest;
In bright uncertainty they lie,
Like future joys to Fancy's eye.
The water-lily to the light
Her chalice rear'd of silver bright;
The doe awoke, and to the lawn,
Begenna'd with dewdrops, led her fawn;

The grey mist left the mour The torrent show'd its gliste Invisible in flecked sky, The lark sent down her rev The blackbird and the spec Good-morrowgave from bra In answer coo'd the cushat Her notes of peace, and re

No thought of peace, no tho Assuaged the storm in Roder With sheathed broadsword Abrupt he paced the islet at And eyed the rising sun, an His hand on his impatient. a rock, his vassals' care mpt the ritual to prepare, p and deathful meaning fraught; Antiquity had taught face meet, ere yet abroad so of Fire should take its road nking band stood oft aghast npatient glance he cast;—nce the mountain eag.2 threw, the cliffs of Benvenue, ad her dark sails on the wind, h in middle heaven reclined, broad shadow on the lake, the warblers of the brake.

IV.

f wither'd boughs was piled, er and rowan wild, with shivers from the oak, the lightning's recent stroke. e Hermit, by it stood, ed, in his frock and hood. ed beard and matted hair l a visage of despair; d arms and legs, seam'd o'er, s of frantic penance bore. nk, of savage form and face, ending danger of his race wn from deepest solitude, 3enharrow's bosom rude. the mien of Christian priest, aid's, from the grave released, harden'd heart and eye might rook an sacrifice to look: ch, 'twas said, of heathen lore the charms he mutter'd o'er. ow'd creed gave only worse dlier emphasis of curse; int sought that Hermit's prayer, the pilgrim shunn'd with care, er huntsman knew his bound, mid chase call'd off his hound : lonely glen or strath, ert-dweller met his path. 'd, and sign'd the cross between,

error took devotion's mien.

i's birth strange tales were told. her watch'd a midnight fold, p within a dreary glen,

Where scatter'd lay the bones of men, In some forgotten battle slain, And bleach'd by drifting wind and rain. It might have tamed a warrior's heart, To view such mockery of his art! The knot-grass fetter'd there the hand, Which once could burst an iron band; Beneath the broad and ample bone, That buckler'd heart to fear unknown, A feeble and a timorous guest, The field-fare framed her lowly nest; There the slow blind-worm left his slime On the fleet limbs that mock'd at time; And there, too, lay the leader's skull, Still wreath'd with chaplet, flush'd and full,

For heath-bell, with her purple bloom, Supplied the bonnet and the plume. All night, in this sad glen, the maid Sate, shrouded in her mantle's shade:

—She said, no shepherd sought her side, No hunter's hand her snood untied, Yet ne'er again to braid her hair The virgin snood did Alice wear; Gone was her maiden glee and sport, Her maiden girdle all too short, Nor sought she, from that fatal night, Or holy church or blessed rite, But lock'd her secret in her breast, And died in travail, unconfess'd

VI.

Alone, among his young compeers, Was Brian from his infant years; A moody and heart-broken boy, Estranged from sympathy and joy, Bearing each taunt which careless tongue On his mysterious lineage flung. Whole nights he spent by moonlight pale, To wood and stream his hap to wail, Till, frantic, he as truth received What of his birth the crowd believed, And sought, in mist and meteor fire, To meet and know his Phantom Sire! In vain, to soothe his wayward fate, The cloister oped her pitying gate; In vain, the learning of the age Unclasp'd the sable-letter'd page; Even in its treasures he could find Food for the fever of his mind. Eager he read whatever tells Of magic, cabala, and spells,

And every dark pursuit allied To curious and presumptuous pride; Till with fired brain and nerves o'erstrung,

And heart with mystic horrors wrung, Desperate he sought Benharrow's den, And hid him from the haunts of men.

VII

The desert gave him visions wild, Such as might suit the spectre's child. Where with black cliffs the torrents toil, He watch'd the wheeling eddies boil, Till, from their foam, his dazzled eyes Beheld the River Demon rise; The mountain mist took form and limb, Of noontide hag, or goblin grim; The midnight wind came wild and dread, Swell'd with the voices of the dead; Far on the future battle-heath His eye beheld the ranks of death: Thus the lone Seer, from mankind hurl'd, Shaped forth a disembodied world, One lingering sympathy of mind Still bound him to the mortal kind; The only parent he could claim Of ancient Alpine lineage came. Late had he heard, in prophet's dream, The fatal Ben-Shie's boding scream ; Sounds, too, had come in midnight blast, Of charging steeds, careering fast Along Benharrow's shingly side, Where mortal horsemanne'er might ride; The thunderbolt had split the pine,-All augur'd ill to Alpine's line. He girt his loins, and came to show The signals of impending woe, And now stood prompt to bless or ban, As bade the Chieftain of his clan,

VIII.

'Twas all prepared ;—and from the rock, A goat, the patriarch of the flock, Before the kindling pile was laid, And pierced by Roderick's ready blade. Patient the sickening victim eyed The life-blood ebb in crimson tide, Down his clogg'd beard and shaggy limb, Till darkness glazed his eyeballs dim. The gristy priest, with murmuring prayer,

A slender crosslet form'd with care,

A cubit's length in measure due: The shaft and limbs were rods of y. Whose parents in Inch-Cailliach w. Their shadows o'er Clan-Alpine's g. And, answering Lomond's brozzes' Soothe many a chieftain's endless of The Cross, thus form'd, he held on! With wasted hand, and haggard es And strange and mingled feelings w. While his anathema he spoke:

TY.

"Woe to the clansman, who shall This symbol of sepulchral yew, Forgetful that its branches grew Where weep the heavens their holies

On Alpine's dwelling low!
Deserter of his Chieftain's trust,
He ne'er shall mingle with their du
But, from his sires and kindred the
Each clansman's executation just

Shall doom him wrath and woe."
He paused;—the word the vassals to With forward step and fiery look. On high their naked brands they so. Their clattering targets wildly stroom to the control of the cont

And first in murmur low,
Then, like the billow in his course,
That far to seaward finds his source
And flings to shore his muster'd for
Burst, with loud roar, their answer ho

"Woe to the traitor, woe!"
Ben-an's grey scalp the accents kne
The joyous wolf from covert drew,
The exulting eagle scream'd afar,
They knew the voice of Alpine's w

X.

The shout was hush'd on lake and The Monk resumed his mutter'd sp Dismal and low its accents came, The while he scathed the Cross

flame;
And the few words that reach'd the Although the holiest name was the Had more of blasphemy than pray But when he shook above the crow Its kindled points, he spoke aloud "Woe to the wretch, who fails to At this dread sign the ready spear! For, as the flames this symbol sear. His home, the refuge of his feat,

red fate shall know; ts roof the volumed flame ine's vengeance shall proclaim, aids and matrons on his name down wretchedness and shame. ifamy and woe. e the cry of females, shrill nawk's whistle on the hill, ing misery and ill, with childhood's babbling trill ses stammer'd slow; ig, with imprecation dread, e his home in embers red! ed be the meanest shed shall hide the houseless head, om to want and woe!" and shrieking echo gave, skin, thy goblin cave! grey pass where birches wave, ala-nam-bo.

XI.

per paused the priest anew, I his labouring breath he drew, ith set teeth and clenched hand, s that glow'd like fiery brand, tated curse more dread, dlier, on the clansman's head, mmon'd to his chieftain's aid, al saw and disobey'd. slet's points of sparkling wood, ch'd among the bubbling blood, again the sign he rear'd ind hoarse his voice was heard: lits this Cross from man to man, oine's summons to his clan. the ear that fails to heed! he foot that shuns to speed! ens tear the careless eyes, make the coward heart their that blood-stream in the earth, his heart's-blood drench his earth! n hissing gore the spark, hou his light, Destruction dark! the grace to him denied, y this sign to all beside!" id; no echo gave agen mur of the deep Amen.

XII.

Then Roderick, with impatient look, From Brian's hand the symbol took: "Speed, Malise, speed!" he said, and gave The crosslet to his henchman brave. "The muster-place be Lanrick mead—Instant the time—speed, Malise, speed!" Like heath-bird, when the hawks pursue, A barge across Loch Katrine flew; High stood the henchman on the prow, So rapidly the barge-men row, The bubbles, where they launch'd the

boat,
Were all unbroken and afloat,
Dancing in foam and ripple still,
When it had near'd the mainland hill;
And from the silver beach's side
Still was the prow three fathom wide,
When lightly bounded to the land
The messenger of blood and brand.

XIII.

Speed, Malise, speed! the dun deer's hide On fleeter foot was never tied. Speed, Malise, speed! such cause of haste Thine active sinews never braced. Bend 'gainst the steepy hill thy breast, Burst down like torrent from its crest; With short and springing footstep pass The trembling bog and false morass; Across the brook like roebuck bound, And thread the brake like questing hound;

The crag is high, the scaur is deep,
Yet shrink not from the desperate leap:
Parch'd are thy burning lips and brow,
Yet by the fountain pause not now;
Herald of battle, fate, and fear,
Stretch onward in thy fleet career!
The wounded hind thou track'st not now,
Pursuest not maid through greenwood
bough,

Nor pliest thou now thy flying pace, With rivals in the mountain race; But danger, death, and warrior deed, Are in thy course—speed, Malise, speed!

XIV.

Fast as the fatal symbol flies, In arms the huts and hamlets rise; From winding glen, from upland brown, They pour'd each hardy tenant down.

Nor slack'd the messenger his pace; He show'd the sign, he named the place, And, pressing forward like the wind, Left clamour and surprise behind. The fisherman forsook the strand, The swarthy smith took dirk and brand; With changed cheer, the mower blithe Left in the half-cut swathe the scythe; The herds without a keeper stray'd, The plough was in mid-furrow staid, The falc'ner toss'd his hawk away, The hunter left the stag at bay; Prompt at the signal of alarms, Each son of Alpine rush'd to arms; So swept the tumult and affray Along the margin of Achray. Alas, thou lovely lake! that e'er Thy banks should echo sounds of fear! The rocks, the bosky thickets, sleep So stilly on thy bosom deep, The lark's blithe carol, from the cloud, Seems for the scene too gaily loud.

XV.

Speed, Malise, speed! The lake is past, Duncraggan's huts appear at last, And peep, like moss-grown rocks, half-

Half hidden in the copse so green; There mayst thou rest, thy labour done, Their Lord shall speed the signal on. As stoops the hawk upon his prey, The henchman shot him down the way. -What woeful accents load the gale? The funeral yell, the female wail A gallant hunter's sport is o'er, A valiant warrior fights no more. Who, in the battle or the chase, At Roderick's side shall fill his place! -Within the hall, where torches' ray Supplies the excluded beams of day, Lies Duncan on his lowly bier, And o'er him streams his widow's tear. His stripling son stands mournful by, His youngest weeps, but knows not why; The village maids and matrons round The dismal coronach resound,

XVI.

Coronach.

He is gone on the mountain, He is lost to the forest, Like a summer-dried fountain, When our need was the sore The font, reappearing,

From the rain-drops shall be But to us comes no cheering. To Duncan no morrow! The hand of the reaper Takes the ears that are hoar

But the voice of the weeper Wails manhood in glory. The autumn winds rushing Waft the leaves that are sea

But our flower was in flushing. When blighting was nearest

Fleet foot on the correi, Sage counsel in cumber, Red hand in the foray, How sound is thy slumber! Like the dew on the mountain

Like the foam on the river, Like the bubble on the fountain Thou art gone, and for ever

XVII

See Stumah,† who, the bier besi His master's corpse with wonder Poor Stumah! whom his least he Could send like lightning o'er the Bristles his crest, and points his. As if some stranger step he hear 'Tis not a mourner's muffled trea Who comes to sorrow o'er the de But headlong haste, or deadly fe Urge the precipitate career. All stand aghast:—unheeding al The henchman bursts into the ha Before the dead man's bier he ste Held forth the Cross besmear's blood;

"The muster-place is Lanrick me Speed forth the signal! clansmen, s

XVIII.

Angus, the heir of Duncan's line Sprung forth and seized the fatal In haste the stripling to his side His father's dirk and broadsword

^{*} Or cerri, the hollow side of the hil game usually lies * Faithful, the name of a coe.

ie saw his mother's eye in speechless agony, open'd arms he flew, her lips a fond adieue sobb'd, —"and yet be gone, thee forth, like Duncan's e cast upon the bier, his eye the gathering tear, eep to clear his labouring aloft his bonnet crest, ie high-bred colt, when, freed, ays his fire and speed, l, and o'er moor and moss rd with the Fiery Cross. was the widow's tear, is footsteps she could hear; ne mark'd the henchman's eye nwonted sympathy, ' she said, " his race is run, I have sped thine errand on; s fall'n, - the sapling bough raggan's shelter now. well, his duty done, 's God will guard my son. – ı many a danger true, s hest your blades that drew, id guard that orphan's head! nd women wail the dead." on-clang, and martial call, through the funeral hall, the walls the attendant band rord and targe, with hurried and flitting energy m the mourner's sunken eye, unds to warrior dear : her Duncan from his bier. on that borrow'd force;

XIX.

the Cross of Fire, ike lightning up Strath-Ire. Id hill the summons flew, r pause young Angus knew; at gather'd in his eye mountain-breeze to dry; e Teith's young waters roll, and a wooded knoll,

'd his right, and tears their

That graced the sable strath with green,
The chapel of Saint Bride was seen.
Swoln was the stream, remote the bridge,
But Angus paused not on the edge;
Though the dark waves danced dizzily,
Though reel'd his sympathetic eye,
He dash'd amid the torrent's roar:
His right hand high the crosslet bore,
His left the pole-axe grasp'd, to guide
And stay his footing in the tide.
He stumbled twice—the foam splash'd
high,
With hoarser swell the stream raced by;

And had he fall'n,—for ever there, Farewell Duncraggan's orphan heir! But still, as if in parting life, Firmer he grasp'd the Cross of strife, Until the opposing bank he gain'd, And up the chapel pathway strain'd.

XX.

A blithesome rout, that morning tide, Had sought the chapel of St Bride. Her troth Tombea's Mary gave To Norman, heir of Armandave, And, issuing from the Gothic arch, The bridal now resumed their march. In rude, but glad procession, came Bonneted sire and coif-clad dame: And plaided youth, with jest and jeer, Which snooded maiden would not hear: And children, that, unwitting why, Lent the gay shout their shrilly cry And minstrels, that in measures vied Before the young and bonny bride, Whose downcast eye and cheek disclose The tear and blush of morning rose. With virgin step, and bashful hand, She held the 'kerchief's snowy band; The gallant bridegroom, by her side, Beheld his prize with victor's pride, And the glad mother in her ear Was closely whispering word of cheer.

XXI.

Who meets them at the churchyard gate? The messenger of fear and fate! Haste in his hurried accent lies, And grief is swimming in his eyes. All dripping from the recent flood, Panting and travel-soil d he stood,

The fatal sign of fire and sword Held forth, and spoke the appointed word:

"The muster-place is Lanrick mead; Speed forth the signal! Norman, speed!" And must he change so soon the hand, Just link'd to his by holy band, For the fell Cross of blood and brand? And must the day, so blithe that rose, And promised rapture in the close, Before its setting hour, divide The bridegroom from the plighted bride? O fatal doom!—it must! it must! Clan-Alpine's cause, her Chieftain's trust, Her summons dread, brook no delay; Stretch to the race—away! away!

XXII.

Yet slow he laid his plaid aside, And, lingering, eyed his lovely bride, Until he saw the starting tear Speak woe he might not stop to cheer; Then, trusting not a second look, In haste he sped him up the brook, Nor backward glanced, till on the heath Where Lubnaig's lake supplies the Teith. -What in the racer's bosom stirr'd? The sickening pang of hope deferr'd, And memory, with a torturing train Of all his morning visions vain. Mingled with love's impatience, came The manly thirst for martial fame; The stormy joy of mountaineers, Ere yet they rush upon the spears; And zeal for Clan and Chieftain burning, And hope, from well-fought field return-

With war's red honours on his crest, To clasp his Mary to his breast. Stung by such thoughts, o'er bank and

Like fire from flint he glanced away, While high resolve, and feeling strong, Burst into voluntary song,

XXIIL

Song.

The heath this night must be my bed, The bracken * curtain for my head, My lullaby the warder's tread,

* Bracken, fern.

Far, far, from love and thee, M To-morrow eve, more stilly laid, My couch may be my bloody plaid My vesper song, thy wail, sweet a It will not waken me, Mary i

I may not, dare not, fancy now The grief that clouds thy lovely bu I dare not think upon thy vow,

And all it promised me, Mary, No fond regret must Norman know When bursts Clan-Alpine on the lo His heart must be like bended tow His foot like arrow free. Mary

A time will come with feeling frau For, if I fall in battle fought, Thy hapless lover's dying thought

Shall be a thought on thee, M. And if return'd from conquer'd fos How blithely will the evening class How sweet the linnet sing repose,

To my young bride and me, Ma

XXIV.

Not faster o'er thy heathery brees. Balquidder, speeds the midnight has Rushing, in conflagration strong. Thy deep ravines and dells along. Wrapping thy cliffs in purple glow, And reddening the dark lakes below Nor faster speeds it, nor so far, As o'er thy heaths the voice of war. The signal roused to martial coil, The suller, margin of Loch Voil, Waked still Loch Doine, and to

Alarm'd, Balvaig, thy swampy cour Thence southward turn'd its rapid: Adown Strath-Gartney's valley bind Till rose in arms each man might of A portion in Clan-Alpine's name, From the grey sire, whose tremb

Could hardly buckle on his brand,
To the raw boy, whose shaft and be
Were yet scarce terror to the crow,
Each valley, each sequester'd glen,
Muster'd its little horde of men,
That met as torrents from the heig!
In Highland dales their streams un
Still gathering, as they pour along,
A voice more loud, a tide more so

Till at the rendezvous they stood Byhundreds prompt for blows and blood, Each train'd to arms since life began, Owning no tie but to his clan, No oath, but by his chieftain's hand, No law, but Roderick Dhu's command.

XXV.

That summer morn had Roderick Dhu Survey'd the skirts of Benvenue, and sent his scouts o'er hill and heath, To view the frontiers of Menteith. All backward came with news of truce; Still lay each martial Græme and Bruce, In Rednock courts no horsemen wait, No banner waved on Cardross gate,

No number waved on Cardross gate,
On Duchray's towers no beacon shone,
No scared the herons from Loch Con;
All seem'd at peace. — Now wot ye why
The Chieftain, with such anxious eye,

Ere to the muster he repair,
This western frontier scann'd with
care!—

In Benvenue's most darksome cleft, A fair, though cruel, pledge was left; For Douglas, to his promise true, That morning from the isle withdrew, And in a deep sequester'd dell Had sought a low and lonely cell. By many a bard, in Celtic tongue, Has Coir-nan-Uriskin been sung; A softer name the Saxons gave,

And called the grot the Goblin-cave.

It was a wild and strange retreat, As e'er was trod by outlaw's feet. The dell, upon the mountain's crest, Yawn'd like a gash on warrior's breast; Its trench had staid full many a rock, Hurl'd by primeval earthquake shock From Benvenue's grey summit wild, And here, in random ruin piled, They frown'd incumbent o'er the spot, And form'd the rugged silvan grot. The oak and birch, with mingled shade, At noontide there a twilight made, Unless when short and sudden shone Some straggling beam on cliff or stone, With such a glimpse as prophet's eye Gains on thy depth, Futurity. No murmur waked the solemn still, Save tinkling of a fountain rill;

But when the wind chafed with the lake. A sullen sound would upward break, With dashing hollow voice, that spoke The incessant war of wave and rock. Suspended cliffs, with hideous sway, Seem'd nodding o'er the cavern grey. From such a den the wolf had sprung, In such the wild-cat leaves her young; Yet Douglas and his daughter fair Sought for a space their safety there. Grey Superstition's whisper dread Debarr'd the spot to vulgar tread; For there, she said, did fays resort, And satyrs hold their silvan court, By moonlight tread their mystic maze, And blast the rash beholder's gaze.

XXVII.

Now eve, with western shadows long, Floated on Katrine bright and strong, When Roderick, with a chosen few, Repass'd the heights of Benvenue. Above the Goblin-cave they go, Through the wild pass of Beal-nam-bo; The prompt retainers speed before, To launch the shallop from the shore, For 'cross Loch Katrine lies his way To view the passes of Achray, And place his clansmen in array. Yet lags the chief in musing mind, Unwonted sight, his men behind. A single page, to bear his sword, Alone attended on his lord; The rest their way through thickets break,

And soon await him by the lake. It was a fair and gallant sight, To view them from the neighbouring

height,
By the low-levell'd sunbeam's light!
For strength and stature, from the clan
Each warrior was a chosen man,
As even afar might well be seen,
By their proud step and martial mien.
Their feathers dance, their tartans float,
Their targets gleam, as by the boat
A wild and warlike group they stand,
That well became such mountain-strand.

XXVIII.

Their Chief, with step reluctant, still Was lingering on the craggy hill,

Hard by where turn'd apart the road To Douglas's obscure abode. It was but with that dawning morn That Roderick Dhu had proudly sworn To drown his love in war's wild roar, Nor think of Ellen Douglas more ; But he who stems a stream with sand, And fetters flame with flaxen band, Has yet a harder task to prove-By firm resolve to conquer love ! Eve finds the Chief, like restless ghost, Still hovering near his treasure lost; For though his haughty heart deny A parting meeting to his eye, Still fondly strains his anxious ear, The accents of her voice to hear, And inly did he curse the breeze That waked to sound the rustling trees. But hark! what mingles in the strain? It is the harp of Allan-bane, That wakes its measure slow and high, Attuned to sacred minstrelsy. What melting voice attends the strings? 'Tis Ellen, or an angel, sings.

XXIX.

Bumn to the Dirgin.

Ane Maria! maiden mild!
Listen to a maiden's prayer!
Thou canst hear though from the wild,
Thou canst save amid despair.
Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,
Though banish'd, outcast, and re-

Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer; Mother, hear a suppliant child! Ave Maria!

Are Maria! undefiled!

The flinty couch we now must share
Shall seem with down of eider piled,
If thy protection hover there.

The marky caven's heavy air

The murky cavern's heavy air Shall breathe of balm if thou hast smiled;

Then, Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer, Mother, list a suppliant child! Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! Stainless styled!

Foal demons of the earth and air,

From this their wonted haunt exiled,

Shall flee before thy present We how us to our lot of care, Beneath thy guidance recon Hear for a maid a maiden's p And for a father hear a chil

XXX.

Died on the harp the closing Unmoved in attitude and lim As list'ning still, Clan-Alpine Stood leaning on his heavy sy Until the page, with humble Twice pointed to the sun's de Then while his plaid he round "It is the last time—'tis the last time—'tis the last time—'the last time. That angel-voice shall Roder It was a goading thought-hi Hied hastier down the mount Sullen he flung him in the box And instant 'cross the lake it They landed in that silvery be And eastward held their hast Till, with the latest beams of The band arrived on Lanrick Where muster'd, in the vale Clan-Alpine's men in martial

XXXL

A various scene the clansmen Some sate, some stood, som stray'd;

But most, with mantles folded Were couch'd to rest upon the Scarce to be known by curious From the deep heather where So well was match'd the tarta With heath-bell dark and

green; Unless where, here and there, Or lance's point, a glimmer n Like glow-worm twinkling th shade.

But when, advancing through they saw the Chieftain's eagl. Their shout of welcome, shrill Shook the steep mountain's st. Thrice it arose, and lake and Three times return'd the mart. It died upon Bochastle's plain. And Silence claim'd her even

CANTO FOURTH.

The Prophecy.

T.

"THE rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears:
The rose is sweetest wash'd with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalm'd in tears.
O wilding rose, whom fancy thus endears,
I bid your blossoms in my bonnet wave,
Emblem of hope and love through future years!"—
Thus spoke young Norman, heir of Armandave,
What time the sun arose on Vennachar's broad wave.

11.

fond conceit, half said, half sung, prompted to the bridegroom's tongue. hile he stripp'd the wild-rose spray, are and bow beside him lay, an a pass 'twixt lake and wood, keful sentinel he stood. !—on the rock a footstep rung, instant to his arms he sprung. and, or thou diest!—What, Malise? —soon

thou return'd from Braes of Doune.
hy keen step and glance I know,
u bring'st us tidings of the foe."—
while the Fiery Cross hied on,
listant scout had Malise gone.)
here sleeps the Chief?" the henchman said.
art, in yonder misty glade;
here couch I'll be your guide."—

!! - shouterer by his side,
!! - shouterer by his side,
... - his slacken'd bow-... Glemarkin! souse thee, ho!
ref: the Chieftan on the track,
... - his ie wate! !!! I come back."

III.

ther up the pass they sped: at of the foemen?" Norman said. ing remots from near and far; which, that a hand of war in the divs been ready boune, compression, and, to march from Doune; King James, the while, with princely powers, Holds revelry in Stirling towers. Soon will this dark and gathering cloud Speak on our glens in thunder loud. Inured to bide such bitter bout, The warrior's plaid may bear it out; But, Norman, how wilt thou provide A shelter for thy bonny bride?"-"What! know ye not that Roderick's care To the lone isle hath caused repair Each maid and matron of the clan, And every child and aged man Unfit for arms; and given his charge, Nor skiff nor shallop, boat nor barge, Upon these lakes shall float at large, But all beside the islet moor, That such dear pledge may rest secure?"-

IV.

"'Tis well advised—the Chieftain's plan Bespeaks the father of his clan. But wherefore sleeps Sir Roderick Dhu Apart from all his followers true?"—
"It is, because last evening-tide Brian an augury hath tried, Of that dread kind which must not be Unless in dread extremity, The Taghairm call'd; by which, afar, Our sires foresaw the events of war. Duncraggan's milk-white bull they slew."

MALISE.

"Ah! well the gallant brute I knew The choicest of the prey we had, When swept our merry-men Gallangad. His hide was snow, his horns were dark, His red eye glow'd like fiery spark; So fierce, so tameless, and so fleet, Sore did he cumber our retreat, And kept our stoutest kernes in awe, Even at the pass of Beal 'maha. But steep and flinty was the road, And sharp the hurrying pikeman's goad, And when we came to Dennan's Row, A child might scatheless stroke his brow."—

v.

NORMAN.

"That bull was slain: his reeking hide They stretch'd the cataract beside, Whose waters their wild tumult toss Adown the black and craggy boss Of that huge cliff, whose ample verge Tradition calls the Hero's Targe. Couch'd on a shelve beneath its brink, Close where the thundering torrents sink, Rocking beneath their headlong sway, And drizzled by the ceaseless spray, Midst groan of rock, and roar of stream, The wizard waits prophetic dream. Nor distant rests the Chief; -- but hush! See, gliding slow through mist and bush, The hermit gains von rock, and stands To gaze upon our slumbering bands. Seems he not, Malise, like a ghost, That hovers o'er a slaughter'd host? Or raven on the blasted oak, That, watching while the deer is broke,* His morsel claims with sullen croak?

MALISE

—"Peace! peace! to other than to me, Thy words were evil augury; But still I hold Sir Roderick's blade Clan-Alpine's omen and her aid, Not aught that, glean'd from heaven or hell,

Yon fiend-begotten Monk can tell. The Chieftain joins him, see—and now, Together they descend the brow."

VI.

And, as they came, with Alpine's Lord The Hermit Monk held solemn word:—

* Quartered.

"Roderick! it is a fearful strife, For man endow'd with mortal life, Whose shroud of sentient clay can at Feel feverish pang and fainting chill, Whose eye can stare in stony trance, Whose hair can rouse like warring

lance, 'Tis hard for such to view, unfurl'd, The curtain of the future world. Yet, witness every quaking limb, My sunken pulse, my eyeballs dim, My soul with harrowing anguish torn, This for my Chieftain have I borne !-The shapes that sought my fearful coud A human tongue may ne'er avouch: No mortal man, - save he, who, bred Between the living and the dead, Is gifted beyond nature's law,-Had e'er survived to say he saw. At length the fateful answer came, In characters of living flame! Not spoke in word, nor blazed in scroll But borne and branded on my soul;-WHICH SPILLS THE FOREMOST FUE MAN'S LIFE,

THAT PARTY CONQUERS IN THE STRIFE."—

VII.

"Thanks, Brian, for thy zeal and car Good is thine augury, and fair. Clan-Alpine ne'er in battle stood, But first our broadswords tasted bloo A surer victim still I know, Self-offer'd to the auspicious blow: A spy has sought my land this it is No eve shall with sahar ar My followers guare we't assist a To east, to western a remainder to see Red Murdoch, bril et a e his Has charge to lead to seat research at ordinal from . Till, in deep He light on the second reaction of But see, where the remaining Malise! what the property is the !!

"At Doune, o'er is inversible and gl Two Barons problem less I makers who I saw the Moroles over that And mark'd the saids of M. e's soul, high tidings those! ear of worthy foes.
'e they on?"—"To-morrow's
n
em here for battle boune."—"
ll it see a meeting stern!—
:place—say, couldst thou learn
the friendly clans of Earn?
dby them, we well might bide
on Benledi's side.
lst not?—well! Clan-Alpine's

the Trosachs' shaggy glen; ch Katrine's gorge we'll fight, maids' and matrons' sight, is hearth and household fire, child, and son for sire,naid beloved !-But whyeeze affects mine eve? ou come, ill-omen'd tear! er of doubt or fear? er may the Saxon lance ledi from his stance, t or terror can pierce through ding heart of Roderick Dhu! orn as his trusty targe. post-all know their charge." :h sounds, the bands advance, iswords gleam, the banners to the Chieftain's glance.

IY.

ne from the martial roar,

Coir-Uriskin once more.

he Douglas?—he is gone; sits on the grey stone cave, and makes her moan; ily Allan's words of cheer on her unheeding ear.—return—Dear lady, trust!—eturn;—he will—he must. it time to seek, afar, for from impending war, Clan-Alpine's rugged swarm by the approaching storm. boats with many a light, the livelong yesternight, ce flashes darted forth streamers of the north;

title bounc-ready for battle.

I mark'd at morn how close they ride, Thick moor'd by the lone islet's side, Like wild ducks couching in the fen, When stoops the hawk upon the glen. Since this rude race dare not abide The peril on the mainland side, Shall not thy noble father's care Some safe retreat for thee prepare?"—

~.

ELLEN.

"No, Allan, no! Pretext so kind My wakeful terrors could not blind. When in such tender tone, yet grave, Douglas a parting blessing gave, The tear that glisten'd in his eye Drown'd not his purpose fix'd on high. My soul, though feminine and weak, Can image his; e'en as the lake, Itself disturb'd by slightest stroke, Reflects the invulnerable rock. He hears report of battle rife, He deems himself the cause of strife. I saw him redden, when the theme Turn'd, Allan, on thine idle dream Of Malcolm Græme in fetters bound, Which I, thou saidst, about him wound. Think'st thou he trow'd thine omen aught?

Oh no! 'twas apprehensive thought For the kind youth,—for Roderick too—(Let me be just) that friend so true; In danger both, and in our cause! Minstrel, the Douglas dare not pause. Why else that solemn warning given, 'If not on earth, we meet in heaven!' Why else, to Cambus-kenneth's fane, If eve return him not again, Am I to hie, and make me known! Alas! he goes to Scotland's throne, Buys his friend's safety with his own;—He goes to do—what I had done, Had Douglas' daughter been his son!"—

XI.

"Nay, lovely Ellen!—dearest, nay!
If aught should his return delay,
He only named yon holy fane
As fitting place to meet again.
Be sure he's safe; and for the Græme.—
Heaven's blessing on his gallant name!—

My vision'd sight may yet prove true, Nor bode of ill to him or you. When did my gifted dream beguile? Think of the stranger at the isle, And think upon the harpings slow, That presaged this approaching woe! Sooth was my prophecy of fear; Believe it when it augurs cheer. Would we had left this dismal spot! Ill luck still haunts a fairy grot. Of such a wondrous tale I know—Dear lady, change that look of woe, My harp was wont thy grief to cheer."—

ELLEN.

"Well, be it as thou wilt; I hear, But cannot stop the bursting tear." The Minstrel tried his simple art, But distant far was Ellen's heart.

XII.

Ballad.

ALICE BRAND.

Merry it is in the good greenwood, When the mavis and merle are singing, When the deer sweeps by, and the

hounds are in cry,
And the hunter's horn is ringing.

"O Alice Brand, my native land Is lost for love of you;

And we must hold by wood and wold, As outlaws wont to do.

"O Alice,'twas all for thy locks so bright, And 'twas all for thine eyes so blue, That on the night of our luckless flight, Thy brother bold I slew.

"Now must I teach to hew the beech,
The hand that held the glaive,
For leaves to spread our lowly bed,
And stakes to fence our cave.

"And for vest of pall, thy fingers small,
That wont on harp to stray,
A cloak must shear from the slaughter'd

deer,
To keep the cold away."—

* Thrush.

† Blackbird.

"O Richard! if my brother died,
'Twas but a fatal chance;
For darkling was the battle tried,
And fortune sped the lance.

"If pall and vair no more I wear, Nor thou the crimson sheen, As warm, we'll say, is the russet gre As gay the forest-green.

"And, Richard, if our lot be hard, And lost thy native land, Still Alice has her own Richard, And he his Alice Brand."

Ballad continued.

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good greenwe' So blithe Lady Alice is singing; On the beech's pride, and cak's been side,

Lord Richard's axe is ringing.

Up spoke the moody Elfin King, Who wonn'd within the hill,— Like wind in the porch of a ruin'd char His voice was ghostly shrill.

"Why sounds you stroke on beech oak,

Our moonlight circle's screen?
Or who comes here to chase the dee
Beloved of our Elfin Queen?
Or who may dare on wold to wear
The fairies' fatal green?

"Up, Urgan, up! to yon mortal hi For thou wert christen'd man; For cross or sign thou wilt not fly, For mutter'd word or ban.

"Lay on him the curse of the with heart,

The curse of the sleepless eye;
Till he wish and pray that his life we part,

Nor yet find leave to die."

XIV.

Ballad continued.

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good gre wood, Though the birds have still'd t

gnigne;

ening blaze doth Alice raise, Richard is fagots bringing.

gan starts, that hideous dwarf, e Lord Richard stands, s he cross'd and bless'd himself, not sign," quoth the grisly elf, at is made with bloody hands."

then spoke she, Alice Brand, woman void of fear,—
if there's blood upon his hand, but the blood of deer."—

loud thou liest, thou bold of mood! eaves unto his hand, in of thine own kindly blood, blood of Ethert Brand."

orward stepp'd she, Alice Brand, made the holy sign, if there's blood on Richard's hand, sotless hand is mine.

I conjure thee, Demon elf, Him whom Demons fear, w us whence thou art thyself, I what thine errand here?"

XV.

Ballad continued.

merry, 'tis merry, in Fairy-land, en fairy birds are singing, the court doth ride by their monarch's side, h bit and bridle ringing:

gaily shines the Fairy-land all is glistening show, neidle gleam that December's beam dart on ice and snow.

fading, like that varied gleam, ur inconstant shape, now like knight and lady seem, I now like dwarf and ape.

is between the night and day, on the Fairy King has power, sunk down in a sinful fray, twixt life and death, was snatch'd away the joyless Elfin bower. "But wist I of a woman bold,
Who thrice my brow durst sign,
I might regain my mortal mould,
As fair a form as thine."

She cross'd him once—she cross'd him twice—

That lady was so brave;
The fouler grew his goblin hue,
The darker grew the cave.

She cross'd him thrice, that lady bold; He rose beneath her hand The fairest knight on Scottish mould, Her brother, Ethert Brand!

Merry it is in good greenwood,
When the mavis and merle are singing,
But merrier were they in Dunfermline

When all the bells were ringing.

XVI.

Just as the minstrel sounds were staid,
A stranger climb'd the steepy glade;
His martial step, his stately mien,
His hunting suit of Lincoln green,
His eagle glance, remembrance claims—
'Tis Snowdoun's Knight, 'tis James FitzJames.

Ellen beheld as in a dream,
Then, starting, scarce suppress'd a

scream:

"O stranger! in such hour of fear,
What evil hap has brought thee here?"—

"An evil hap how can it be,
That bids me look again on thee?

By promise bound, my former guide
Met me betimes this morning tide,
And marshall'd, over bank and bourne,
The happy path of my return."—

"The happy path!—what! said he

nought
Of war, of battle to be fought,
Of guarded pass?"—"No, by my faith!
Nor saw I aught could augur scathe."—
"O haste thee, Allan, to the kern,
—Yonder his tartans I discern;
Learn thou his purpose, and conjure
That he will guide the stranger sure!—
What prompted thee, unhappy man?
The meanest serf in Roderick's clan
Had not been bribed by love or fear,
Unknown to him to guide thee here."—

XVII.

"Sweet Ellen, dear my life must be, Since it is worthy care from thee; Yet life I hold but idle breath, When love or honour's weigh'd with death.

Then let me profit by my chance, And speak my purpose bold at once. I come to bear thee from a wild, Where ne'er before such blossom smiled; By this soft hand to lead thee far From frantic scenes of feud and war. Near Bochastle my horses wait; They bear us soon to Stirling gate. I'll place thee in a lovely bower, I'll guard thee like a tender flower" "O! hush, Sir Knight! 'twere female art, To say I do not read thy heart; Too much, before, my selfish ear Was idly soothed my praise to hear. That fatal bait hath lured thee back, In deathful hour, o'er dangerous track; And how, O how, can I atone The wreck my vanity brought on !-One way remains-I'll tell him all-Yes! struggling bosom, forth it shall! Thou, whose light folly bears the blame, Buy thine own pardon with thy shame! But first -my father is a man Outlaw'd and exil'd, under ban; The price of blood is on his head, With me 'twere infamy to wed. -Still would'st thou speak !-- then hear the truth!

Fitz-James, there is a noble youth,—
If yet he is !—exposed for me
And mine to dread extremity—
Thou has the secret of my heart;
Forgive, be generous, and depart!"

XVIII.

Fitz-James knew every wily train A lady's fickle heart to gain, But here he knew and felt them vain. There shot no glance from Ellen's eye, To give her steadfast speech the lie; In maiden confidence she stood, Though mantled in her cheek the blood, And told her love with such a sigh Of deep and hopeless agony, As death had scal'd her Malcolm's doom, And she sat sorrowing on his tomb.

Hope vanish'd from Fitz-James's eye, But not with hope fled sympathy. He proffer'd to attend her side, As brother would a sister guide.—"O! little know'st thou Roderick's hear Safer for both we go apart. O haste thee, and from Allan learn, If thou mayst trust yon wily kern." With hand upon his forehead laid, The conflict of his mind to shade, A parting step or two he made; Then, as some thought had cross'd his brain, He paus'd, and turn'd, and came again.

XIX.

"Hear, lady, yet, a parting word!-It chanced in fight that my poor swork Preserved the life of Scotland's lord. This ring the grateful Monarch gave, And bade, when I had boon to crave, To bring it back, and boldly claim The recompense that I would name. Ellen, I am no courtly lord, But one who lives by lance and sword, Whose castle is his helm and shield, His lordship the embattled field What from a prince can I demand, Who neither reck of state nor land? Ellen, thy hand—the ring is thine; Each guard and usher knows the sign Seek thou the king without delay; This signet shall secure thy way; And claim thy suit, whate'er it be, As ransom of his pledge to me.' He placed the golden circlet on, Paused—kiss'd her hand—and then gone.

The aged Minstrel stood aghast, So hastily Fitz-James shot past. He join'd his guide, and wending do The ridges of the mountain brown, Across the stream they took their was That joins Loch Katrine to Achray.

XX.

All in the Trosachs' glen was still, Noontide was sleeping on the hill: Sudden his guide whoop'd loud high—
"Murdoch! was that a signal cry?" ner'd forth—"I shout to scare
1 from his dainty fare."
1—he knew the raven's prey,
brave steed:—"Ah! gallant
1.y!
—for me, perchance—'twere
1.ll
had seen the Trosachs' dell.—
1, move first—but silently;
10 whoop, and thou shalt die!"
nd sullen on they fared,
11 each upon his guard.

XXI.

und the path its dizzy ledge a precipice's edge, !! a wasted female form, by wrath of sun and storm, 'd weeds and wild array, a a cliff beside the way, ncing round her restless eye, e wood, the rock, the sky, nought to mark, yet all to spy. ow was wreath'd with gaudy room; sture wild she waved a plume ers, which the eagles fling and cliff from dusky wing; pils her desperate step had sought, scarce was footing for the goat. tan plaid she first descried, ick'd till all the rocks replied; she laugh'd when near they drew, the Lowland garb she knew; n her hands she wildly wrung, n she wept, and then she sungz!-the voice, in better time, ce to harp or lute might chime; v, though strain'd and roughen'd, till ildly sweet to dale and hill.

XXII.

Song.

say my brain is warp'd and rung—
sleep on Highland brae, not pray in Highland tongue, e I now where Allan glides, 1 my native Devan's tides,

d me sleep, they bid me pray,

So sweetly would I rest, and pray
That Heaven would close my wintry day!

'Twas thus my hair they bade me braid, They made me to the church repair; It was my bridal morn they said,

And my true love would meet me there. But woe betide the cruel guile, That drown'd in blood the morning smile! And woe betide the fairy dream! I only waked to sob and scream.

XXIII.

"Who is this maid? what means her lay? She hovers o'er the hollow way, And flutters wide her mantle grey, As the lone heron spreads his wing, By twilight, o'er a haunted spring." "'Tis Blanche of Devan," Murdoch said, "A crazed and captive Lowland maid, Ta'en on the morn she was a bride, When Roderick foray'd Devan-side. The gay bridegroom resistance made, And felt our Chief's unconquer'd blade. I marvel she is now at large, But oft she 'scapes from Maudlin's charge.—

Hence, brain-sick fool!"—He raised his bow:—
"Now, if thou strik'st her but one blow,

"Now, it thou striks ther but one blow, I'll pitch thee from the cliff as far As ever peasant pitch'd a bar!"—
"Thanks, champion, thanks!" the

Maniac cried,
And press'd her to Fitz-James's side.
"See the grey pennons I prepare,
To seek my true-love through the air!
I will not lend that savage groom,
To break his fall, one downy plume!
No!—deep amid disjointed stones,
The wolves shall batten on his bones,
And then shall his detested plaid,
By bush and brier in mid air staid,
Wave forth a banner fair and free,
Meet signal for their revelry."—

XXIV.

"Hush thee, poor maiden, and be still!"—
"O! thou look'st kindly, and I will.—
Mine eye has dried and wasted been,
But still it loves the Lincoln green;
And, though mine ear is all unstrung.
Still, still it loves the Lowland tongue.

"For O my sweet William was forester true,

He stole poor Blanche's heart away!
His coat it was all of the greenwood hue,
And so blithely he trill d the Lowland
lay!

"It was not that I meant to tell . . . But thou art wise, and guessest well." Then, in a low and broken tone, And hurried note, the song went on. Still on the Clansman, fearfully, She fix'd her apprehensive eye; Then turn'd it on the Knight, and then Her look glanced wildly o'er the glen.

XXV.

"The toils are pitch'd, and the stakes are set,

Ever sing merrily, merrily;
The bows they bend, and the knives they whet,

Hunters live so cheerily.

"It was a stag, a stag of ten."
Bearing its branches sturdily;
He came stately down the glen,
Ever sing hardily, hardily.

"It was there he met with a wounded doe,

She was bleeding deathfully; She warn'd him of the toils below, O, so faithfully, furthfully!

"He had an eye, and he could heed, Ever sing warily, warily; He had a foot, and he could speed— Hunters watch so narrowly."

XXVI.

Fitz-James's mind was passion-toss'd, When Ellen's hints and fears were lost; But Murdoch's shout suspicion wrought, And Blanche'ssong-conviction brought.—Not like a stag that spies the snare, But lion of the hant aware. He waved at once his blade on high, "Disclose thy treachery, or die!" Forth at full speed the Clansman flew, But in his race his bow he drew. The shaft just grazed Fitz-James's crest, And thrill'd in Blanche's faded breast,—

* Having ten branches on his antlers.

Murdoch of Alpine! prove thy speed, For ne'er had Alpine's son such need! With heart of fire, and foot of wind, The fierce avenger is behind! Fate judges of the rapid strife— The forfeit death—the prize is life! Thy kindred ambush lies before, Close couch'd upon the heathery more. Them couldst thou reach!—it may me

Thine ambush'd kin thou ne'er shalt as The fiery Saxon gains on thee!

-Resistless speeds the deadly thrust, As lightning strikes the pine to dust; With foot and hand Fitz-James mu strain

Fre he can win his blade again. Bent o'er the fall'n, with falcon eye, He grimly smiled to see him die; Then slower wended back his way, Where the poor maiden bleeding lay.

XXVII.

She sate beneath the birchen tree, Her elbow resting on her knee; She had withdrawn the fatal shaft, And gazed on it, and feebly laugh'd; Her wreath of broom and feathers gr Daggled with blood, beside her lay. The Knight to stanch the life-stree

tried,—

"Stranger, it is in vain!" she cried.

"This hour of death has given me mo Of reason's power than years before; For, as these ebbing veins decay, My frenzied visions fade away. A helpless injured wretch I die, And something tells me in thine eye, That thou wert mine avenger born.—Seest thou this tress?—O! still I've we This little tress of yellow hair, Through danger, frenzy, and despair. It once was bright and clear as thine, But blood and tears have dimm'd

I will not tell thee when 'twas shred, Nor from what guiltless victim's head My brain would turn!—but it shall wa Like plumage on thy helmet brave, Till sun and wind shall bleach the sta And thou wilt bring it me again.— 1! more bright parting light !d's honour'd sign, rved by mine, a darksome man, f of Alpine's Clan, d shadowy plume, nd brow of gloom, r weapon strong, unche of Devan's

y pass and fell... O God!... fare-

IT.

ave Fitz-James; t pity's claims, ed grief and ire, maid expire. my relief, nder Chief!" s tresses fair oridegroom's hair; blood he dyed, onnet-side: is truth! I swear, wear, nbrue toderick Dhu! as you faint halloo? they shall know, ngerous foe." but guarded way, cliffs Fitz-James

is desperate track, ce turn'd back. d faint, at length, l loss of strength, hicket hoar, and perils o'er:itures past, prove the last! ight have guess'd, . hornet's nest varms so soon ands at Doune? v they search me

nd the shout!-

If further through the wilds I go, I only fall upon the foe: I'll couch me here till evening grey, Then darkling try my dangerous way."

XXIX.

The shades of eve come slowly down, The woods are wrapt in deeper brown, The owl awakens from her dell. The fox is heard upon the fell; Enough remains of glimmering light To guide the wanderer's steps aright, Yet not enough from far to show His figure to the watchful foe. With cautious step, and ear awake, He climbs the crag and threads the brake: And not the summer solstice, there, Temper'd the midnight mountain air, But every breeze, that swept the wold, Benumb'd his drenched limbs with cold. In dread, in danger, and alone, Famish'd and chill'd, through ways un-

known, Tangled and steep, he journey'd on; Till, as a rock's huge point he turn'd. A watch-fire close before him burn'd.

Beside its embers red and clear, Bask'd, in his plaid, a mountaincer; And up he sprung with sword in hand, -"Thy name and purpose! stand!"

"A stranger." "What dost thou re-

quire?"-"Rest and a guide, and food and fire. My life's beset, my path is lost, The gale has chill'd my limbs with frost." "Art thou a friend to Roderick?" "No. "Thou darest not call thyself a foe?" "I dare! to him and all the band He brings to aid his murderous hand." "Bold words !-but, though the beast of game

The privilege of chase may claim, Though space and law the stag we lend, Ere hound we slip, or bow we bend, Who ever reck'd, where, how, or when, The prowling fox was trapp'd or slain? Thus treacherous scouts, -yet sure they lie,

Who say thou camest a secret spy \"-

"They do, by heaven!—Come Roderick Dhu,
And of his clan the boldest two,
And let me but till morning rest,
I write the falsehood on their crest."
"If by the blaze I mark aright,
Thou bear'st the belt and spur of Knight."
"Then by these tokens may'st thou know
Each proud oppressor's mortal foe."—
"Enough, enough; sit down and share

XXXI.

A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare."

He gave him of his Highland cheer, The harden'd flesh of mountain deer; Dry fuel on the fire he laid, And bade the Saxon share his plaid. He tended him like welcome guest, Then thus his further speech address'd:—"Stranger, I am to Roderick Dhu A clansman born, a kinsman true; Each word against his honour spoke, Demands of me avenging stroke; Yet more, —upon thy fate, 'tis said, A mighty augury is laid. It rests with me to wind my horn,—

Thou art with numbers overborne; It rests with me, here, brand to brand. Worn as thou art, to bid thee stand: But, not for clan, nor kindred's case, Will I depart from honour's laws; To assail a wearied man were shame, And stranger is a holy name; Guidance and rest, and food and fire. In vain he never must require. Then rest thee here till dawn of day; Myself will guide thee on the way. O'er stock and stone, through watch a

ward,
Till past Clan-Alpine's outmost guan
As far as Coilantogle's ford;
From thence thy warrant is thy swon
"I take thy courtesy, by heaven,
As freely as 'tis nobly given!"
"Well, rest thee; for the bittern's ci
Sings us the lake's wild hillaly."
With that he shook the gather'd heat
And spread his plaid upon the wreat
And the brave foemen, side by side,
Lay peaceful down like brothers tried
And slept until the dawning beam
Purpled the mountain and the stream

CANTO FIFTH.

The Combat.

1

FAIR as the earliest beam of eastern light,
When first, by the bewilder'd pilgrim spied,
It smiles upon the dreary brow of night,
And silvers o'er the torrent's foaming tide,
And lights the fearful path on mountain side;
Fair as that beam, although the fairest far,
Giving to horror grace, to danger pride,
Shine martial Faith, and Courtesy's bright star,
Through all the wreckful storms that cloud the brow of War.

11.

That early beam, so fair and sheen, Was twinkling through the hazel screen, When, rousing at its glimmer red, The warriors left their lowly bed, Look'd out upon the dappled sky, Mutter'd their soldier matins by. And then awaked their fire, to steal, As short and rude, their soldier meal.

That o'er, the Gael* around him three His graceful plaid of varied hue, And, true to promise, led the way. By thicket green and mountain grey. A wildering path!—they winded now Along the precipice's brow,

The Scottish Highlander calls himself Ga or Gaul, and terms the Lowlanders Sassesse or Saxons.

ding the rich scenes beneath, lings of the Forth and Teith, he vales between that lie, ing's turrets melt in sky; ik in copse, their farthest glance of the length of horseman's lance. It is osteep, the foot was fain the from the hand to gain; if doft, that, bursting through, withorn shed her showers of the w,—

mond dew, so pure and clear, all but Beauty's tear!

TIT.

h they came where, stern and sinks down upon the deep. nnachar in silver flows, dge on ridge, Benledi rose; hollow path twined on, steep bank and threatening red men might hold the post dihood against a host. ed mountain's scanty cloak rfish shrubs of birch and oak, ngles bare, and cliffs between, :hes bright of bracken green, ther black, that waved so high, he copse in rivalry. e the lake slept deep and still, ers fringed the swamp and hill; oth path and hill were torn, intry torrents down had borne, 'd upon the cumber'd land of gravel, rocks, and sand. ne was the road to trace, , abating of his pace, through the pass's jaws, I Fitz-James, by what strange t these wilds? traversed by few, 1 pass from Roderick Dhu.

ıv.

iael, my pass, in danger tried, my belt, and by my side; h to tell," the Saxon said, it not now to claim its aid. re, but three days since, I came, d in pursuit of game,

All seem'd as peaceful and as still, As the mist slumbering on yon hill; Thy dangerous Chief was then afar, Nor soon expected back from war. Thus said, at least, my mountain-guide, Though deep perchance the villain lied. "Yet why a second venture try?" "A warrior thou, and ask me why !-Moves our free course by such fix'd cause, As gives the poor mechanic laws? Enough, I sought to drive away The lazy hours of peaceful day; Slight cause will then suffice to guide A Knight's free footsteps far and wide, A falcon flown, a greyhound stray'd, The merry glance of mountain maid: Or, if a path be dangerous known, The danger's self is lure alone."-

v.

"Thy secret keep, I urge thee not;—Yet, ere again ye sought this spot, Say, heard ye nought of Lowland war, Against Clan-Alpine, rais'd by Mar?"—"No, by my word;—of bands prepared To guard King James's sports I heard; Nor doubt I aught, but, when they hear This muster of the mountaineer, Their pennons will abroad be flung, Which else in Doune had peaceful hung."—

"Free be they flung! for we were loth
Their silken folds should feast the moth.
Free be they flung!—as free shall wave
Clan-Alpine's pine in banner brave.
But, Stranger, peaceful since you came,
Bewilder'd in the mountain game,
Whence the bold boast by which you
show

Vich-Alpine's vow'd and mortal foe?"—
"Warrior, but yester-morn, I knew
Nought of thy Chieftain, Roderick Dhu,
Save as an outlaw'd desperate man,
The chief of a rebellious clan,
Who, in the Regent's court and sight,
With ruffian dagger stabb'd a knight:
Yet this alone might from his part
Sever each true and loyal heart."

VI.

Wrothful at such arraignment foul, Dark lower'd the clansman's sable scowl. A space he paused, then sternly said, "And heard'st thou why he drew his blade?

Heard'st thou, that shameful word and

Brought Roderick's vengeance on his foe? What reck'd the Chieftain if he stood On Highland heath, or Holy-Rood? He rights such wrong where it is given, If it were in the court of heaven. "Still was it outrage; -yet, 'tis true, Not then claim'd sovereignty his due; While Albany, with feeble hand, Held borrow'd truncheon of command, The young King, mew'd in Stirling tower, Was stranger to respect and power. But then, thy Chieftain's robber life! Winning mean prey by causeless strife, Wrenching from ruin'd Lowland swain His herds and harvest rear d in vain. -Methinks a soul, like thine, should scorn The spoils from such foul foray borne,"

r I I

The Gael beheld him grim the while, And answer'd with disd unfal emile, -"Saxon, from yon ier mountain high, I mark'd thee send delighted eve, Far to the south and east, where lav, Extended in succession gay, Deep waving fields and pastures green, With gentle slopes and groves between:— These fertile plains, that soften'd vale, Were once the birthright of the Gael; The stranger came with iron hand, And from our fathers reft the land. Where dwell we now! See, rudely swell Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell. Ask we this savage hill we tread, For fatten'd steer or household bread: Ask we for flocks these shingles dry, And well the mountain might reply,--'To you, as to your sires of yore, Belong the target and clavm ire! I give you shelter in my breast, Your own good blades must win the rest.' Pent in this fortress of the North, Think'st thou we will not sally forth, To spoil the spoiler as we may, And from the robber rend the prey? Ay, by my soul !- While on you plain The Saxon rears one shock of grain;

While, of ten thousand herds, there st But one along you river's maze,— The Gael, of plain and river heir, Shall, with strong hand, redeem his st Where live the mountain Chiefs who! That plundering Lowland field and Is aught but retribution true? Seek other cause 'gainst Role Dhu."—

VIII.

Answer'd Fitz-James,—"And, if I son Think'st thou no other could be brou What deem ye of my path waylaid My life given o'er to ambuscade?"-"As of a meed to rashness due: Hadst thou sent warning fair and tru I seek my hound, or falcon stray'd, I seek, good faith, a Highland mai Free hadst thou been to come and g But secret path marks secret foe. Nor vet, for this, even as a spv, Hadst thou, unheard, been doom'd to Save to fulfil an augury."-" Well, let it pass; nor will I now Fresh cause of enmity avow, To chafe thy mood and cloud thy br Enough, I am by promise tied To match me with this man of prid Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine's In peace; but when I come again, I come with banner, brand, and bo As leader seeks his mortal foe. For love-lorn swain, in lady's bowe Ne'er panted for the appointed how As I, until before me stand This rebel Chieftain and his hand!"

IX

"Have, then, thy wish!"—He whis shril,
And he was answer'd from the hill; Wild as the scream of the curlew,
From crag to crag the signal flew.
Instant, through copse and heath, a Bonnets and spears and bended bow.
On right, on left, above, below,
Sprung up at once the lurking foe;
From shingles grey their lances star.
The bracken bush sends forth the di.
The rushes and the willow-wand.
Are bristling into axe and brand,

tuft of broom gives life l warrior arm'd for strife. tle garrison'd the glen ith full five hundred men. rawning hill to heaven nean host had given. their leader's beck and will, there they stood, and still. oose crags whose threatening ing o'er the hollow pass, ifant's touch could urge long passage down the verge, and weapon forward flung, mountain-side they hung taineer cast glance of pride ledi's living side, his eye and sable brow tz-James-" How say'st thou Clan-Alpine's warriors true;

n.—I am Roderick Dhu!"

x.

: was brave :- Though to his ood thrill'd with sudden start, 1 himself with dauntless air, he Chief his haughty stare, against a rock he bore, y placed his foot before :e, come all! this rock shall fly rm base as soon as I." ck mark'd-and in his eyes as mingled with surprise, ern joy which warriors feel worthy of their steel. e he stood--then waved his .d: k the disappearing band; ior vanish'd where he stood, or bracken, heath or wood; d and spear and bended bow, ale and copses low; as if their mother Earth ow'd up her warlike birth. s last breath had toss'd in air, nd plaid, and plumage fair,out swept a lone hill-side, th and fern were waving wide: last glance was glinted back,

From spear and glaive, from targe and jack,—
The next, all unreflected, shone
On bracken green, and cold grey stone.

, and cold g

Fitz-James look'd round-yet scarce believed The witness that his sight received; Such apparition well might seem Delusion of a dreadful dream. Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed, And to his look the Chief replied, "Fear nought-nay, that I need not say-But-doubt not aught from mine array. Thou art my guest; -I pledged my word As far as Coilantogle ford: Nor would I call a clansman's brand For aid against one valiant hand, Though on our strife lay every vale Rent by the Saxon from the Gael. So move we on ;-I only meant To show the reed on which you leant, Deeming this path you might pursue Without a pass from Roderick Dhu. They moved:—I said Fitz-James was brave,

As ever knight that belted glaive; Yet dare not say, that now his blood Kept on its wont and temper'd flood, As, following Roderick's stride, he drew That seeming lonesome pathway through, Which yet, by fearful proof, was rife With lances, that, to take his life, Waited but signal from a guide, So late dishonour'd and defied. Ever, by stealth, his eye sought round The vanish'd guardians of the ground, And still, from copse and heather deep, Fancy saw spear and broadsword peep, And in the plover's shrilly strain, The signal whistle heard again. Nor breathed he free till far behind The pass was left; for then they wind Along a wide and level green, Where neither tree nor tuft was seen, Nor rush nor bush of broom was near, To hide a bonnet or a spear.

XII.

The Chief in silence strode before, And reach'd that torrent's sounding shore, Which, daughter of three mighty lakes, From Vennachar in silver breaks, Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless mines

On Bochastle the mouldering lines,
Where Rome, the Empress of the world,
Of yore her eagle wings unfurl'd.
And here his course the Chieftain staid,
Threw down his target and his plaid,
And to the Lowland warrior said—
"Bold Saxon! to his promise just,
Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.
This murderous Chief, this ruthless man,
This head of a rebellious clan,
Hath led thee safe, through watch and
ward,

Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard. Now, man to man, and steel to steel, A Chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel. See, here, all vantageless I stand, Arm'd, like thyself, with single brand: For this is Coilantogle ford, And thou must keep thee with thy sword."

XIII.

The Saxon paused: "I ne'er delay'd, When foeman bade me draw my blade; Nay more, brave Chief, I vow'd thy death:

Vet sure thy fair and generous faith,
And my deep debt for life preserved,
A better meed have well deserved:
Can nought but blood our feud atone?
Are there no means?"—"No, Stranger,
none!

And hear,—to fire thy flagging zeal,—
The Saxon cause rests on thy steel;
For thus spoke Fate, by prophet bred
Between the living and the dead;
'Who spills the foremost foeman's life,
His party conquers in the strife.'
"Then, by my word," the Saxon said,
"The riddle is already read.
Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff,—
There lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff.
Thus Fate hath solved her prophecy,
Then yield to Fate, and not to me.
To James, at Stirling, let us go,
When, if thou wilt be still his foe,
Or if the King shall not agree
To grant thee grace and favour free,

I plight mine honour, oath, a That, to thy native strengths With each advantage shalt the That aids thee now to guard

XIV.

Dark lightning flash'd from I

" Soars thy presumption, ther Because a wretched kern ye s Homage to name to Roderick He yields not, he, to man no Thou add'st but fuel to my bu My clansman's blood demand Not yet prepared?-By heaven My thought, and hold thy vale As that of some vain carpet ki Who ill deserved my courtenu And whose best boast is but I A braid of his fair lady's hair. "I thank thee, Roderick, for t It nerves my heart, it steels u For I have sworn this braid w In the best blood that warms t Now, truce, farewell 1 and, gone !-

Yet think not that by thee alor Proud Chief! can courtesy be Though not from copse, or heath Start at my whistle clansmen a Of this small horn one feeble! Would fearful odds against the But fear not—doubt not—whi

We try this quarrel hilt to hilt. Then each at once his falchion Each on the ground his scabbar Each look'd to sun, and stream, at As what they ne'er might see as Then foot, and point, and eye of In dubious strife they darkly cle

XV.

Ill fared it then with Roderick I That on the field his targe he th Whose brazen studs and tough b Had death so often dash'd aside For, train'd abroad his arms to Fitz-James's blade was sword and He practised every pass and was 'To thrust, to strike, to bood, to

expert, though stronger far, maintain'd unequal war. s in closing strife they stood, the Saxon bladedrank blood; draught, no scanty tide, ig flood the tartans dyed. lerick felt the fatal drain, r'd his blows like wintry rain; m rock, or castle-roof, e winter shower is proof, vulnerable still, vild rage by steady skill; rantage ta'en, his brand derick's weapon from his i, rard borne upon the lea, proud Chieftain to his knee.

XVI.

d thee, or by Him who made, thy heart's blood dyes my e!"—
its, thy mercy, I defy!
it yield, who fears to die."
ler darting from his coil,
hat dashes through the toil,
ntain-cat who guards her
ng,
z-James's throat he sprung;
nt reck'd not of a wound,
his arms his foeman round.—
nt Saxon, hold thine own!
s' shand is round thee thrown!
rrate grasp thy frame might

they strain! down, down go, bove, Fitz-James below. ain's gripe his throat coms'd, 'as planted on his breast; locks he backward threw, brow his hand he drew, 1 and mist to clear his sight, 'd aloft his dagger bright!— and fury ill supplied of life's exhausted tide, late the advantage came, odds of deadly game; the dagger gleam'd on high,

urs of brass and triple steel!—

Reel'd soul and sense, reel'd brain and eye.

Down came the blow! but in the heath The erring blade found bloodless sheath. The struggling foe may now unclasp The fainting Chiel's relaxing grasp; Unwounded from the dreadful close, But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

YVII

He falter'd thanks to Heaven for life, Redeem'd, unhoped, from desperate strife;

Next on his foe his look he cast,
Whose every gasp appear'd his last;
In Roderick's gore he dipp'd the braid,—
"Poor Blanche! thy wrongs are dearly
paid:

Yet with thy foe must die, or live, The praise that faith and valour give." With that he blew a bugle note, Undid the collar from his throat, Unbonneted, and by the wave Sate down his brow and hands to lave. Then faint afar are heard the feet Of rushing steeds in gallop fleet; The sounds increase, and now are seen Four mounted squires in Lincoln green; Two who bear lance, and two who lead, By loosen'd rein, a saddled steed; Each onward held his headlong course, And by Fitz-James rein'd up his horse, -With wonder view'd the bloody spot --" Exclaim not, gallants! question not.

You, Herbert and Luffness, alight,
And bind the wounds of yonder knight;
Let the grey palfrey bear his weight,
We destined for a fairer freight,
And bring him on to Stirling straight;
I will before at better speed,
To seek fresh horse and fitting weed.
The sun rides high;—I must be boune,
To see the archer-game at noon;
But lightly Bayard clears the lea.—
De Vaux and Herries, follow me.

"Stand, Bayard, stand!"—the steed obey'd, With arching neck and bended head,

With arching neck and bended head, And glancing eye and quivering ear, As if he loved his lord to hear.

No foot Fitz-James in stirrup staid, No grasp upon the saddle laid, But wreath'd his left hand in the mane, And lightly bounded from the plain, Turn'd on the horse his armed heel, And stirr'd his courage with the steel. Bounded the fiery steed in air, The rider sate erect and fair, Then like a bolt from steel crossbow Forth launch'd, along the plain they go. They dash'd that rapid torrent through, And up Carhonie's hill they flew; Still at the gallop prick'd the Knight, His merry-men follow'd as they might. Along thy banks, swift Teith! they ride, And in the race they mock thy tide; Torry and Lendrick now are past, And Deanstown lies behind them cast; They rise, the banner'd towers of Doune, They sink in distant woodland soon: Blair-Drummond sees the hoofs strike

They sweep like breeze through Ochtertyre;

They mark just glance and disappear The lofty brow of ancient Kier; They bathe their coursers' sweltering sides,

Dark Forth! amid thy sluggish tides, And on the opposing shore take ground, With plash, with scramble, and with bound.

Right-hand they leave thy cliffs, Craig-Forth!

And soon the bulwark of the North, Grey Stirling, with her towers and town, Upon their fleet career look'd down,

XIX.

As up the flinty path they strain'd, Sudden his steed the leader rein'd; A signal to his squire he flung, Who instant to his stirrup sprung:— "Seest thou, De Vaux, you woodsman grey,

Who town-ward holds the rocky way,
Of stature tall and poor array?
Mark'st thou the firm, yet active stride,
With which he scales the mountain-side?
Know'st thou from whence he comes, or
whom?"

"No, by my word; -a burly groom

He seems, who in the field or chas A baron's train would nobly grace. "Out, out, De Vaux! can fear sur And jealousy, no sharper eye! Afar, ere to the hill he drew, That stately form and step I knew Like form in Scotland is not seen, Treads not such step on Scottish 'Tis James of Douglas, by Saint S The uncle of the banish'd Earl. Away, away, to court, to show The near approach of dreaded foe: The King must stand upon his gua Douglas and he must meet prepare Then right-hand wheel'd their st and straight

They won the castle's postern gate.

vv

The Douglas, who had bent his wa From Cambus-Kenneth's abber gre Now, as he climb'd the rocky shelf Held sad communion with himself: "Yes! all is true my fears could frau A prisoner lies the noble Grane, And fiery Roderick soon will feel The vengeance of the royal steel. I, only I, can ward their fate,-God grant the ransom come not lat The abbess hath her promise given My child shall be the bride of heave Be pardon'd one repining tear! For He, who gave her, knows how t How excellent !- but that is by, And now my business is-to die. -Ye towers! within whose circuit d A Douglas by his sovereign bled; And thou, O sad and fatal mound! That oft hast heard the death-axe so As on the noblest of the land Fell the stern headsman's bloody han The dungeon, block, and nameless t Prepare-for Douglas seeks his dot But hark! what blithe and jolly Makes the Franciscan steeple reel? And see! upon the crowded street In motley groups what masquers # Banner and pageant, pipe and drus And merry morrice-dancers come. I guess, by all this quaint array, The burghers hold their sports to-d James will be there; he loves such a

good yeoman bends his bow, ugh wrestler foils his foe, where, in proud career, orn tilter shivers spear. to the Castle-park, ny prize; - King James shall tamed these sinews stark, ce so oft, in happier days, wonder loved to praise.

XXI.

gates were open flung, ring draw-bridge rock'd and I loud the flinty street e coursers' clattering feet, down the steep descent ind's King and nobles went, ulong the crowded way e and loud huzza. lames was bending low, te jennet's saddlebow, cap to city dame, ed and blush'd for pride and he simperer might be vain, the fairest of the train. : greets each city sire, seach pageant's quaint attire, e dancers thanks aloud, s and nods upon the crowd, the heavens with their e the Commons' King, King ies !" e King throng'd peer and dame and damsel bright, y steeds ill brook'd the stay ep street and crowded way. ne train you might discern ring brow and visage stem; oles mourn'd their pride rein'd. ican burgher's joys disdain'd; , who, hostage for their clan, from home a banish'd man, ught upon their own grey ng woods, their feudal power,

And deem'd themselves a shameful part Of pageant which they cursed in heart.

XXII.

Now, in the Castle-park, drew out Their chequer'd bands the joyous rout. There morricers, with bell at heel, And blade in hand, their mazes wheel; But chief, beside the butts, there stand Bold Robin Hood and all his band,-Friar Tuck with quarterstaff and cowl, Old Scathelocke with his surly scowl, Maid Marion, fair as ivory bone, Scarlet, and Mutch, and Little John: Their bugles challenge all that will, In archery to prove their skill, The Douglas bent a bow of might,-His first shaft centred in the white, And when in turn he shot again, His second split the first in twain. From the King's hand must Douglas take A silver dart, the archer's stake; Fondly he watch'd, with watery eye, Some answering glance of sympathy, -No kind emotion made reply! Indifferent as to archer wight, The monarch gave the arrow bright.

XXIII.

Now, clear the ring! for, hand to hand, The manly wrestlers take their stand. Two o'er the rest superior rose, And proud demanded mightier foes, Nor call'd in vain; for Douglas came. -For life is Hugh of Larbert lame; Scarce better John of Alloa's fare, Whom senseless home his comrades bare. Prize of the wrestling match, the King To Douglas gave a golden ring, While coldly glanced his eye of blue, As frozen drop of wintry dew. Douglas would speak, but in his breast His struggling soul his words suppress'd; Indignant then he turn'd him where Their arms the brawny yeomen bare, To hurl the massive bar in air. When each his utmost strength had shown, The Douglas rent an earth-fast stone From its deep bed, then heaved it high,

And sent the fragment through the sky,

A rood beyond the farthest mark; And still in Stirling's royal park, The grey-hair'd sires, who know the past, Strangers point the Douglas-cast, And moralize on the decay Of Scottish strength in modern day.

XXIV.

The vale with loud applauses range The Ladies' Rock sent back the clang. The King, with look unmoved, bestow'd A purse well fill'd with pieces broad. Indignant smiled the Douglas proud, And threw the gold among the crowd, Who now, with anxious wonder, scan, And sharper glance, the dark grey man; Till whispers rose among the throng, That heart so free, and hand so strong, Must to the Douglas blood belong; The old men mark'd and shook the head, To see his hair with silver spread, And wink'd aside, and told each son, Of feats upon the English done, Ere Douglas of the stalwart hand Was exiled from his native land. The women prais'd his stately form, Though wreck'd by many a winter's storm;

The youth with awe and wonder saw His strength surpassing Nature's law. Thus judged, as is their wont, the crowd, Till murmur rose to clamours loud. But not a glance from that proud ring Of peers who circled round the King, With Pouglas held communion kind, Or call'd the banish'd man to mind; No, not from those who, at the chase, Once held his side the honour'd place, Begirt his board, and, in the field, Pound safety underneath his shield; For he, whom royal eyes disown, When was his form to courtiers known!

xxv.

The Monarch saw the gambols flag, And bade let loose a gallant stag, Whose pride, the holiday to crown, Two favourite greyhounds should pull down,

That venison free, and Bourdeaux wine, Might serve the archery to dine.

But Lufra,—whom from Douglas' sid Nor bribe nor threat could e'er divide The fleetest hound in all the North,-Brave Lufra saw, and darted forth. She left the royal hounds mid-way, And dashing on the antler'd prev. Sunk her sharp muzzle in his flank, And deep the flowing life-blood draw The King's stout huntsman saw the son By strange intruder broken short, Came up, and with his leash unbound In anger struck the noble hound. The Douglas had endured, that more The King's cold look, the nobles' scot And last, and worst to spirit proud, Had borne the pity of the crowd; But Lufra had been fondly bred, To share his board, to watch his bed, And oft would Ellen, Lufra's neck In maiden glee with garlands deck ; They were such playmates, that wit name

Of Lufra, Ellen's image came.
His stifled wrath is brimming high,
In darken'd brow and flashing eye;
As waves before the bark divide,
The crowd gave way before his stride;
Needs but a buffet and no more,
The groom lies senseless in his gore.
Such blow no other hand could deal,
Though gauntleted in glove of steel.

XXVI.

Then clamour'd loud the royal train, And brandish'd swords and staves amain But stern the Baron's warning—"Back Back, on your lives, ye menial pack! Beware the Douglas,—Yes! behold, King James! The Douglas, doom'd old,

And vainly sought for near and far,
A victim to atone the war,
A willing victim, now attends,
Nor craves thy grace but for 1

friends."—
"Thus is my clemency repaid?
Presumptuous Lord!" the Monarch sai
"Of thy mis-proud ambitious clan,
Thou, James of Bothwell, wert the mi
The only man, in whom a foe
My woman-mercy would not know:

Monarch's presence brook low, and haughty look?—
the Captain of our Guard!
fender fitting ward.—
he sports!"—for tumult rose,
n'gan to bend their bows,—
f the sports!" he said, and
n'd,
our horsemen clear the
ind."

XXVIL ar wild and misarray fair form of festal day. nen prick'd among the crowd, r threats and insult loud; re borne the old and weak, nus fly, the women shriek; with shaft, with staff, with bar, r urge tumultuous war. and Douglas darkly sweep pears in circle deep, r scale the pathway steep; he rear in thunder pour with disorder'd roar. the noble Douglas saw ions rise against the law, leading soldier said,of Hyndford! 'twas my blade, thood on thy shoulder laid; ood deed, permit me then ith these misguided men.

ntle friends! ere yet for me, he bands of fealty. y honour, and my cause, e to Scotland's laws. so weak as must require your misguided ire? ffer causeless wrong, selfish rage so strong, of public weal so low, nean vengeance on a foe, is of love I should unbind, t my country and my kind? elieve, in yonder tower soothe my captive hour, those spears our foes should ιd.

kindred gore are red;

in fruitless brawl begun,

at mother wails her son;

XXVIII.

For me, that widow's mate expires; For me, that orphans weep their sires; That patriots mourn insulted laws, And curse the Douglas for the cause. O let your patience ward such ill, And keep your right to love me still!"

The crowd's wild fury sunk again In tears, as tempests melt in rain. With lifted hands and eyes, they pray'd For blessings on his generous head, Who for his country felt alone, And prized her blood beyond his own. Old men, upon the verge of life, Bless'd him who stay'd the civil strife; And mothers held their babes on high, The self-devoted Chief to spy, Triumphant over wrongs and ire To whom the prattlers owed a sire: Even the rough soldier's heart was moved; As if behind some bier beloved, With trailing arms and drooping head, The Douglas up the hill he led, And at the Castle's battled verge, With sighs resign'd his honour'd charge.

The offended Monarch rode apart,
With bitter thought and swelling heart,
And would not now vouchsafe again
Through Stirling streets to lead his
train.

"O Lennox, who would wish to rule This changeling crowd, this common fool? Hear'st thou," he said, "the loud acclaim.

Hear'st thou," he said, "the loud acclaim, With which they shout the Douglas name? With like acclaim, the vulgar throat Strain'd for King James their morning note:

With like acclaim they hail'd the day, When first I broke the Douglas' sway; And like acclaim would Douglas greet If he could hurl me from my seat. Who o'er the herd would wish to reign, Fantastic, fickle, fierce, and vain! Vain as the leaf upon the stream, And fickle as a changeful dream; Fantastic as a woman's mood, And fierce as Frenzy's fever'd blood. Thou many-headed monster-thing, O who would wish to be thy king!

XXXI.

"But soft! what messenger of speed Spurs hitherward his panting steed! I guess his cognizance afar—What from our cousin, John of Mar?"—"He prays, my liege, your sports keep bound!
Within the sofe and guarded ground.

Within the safe and guarded ground: For some foul purpose yet unknown,—Most sure for evil to the throne,—The outlaw'd Chieftain, Roderick Dhu, Has summon'd his rebellious crew; 'Tis said, in James of Bothwell's aid These loose banditti stand array'd. The Earl of Mar, this morn, from Doune, To break their muster march'd, and soon Your grace will hear of battle fought; But earnestly the Earl besought, Till for such danger he provide, With scanty train you will not ride."

XXXII.

"Thou warn'st me I have done amiss,—I should have earlier look'd to this: I lost it in this bustling day.
—Retrace with speed thy former way; Spare not for spoiling of thy steed, The best of mine shall be thy meed. Say to our faithful Lord of Mar, We do forbid the intended war: Roderick, this morn, in single fight, Was made our prisoner by a knight; And Douglas hath himself and cause Submitted to our kingdom's laws. The tidings of their leaders lost

Will soon dissolve the mountain host Nor would we that the vulgar feel, For their Chief's crimes, avenging ste Bear Mar our message, Braco; fty:' He turn'd his steed,—"My liege, I hie, Yet, ere I cross this lily lawn, I fear the broadswords will be drawn. The turf the flying courser spurn'd, And to his towers the King return'd.

XXXIII.

Ill with King James' mood that day, Suited gay feast and minstrel lay; Soon were dismiss'd the courtly throu And soon cut short the festal song. Nor less upon the sadden'd town The evening sunk in sorrow down. The burghers spoke of civil jar, Of rumour'd feuds and mountain was Of Moray, Mar, and Roderick Dhu, All up in arms :- the Douglas too. They mourn'd him pent within the hole " Where stout Earl William was of old And there his word the speaker staid, And finger on his lip he laid, Or pointed to his dagger blade. But jaded horsemen, from the west, At evening to the Castle press'd; And busy talkers said they bore Tidings of fight on Katrine's shore; At noon the deadly fray begun, And lasted till the set of sun. Thus giddy rumour shook the town. Till closed the Night her pennons brow

CANTO SIXTH.

The Guard-Room.

1

THE sun, awakening, through the smoky air
Of the dark city casts a sullen glance,
Rousing each caitiff to his task of care,
Of sinful man the sad inheritance;
Summoning revellers from the lagging dance,
Scaring the prowling robber to his den;
Gilding on battled tower the warder's lance,
And warning student pale to leave his pen,
And yield his drowsy eyes to the kind nurse of men.

What various scenes, and, O! what scenes of woe,
Are witness'd by that red and struggling beam!
The fever'd patient, from his pallet low,
Through crowded hospital beholds its stream;
The ruin'd maiden trembles at its gleam,
The debtor wakes to thought of gyve and jail,
The love-lorn wretch starts from tormenting dream;
The wakeful mother, by the glimmering pale,
Trims her sick infant's couch, and soothes his feeble wail.

m the towers of Stirling rang oldier-step and weapon-clang, drums, with rolling note, foretell to weary sentinel. gh narrow loop and casement barr'd, abeams sought the Court of Guard, straggling with the smoky air, a'd the torches' yellow glare. ifortless alliance shone ghts through arch of blacken'd stone, ow'd wild shapes in garb of war, leform'd with beard and scar, gard from the midnight watch, ver'd with the stern debauch; e oak table's massive board, ed with wine, with fragments stored, eakers drain'd, and cups o'erthrown, I in what sport the night had flown. weary, snored on floor and bench; abour'd still their thirst to quench; chill'd with watching, spread their hands e huge chimney's dying brands, round them, or beside them flung, ry step their harness rung.

drew not for their fields the sword, mants of a feudal lord, vn'd the patriarchal claim ieftain in their leader's name; turers they, from far who roved, by battle which they loved. the Italian's clouded face, varthy Spaniard's there you trace; iountain-loving Switzer there freely breathed in mountain-air; leming there despised the soil,

That paid so ill the labourer's toil; Their rolls show'd French and German

name;
And merry England's exiles came,
To share, with ill-conceal'd disdain,
Of Scotland's pay the scanty gain.
All brave in arms, well train'd to wield
The heavy halberd, brand, and shield;
In camps licentious, wild, and bold;
In pillage fierce and uncontroll'd;
And now, by holytide and feast,
From rules of discipline released.

They held debate of bloody fray,
Fought 'twist Loch Katrine and Achray.
Fierce was their speech, and, 'mid their
words,

Their hands oft grappled to their swords; Nor sunk their tone to spare the ear Of wounded comrades groaning near, Whose mangled limbs, and bodies gored, Bore token of the mountain sword, Though, neighbouring to the Court of Guard.

Their prayers and feverish wails were heard;

Sad burden to the ruffian joke,
And savage oath by fury spoke!—
At length up-started John of Brent,
A yeoman from the banks of Trent;
A stranger to respect or fear,
In peace a chaser of the deer,
In host a hardy mutineer,
But still the boldest of the crew,
When deed of danger was to do.
He grieved, that day, their games cut
short.

And marr'd the dicer's brawling sport, And shouted loud, "Renew the bowl! And, while a merry catch I troll, Let each the buxom chorus bear, Like brethren of the brand and spear."

V.

Soldier's Song.

Our vicar still preaches that Peter and Poule Laid a swinging long curse on the bonny brown bowl, That there's wrath and despair in the jolly black-jack, And the seven deadly sins in a flagon of sack; Yet whoop, Barnaby! off with thy liquor, Drink upsees out, and a fig for the vicar!

Our vicar he calls it damnation to sip
The ripe ruddy dew of a woman's dear lip,
Says, that Beelzebub lurks in her kerchief so sly,
And Apollyon shoots darts from her merry black eye;
Yet whoop, Jack! kiss Gillian the quicker,
Till she bloom like a rose, and a fig for the vicar!
Our vicar thus preaches—and why should he not?
For the dues of his cure are the placket and pot;
And 'tis right of his office poor laymen to lurch,
Who infringe the domains of our good Mother Church.
Yet whoop, bully-boys! off with your liquor,
Sweet Marjorie's the word, and a fig for the vicar!

VI

The warder's challenge, heard without, Staid in mid-roar the merry shout. A soldier to the portal went,—
"Here is old Bertram, sirs, of Ghent; And,—beat for jubilee the drum! A maid and minstrel with him come." Bertram, a Fleming, grey and scarr'd, Was entering now the Court of Guard, A harper with him, and in plaid All muffled close, a mountain maid, Who backward shrunk to 'scape the view Of the loose scene and boisterous crew. "What news!" they roar'd:—"I only know,

From noon till eve we fought with foe, As wild and as untameable As the rude mountains where they dwell; On both sides store of blood is lost, Nor much success can either boast."—
"But whence thy captives, friend? such spoil

As theirs must needs reward thy toil. Old dost thou wax, and wars grow sharp; Thou now hast glee-maiden and harp! Get thee an ape, and trudge the land, The leader of a juggler band."—

* Bacchanalian interjection, borrowed from the Dutch.

7.11

"No, comrade;—no such for After the fight these sought of That aged harper and the gi And, having audience of the Mar bade I should purvey thand bring them hitherward Forbear your mirth and rue For none shall do then harm."—

"Hear ye his boast?" c

Ever to strife and jangling
"Shall he strike doe besic
And yet the jealous nigg:
To pay the forester his fe
I'll have my share howe
Despite of Moray, Mar,
Bertram his forward stej
And, burning in his ven
Old Allan, though unfit
Laid hand upon his dag
But Ellen boldly stepp
And dropp dat once the
So, from his morning
The sun of May, thror
tears.

The savage soldiery, As on descended and

y Brent, abash'd and tamed, admiring, half ashamed.

VIII.

· spoke, - "Soldiers, attend! was the soldier's friend; m in camps, in marches led, him in the battle bled. he valiant, or the strong, le's daughter suffer wrong." De Brent, most forward still at or good or ill,me of the part I play'd: an outlaw's child, poor maid! I by forest laws, / Needwood knows the cause. —if Rose be living now," his iron eye and brow, ar such age, I think, as thou. ny mates; - I go to call in of our watch to hall: my halberd on the floor; at steps my halberd o'er, maid injurious part, hall quiver in his heart !se speech, or jesting rough: w John de Brent. Enough."

IX.

tain came, a gallant young, ardine's house he sprung,) he yet the spurs of knight; is mien, his humour light, gh by courtesy controll'd, is speech, his bearing bold. orn maiden ill could brook ing of his curious look less eye; -and yet, in sooth, wis was a generous youth; s lovely face and mien, o the garb and scene, tly bear construction strange, oose fancy scope to range. to Stirling towers, fair maid! o seek a champion's aid, white, with harper hoar, t damosel of yore? tigh quest a knight require, e venture suit a squire?"eye flash'd;—she paused and ave I to do with pride!-

-Through scenes of sorrow, shame, and strife.

A suppliant for a father's life, I crave an audience of the King. Behold, to back my suit, a ring, The royal pledge of grateful claims, Given by the Monarch to Fitz-James."

X

The signet-ring young Lewis took, With deep respect and alter'd look; And said,—"This ring our duties own; And pardon, if to worth unknown, In semblance mean obscurely veil'd, Lady, in aught my folly fail'd. Soon as the day flings wide his gates, The King shall know what suitor waits. Please you, meanwhile, in fitting bower Repose you till his waking hour; Female attendance shall obey Your hest, for service or array. Permit I marshal you the way." But, ere she follow'd, with the grace And open bounty of her race, She bade her slender purse be shared Among the soldiers of the guard. The rest with thanks their guerdon took; But Brent, with shy and awkward look, On the reluctant maiden's hold Forced bluntly back the proffer'd gold; -"Forgive a haughty English heart, And O forget its ruder part! The vacant purse shall be my share, Which in my barret-cap I'll bear, Perchance, in jeopardy of war, Where gayer crests may keep afar." With thanks, - 'twas all she could-the maid

His rugged courtesy repaid.

XI.

When Ellen forth with Lewis went, Allan made suit to John of Brent:—
"My lady safe, O let your grace Give me to see my master's face! His minstrel I,—to share his doom Bound from the cradle to the tomb. Tenth in descent, since first my sires Waked for his noble house their lyres, Nor one of all the race was known. But prized its weal above their own.

With the Chief's birth begins our care; Our harp must soothe the infant heir, Teach the youth tales of fight, and grace His earliest feat of field or chase; In peace, in war, our rank we keep, We cheer his board, we soothe his sleep, Nor leave him till we pour our verse,-A doleful tribute !- o'er his hearse. Then let me share his captive lot; It is my right-deny it not ! "-"Little we reck," said John of Brent, "We Southern men, of long descent : Nor wot we how a name-a word-Makes clansmen vassals to a lord: Vet kind my noble landlord's part,-God bless the house of Beaudesert! And, but I loved to drive the deer, More than to guide the labouring steer, I had not dwelt an outcast here. Come, good old Minstrel, follow me; Thy Lord and Chieftain shalt thou see."

XII.

Then, from a rusted iron hook,
A bunch of ponderous keys he took,
Lighted a torch, and Allan led
Through grated arch and passage dread.
Portals they pass'd, where, deep within,
Spoke prisoner's moan, and fetters' dia;
Through rugged vaults, where, loosely
stored.

Lay wheel, and axe, and headsman's

sword,
And many a hideous engine grim,
For wrenching joint, and crushing limb,
By artist form'd, who deem'd it shame
And sin to give their work a name.
They halted at a low-brow'd porch,
And Brent to Allan gave the torch,
While bolt and chain he backward roll'd,
And made the bar unhasp its hold.
They enter'd:—'twas a prison-room
Of stern security and gloom,
Yet not a dungeon; for the day
Through lofty gratings found its way,
And rude and antique garniture
Deck'd the sad walls and oaken floor;
Such as the rugged days of old
Deem'd fit for captive noble's hold.

"Here," said De Brent, "thou may'st

remain
Till the Leech visit him again,

Strict is his charge, the warders tell."
To tend the noble prisoner well."
Retiring then the bolt he drew,
And the lock's murmurs grow'd at
Roused at the sound, from lowly ha
A captive feebly raised his head;
The wondering Minstrel look'd,
knew—

Not his dear lord, but Roderick II For, come from where Clan-A fought.

They, erring, deem'd the Chief he sa

XIII.

As the tall ship, whose lofty pron Shall never stem the billows more Deserted by her gallant band, Amid the breakers lies astrand,— So, on his couch, lay Rodenck In-And of his fever'd limbs he these In toss abrupt, as when her side Lie rocking in the advancing bas. That shake her frame with me

Yet cannot heave her from her at O! how unlike her course at sa! Or his free step on hill and lea!—Soon as the Minstrel he could can—"What of thy lady?—of my come My mother?—Douglas?—tell me a Have they been ruin'd in my fall! Ab, yes! or wherefore art thou her Yet speak,—speak boldly,—do fear."—

(For Allan, who his mood well knew Was choked with grief and terror "Who fought—who fled?—Old be brief;—

Some might—for they had lost Chief.

Who basely live?—who bravely die "O, calm thee, Chief!" the Min cried,

"Ellen is safe;"—"For that the

"And hopes are for the Douglas give The Lady Margaret too is well; And, for thy clan,—on field or fell, Has never harp of minstrel told, Of combat fought so true and bold Thy stately Pine is yet unbent, Though many a goodly bough is re

XIV.

hieftain rear'd his form on high, ver's fire was in his eye; astly, pale, and livid streaks er'd his swarthy brow and cheeks. irk, Minstrel! I have heard thee play, neasure bold, on festal day, lone isle, . . . again where ne'er larper play, or warrior hear! . . . tirring air that peals on high, ermid's race our victory. it!—and then, (for well thou canst,) om thy minstrel-spirit glanced, ne the picture of the fight, met my clan the Saxon might. en, till my fancy hears ang of swords, the crash of spears! grates, these walls, shall vanish then, e fair field of fighting men, y free spirit burst away, t soar'd from battle fray." embling Bard with awe obey'd, on the harp his hand he laid; on remembrance of the sight tness'd from the mountain's height, what old Bertram told at night, en'd the full power of song, ore him in career along; llop launch'd on river's tide, low and fearful leaves the side. then it feels the middle stream, downward swift as lightning's beam.

xv.

attle of Beal' an Duine.

Minstrel came once more to view stern ridge of Benvenue, he parted, he would say all to lovely Loch Achray—shall he find, in foreign land, a lake, so sweet a strand!—e is no breeze upon the fern, or ripple on the lake, a her eyry nods the erne, he deer has sought the brake; small birds will not sing aloud, e springing trout lies still,

So darkly glooms you thunder cloud, That swathes, as with a purple shroud, Benledi's distant hill. Is it the thunder's solemn sound That mutters deep and dread, Or echoes from the groaning ground The warrior's measured tread? Is it the lightning's quivering glance That on the thicket streams, Or do they flash on spear and lance The sun's retiring beams? I see the dagger-crest of Mar, I see the Moray's silver star, Wave o'er the cloud of Saxon war, That up the lake comes winding far! To hero bound for battle-strife, Or bard of martial lav. 'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life, One glance at their array!

XVI.

"Their light-arm'd archers far and near Survey'd the tangled ground, Their centreranks, with pike and spear, A twilight forest frown'd, Their barbed horsemen, in the rear, The stern battalia crown'd. No cymbal clash'd, no clarion rang, Still were the pipe and drum; Save heavy tread, and armour's clang, The sullen march was dumb. There breathed no wind their crests to shake, Or wave their flags abroad; Scarce the frail aspen seem'd to quake, That shadow'd o'er their road.

Scarce the frail aspen seem'd to quake,
That shadow'd o'er their road.
Their vaward scouts no tidings bring,
Can rouse no lurking foe,
Nor spy a trace of living thing,
Save when they stirr'd the roe;
The host moves like a deep-sea wave,
Where rise no rocks its pride to brave,
High-swelling, dark, and slow.
The lake is pass'd, and now they gain
A narrow and a broken plain,
Before the Trosachs' rugged jaws;

A narrow and a broken plain, Before the Trosachs' rugged jaws; And here the horse and spearmen pause, While, to explore the dangerous glen, Dive through the pass the archer-men.

XVII.

"At once there rose so wild a yell Within that dark and narrow dell,

all the fiends, from heaven that fell, d peal'd the banner-cry of hell! forth from the pass in tumult driven, Like chaff before the wind of heaven,

The archery appear:
For life! for life! their plight they ply—
And shriek, and shout, and battle-cry,

And plaids and bonnets waving high, And broadswords flashing to the sky, Are maddening in the rear.

Onward they drive, in dreadful race,

Pursuers and pursued; Before that tide of flight and chase, How shall it keep its rooted place,

The spearmen's twilight wood?—
'Down, down,' cried Mar, 'your

lances down!

Bear back both friend and foe!'—
Like reeds before the tempest's frown,
That serried grove of lances brown

At once lay levell'd low; And closely shouldering side to side, The bristling ranks the onset bide.—

We'll quell the savage mountaineer, As their Tinchel cows the game! They come as fleet as forest deer,

We'll drive them back as tame.'-

xviii.

"Bearing before them, in their course, The relies of the archer force, Like wave with crest of sparkling foam, Right onward did Clan-Alpine come.

Above the tide, each broadsword bright Was brandishing like beam of light, Each targe was dark below; And with the ocean's mighty swing, When heaving to the tempest's wing,

They hurl'd them on the foe. I heard the lance's shivering crash, As when the whirlwind rends the ash; I heard the broadsword's deadly clang, As if an hundred anvils rang!
But Moray wheel'd his rearward rank Of horsemen on Clan-Alpine's flank,

—' My banner-man, advance! I see,' he cried, 'their column shake.— Now, gallants! for your ladies' sake,

A circle of sportsmen, who, by surrounding a great space, and gradually narrowing, brought immense quantities of deer together, which usually made desperate efforts to break through the Tinchel. Upon them with the lance!'—
The horsemen dash'd among the ro
As deer break through the broot
Their steeds are stout, their swo
are out,

They soon make lightsome room Clan-Alpine's best are backwi borne—

Where, where was Roderick the One blast upon his bugle-horn Were worth a thousand men.

The battle's tide was pour'd;
Vanish'd the mountain-sword.

As Bracklinn's chasm, so black a steeps

Receives her roaring linn, As the dark caverns of the deep Suck the wild whirlpool in, So did the deep and darksome pass Devour the battle's mingled mass: None linger now upon the plain, Save those who ne'er shall fight agai

XIX.

"Now westward rolls the battle's d'
That deep and doubling pass withir
—Minstrel, away! the work of fav
Is bearing on: its issue wait,
Where the rude Trosachs' dread d
Opens on Katrine's lake and isle.Grey Benvenue I soon repass'd,
Loch Katrine lay beneath me cast
The sun is set;—the clouds an

The lowering scowl of heave An inky hue of livid blue

To the deep lake has given Strange gusts of wind from me glen

Swept o'er the lake, then sunk I heeded not the eddying surge Mine eye but saw the Trosach Mine ear but heard the sullen Which like an earthquake s ground,

And spoke the stern and desp That parts not but with parti Seeming, to minstrel ear, to The dirge of many a passing Nearer it comes—the dim

Nearer it comes—the dim The martial flood disgorg But not in mingled tide;
The plaided warriors of the North
High on the mountain thunder forth
And overhang its side;
While by the lake below appears
The dark'ning cloud of Saxon spears.
At weary bay each shatter'd band,
Eyeing their foemen, sternly stand;
Their banners stream like tatter'd sail,
That flings its fragments to the gale,
And broken arms and disarray
Mark'd the fell havoc of the day.

XX.

"Viewing the mountain's ridge askance, The Saxon stood in sullen trance, Till Moray pointed with his lance, And cried—'Behold yon isle!— See! none are left to guard its strand, But women weak, that wring the hand: Tis there of yore the robber band

Their booty wont to pile;—
My purse, with bonnet-pieces store,
To him will swim a bow-shot o er,
And lose a shallop from the shore.
Lightly we'll tame the war-wolf then,
Lords of his mate, and brood, and den.'
Forthfrom the ranks a spearman sprang,
On earth his casque and corslet rung,

He plunged him in the wave:— All saw the deed—the purpose knew, And to their clamours Benvenue

A mingled echo gave;
The Saxons shout, their mate to cheer,
The helpless females scream for fear,
And yells for rage the mountaineer.
Twas then, as by the outery riven,
Pour ddown at once the lowering heaven;
Awhirlwindswept Loch Katrine's breast,
Her billows rear'd their snowy cress.
Well for the swimmer swell'd they high.
To mar the Highland marksman's eye;
For round him shower'd, 'mid rain and

The vengeful arrows of the Gael.—
In vain.—He nears the ide—and lo!
His hand is on a shallone bow.
In Just then a flash of lightning came,
tinged the waves and strand with
flame;—
flame;—

I mark'd Duncraggan's widow'd dame, Behind an oak I saw her stand, A naked dirk gleam'd in her hand:—
It darken'd, —but amid the moan
Of waves, I heard a dying groan;—
Another flash!—the spearman floats
A weltering corse beside the boats,
And the stern matron o'er him stood,
Her hand and dagger streaming blood.

XXI.

" Revenge! revenge!' the Saxons cried,

The Gaels' exulting shout replied. Despite the elemental rage, Again they hurried to engage; But, ere they closed in desperate fight, Bloody with spurring came a knight, Sprung from his horse, and, from a crag, Waved'twixt the hosts a milk-white flag. Clarion and trumpet by his side Rung forth a truce-note Ligh and wide, While, in the Monarch's name, afar An herald's voice forbade the war, For Bothwell's lord, and Roderick bold, Were both, he said, in captive hold. -- But here the last made sudden stand, The harp escaped the Min-trel's hand! Oft had he stolen a glance, to apy How Roderick brook'd his minstrelsy: At first, the Chieftain, to the claime, With lifted hand, kept feeble time; That motion ceased, yet feeling strong Varied his look as changed the long; At length, no more his desfeald ear The minstrel melody can hear; His face grows sharp, his hands are clench'd,

As if some pang his heart-strings wrenchid;
Set are his teath, his fiding eye
Lesternly fixed on vacancy;
This monorless and marches drew

Thus, motionless, and moduless, drew His parting briath, that Roderick Dhaless Old Allan-bane looked on aging to While grim and still his past pould; But when he aw that life you flot.

He pour'd his wailing over the dead. XXII.

Nament.

"And art thou cold and lowly laid. Thy framen's dread, try persisks. Breadalbane's boast, Clan-Alpine's shade!

For thee shall none a requiem say?— For thee,—who loved the minstrel's lay, For thee, of Bothwell's house the stay, The shelter of her exiled line, E'en in this prison-house of thine, I'll wail for Alpine's honour'd Pine!

"What groans shall yonder valleys fill! What shrieks of grief shall rend yon hill! What tears of burning rage shall thrill, When mourns thy tribe thy battles done, Thy fall before the race was won, Thy sword ungirt ere set of sun! There breathes not clansman of thy line, But would have given his life for thine.—O woe for Alpine's honour'd Pine!

"Sad was thy lot on mortal stage!— The captive thrush may brook the cage, The prison'd cagle dies for rage. Brave spirit, do not scorn my strain! And, when its notes awake again, Even she, so long beloved in vain, Shall with my harp her voice combine, And mix her woe and tears with mine, To wail Clan-Alpine's honour'd Pine."—

XXIII.

Ellen, the while, with bursting heart, Remain'd in bordly bower apart, Where play'd, with many-colour'd oleans

gleams, Through storied pane the rising beams. In vain on gilded roof they fall, And lighten'd up a tapestried wall, And for her use a menial train A rich collation spread in vain. The banquet proud, the chamber gay, Scarce drew one curious glance astray; Or if she look'd, 'twas but to say, With better omen dawn'd the day In that lone isle, where waved on high The dun-deer's hide for canopy; Where oft her noble father shared The simple meal her care prepared, While Lufra, crouching by her side, Her station claim'd with jealous pride, And Douglas, bent on woodland game, Spoke of the chase to Malcolm Græme, Whose answer, oft at random made.

The wandering of his thoughts h
tray'd.—

Those who such simple joys have known Are taught to prize them when they gone.

But sudden, see, she lifts her head! The window seeks with cautious tread What distant music has the power To win her in this woful hour! "Twas from a turret that o'erhung Her latticed bower, the strain was san

XXIV.

Zan of the Imprisoned Funtsmm.

"My hawk is tired of perch and hood, My idle greyhound leathes his food, My horse is weary of his stall, And I am sick of captive thrall. I wish I were as I have been, Hunting the hart in forest green, With bended bow and bloodhound free, For that's the life is meet for me. I hate to learn the ebb of time, From you dull steeple's drowsy chime, Or mark it as the sunbeams crawl, Inch after inch, along the wall. The lark was wont my matins ring, The sable rook my vespers sing; These towers, although a king's they b Have not a hall of joy for me. No more at dawning morn I rise. And sun myself in Ellen's eyes, Drive the fleet deer the forest through And homeward wend with evening de-A blithesome welcome blithely meet, And lay my trophies at her feet, While fled the eve on wing of glee,-That life is lost to love and me!"

xxv.

The heart-sick lay was hardly said,
The list'ner had not turn'd her head,
It trickled still, the starting tear,
When light a footstep struck her ear,
And Snowdoun's graceful Knight v
near.

She turn'd the hastier, lest again
The prisoner should renew his strain.

come, brave Fitz-James!" she aid: nay an almost orphan maid deep debt"-"O say not so! 10 gratitude you owe. ie, alas! the boon to give, thy noble father live; it be thy guide, sweet maid, otland's King thy suit to aid. nt he, though ire and pride his better mood aside. llen, come !'tis more than time, is his court at morning prime." ating heart, and bosom wrung, brother's arm she clung. ne dried the falling tear, itly whisper'd hope and cheer; ering steps half led, half staid, 1 gallery fair and high arcade, his touch, its wings of pride l arch unfolded wide.

XXVI.

'twas brilliant all and light, ging scene of figures bright; d on Ellen's dazzled sight, n the setting sun has given usand hues to summer even, m their tissue, fancy frames enights and fairy dames. Fitz-James her footing staid; aint steps she forward made, ow her drooping head she raised, rful round the presence gazed; she sought, who own'd this state, aded Prince whose will was fate!ed on many a princely port, vell have ruled a royal court; y a splendid garb she gazed, irn'd bewilder'd and amazed, stood bare; and, in the room, nes alone wore cap and plume. each lady's look was lent; each courtier's eye was bent; ars and silks and jewels sheen, d, in simple Lincoln green, itre of the glittering ring,— nowdoun's Knight is Scotland's

XXVII.

ith of snow, on mountain-breast, rom the rock that gave it rest,

Poor Ellen glided from her stay, And at the Monarch's feet she lay; No word her choking voice commands, — She show'd the ring—she clasp'd her

O! not a moment could he brook,
The generous Prince, that suppliant
look!

Gently he raised her,—and, the while, Check'd with a glance the circle's smile; Graceful, but grave, her brow he kiss'd, And bade her terrors be dismiss'd:— "Yes, Fair; the wandering poor Fitz-

James
The fealty of Scotland claims.
To him thy woes, thy wishes, bring;
He will redeem his signet ring.
Ask nought for Douglas;—yester even,
His Prince and he have much forgiven:
Wrong hath he had from slanderous tongue,

I, from his rebel kinsmen, wrong.
We would not, to the vulgar crowd,
Yield what they craved with clamour
loud;

Calmly we heard and judged his cause, Our council aided, and our laws. I stanch'd thy father's death-feud stern, With stout De Vauxand Grey Glencairn; And Bothwell's Lord henceforth we own The friendand bulwark of our Throne. — But, lovely infidel, how now? What clouds thy misbelieving brow? Lord James of Douglas, lend thine aid: Thou must confirm this doubting maid."

XXVIII.

Then forth the noble Douglas sprung,
And on his neck his daughter hung.
The monarch drank, that happy hour,
Thesweetest, holiest draught of Power,—
When it can say, with godlike voice,
Arise, sad Virtue, and rejoice!
Yet would not James the general eye
On Nature's raptures long should pry;
He stepp'd between—" Nay, Douglas,
nay,

Steal not my proselyte away!
The riddle 'tis my right to read,
That brought this happy chance to speed.
—Yes, Ellen, when disguised I stray
In life's more low but happier way,

'Tis under name which veils my power, Nor falsely veils—for Stirling's tower Of yore the name of Snowdoun claims, And Normans call me James Fitz-James.

Thus watch I o'er insulted laws,
Thus learn to right the injured cause."—
Then, in a tone apart and low,—
"Ah, little traitress! none must know
What idle dream, what lighter thought,
What vanity full dearly bought,
Join'd to thine eye's dark witchcraft,
drew

My spell-bound steps to Benvenue, In dangerous hour, and all but gave Thy monarch's life to mountain glaive!"— Aloud he spoke—" Thou still dost hold That little talisman of gold, Pledge of my faith, Fitz-James's ring— What seeks fair Ellen of the King?"

XXIX.

Full well the conscious maiden guess'd He probed the weakness of her breast; But, with that consciousness, there came A lightening of her fears for Græme, And more she deem'd the monarch's ire Kindled 'gainst him, who, for her sire Rebellious broadsword boldly drew; And, to her generous feeling true, She craved the grace of Roderick Dhu.

"Forbear thy suit:—the King of king: Alone can stay life's parting wings, I know his heart, I know his hand, Have shared his cheer, and proved hi brand:—

My fairest earldom would I give
To bid Clan-Alpine's Chieftain live:
Hast thou no other boon to crave?
No other captive friend to save?"
Blushing, she turn'd her from the Kim
And to the Douglas gave the ring,
As if she wish'd her sire to speak
Thesuit that stain'd her glowing cheek.
"Nay, then, my pledge has lost its forc
And stubborn justice holds her course.
Malcolm, come forth!"—and, at th
word.

Down kneel'd the Græme to Scotland Lord.

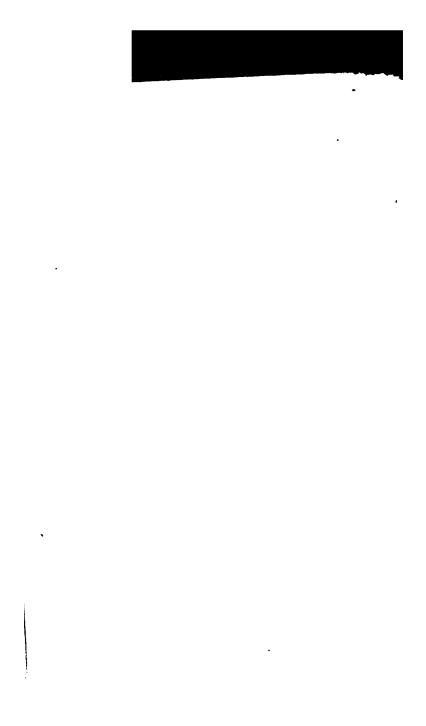
For thee, rash youth, no suppliant sue From thee may Vengeance claim herdue. Who, nurtured underneath our smile. Hast paid our care by treacherous wile And sought, amid thy faithful clan, A refuge for an outlaw'd man, Dishonouring thus thy loyal name.—Fetters and warder for the Græme!"—His chain of gold the King unstrung. The links o'er Malcolm's neck he flung Then gently drew the glittering band, And laid the clasp on Ellen's hand.

HARP of the North, farewell! The hills grow dark,
On purple peaks a deeper shade descending;
In twilight cupse the glow-worm lights her spark,
The deer, half-seen, are to the covert wending.
Resume thy wizard elm! the fountain lending,
And the wild breeze, thy wilder minstrelsy;
Thy numbers sweet with nature's vespers blending,
With distant echo from the fold and lea,
And herd-boy's evening pipe, and hum of housing bee.

Yet, once again, farewell, thou Minstrel harp!
Yet, once again, forgive my feeble sway,
And little reck I of the censure sharp
May idly cavil at an idle lay.
Much have I owed thy strains on life's long way,
Through secret woes the world has never known,
When on the weary night dawn'd wearier day,
And bitterer was the grief devour'd alone.

Hark! as my lingering footsteps slow retire,
Some Spirit of the Air has waked thy string!
'Tis now a seraph bold, with touch of fire,
'Tis now the brush of Fairy's frolic wing.
Receding now, the dying numbers ring
Fainter and fainter down the rugged dell,
And now the mountain breezes scarcely bring
A wandering witch-note of the distant spell—
And now, 'tis silent all!—Enchantress, fare thee well!

That I o'erlived such woes, Enchantress! is thine own.





THE

ISION OF DON RODERICK.

Quid dignum memorare tuis, Hispania, terris, Vox humana valet !-- CLAUDIAN.

TO

JOHN WHITMORE, ESQ.

AND TO THE COMMITTEE OF SUBSCRIBERS

FOR RELIEF OF THE PORTUGUESE SUFFERERS,

IN WHICH HE PRESIDES,

THIS POEM,

THE VISION OF DON RODERICK.

Composed for the benefit of the Fund under their management,

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED, BY

WALTER SCOTT.



PREFACE

TO THE VISION OF DON RODERICK.

THE following Poem is founded upon a Spanish Tradition, particularly de in the Notes; but bearing, in general, that Don Roderick, the last Gothic of Spain, when the invasion of the Moors was impending, had the teme descend into an ancient vault, near Toledo, the opening of which had denounced as fatal to the Spanish Monarchy. The legend adds, that hi curiosity was mortified by an emblematical representation of those Saracens in the year 714, defeated him in battle, and reduced Spain under their dom I have presumed to prolong the Vision of the Revolutions of Spain down present eventful crisis of the Peninsula; and to divide it, by a supposed c of scene, into THREE PERIODS. The FIRST of these represents the Invas the Moors, the Defeat and Death of Roderick, and closes with the pe occupation of the country by the Victors. The SECOND PERIOD embrace state of the Peninsula, when the conquests of the Spaniards and Portugue the East and West Indies had raised to the highest pitch the renown of arms; sullied, however, by superstition and cruelty. An allusion to the humanities of the Inquisition terminates this picture. The LAST PART of Poem opens with the state of Spain previous to the unparalleled treache BUONAPARTE; gives a sketch of the usurpation attempted upon that unsuspi and friendly kingdom, and terminates with the arrival of the British succoun may be further proper to mention, that the object of the Poem is less to memorate or detail particular incidents, than to exhibit a general and impr picture of the several periods brought upon the stage.

I am too sensible of the respect due to the Public, especially by one whalready experienced more than ordinary indulgence, to offer any apology for inferiority of the poetry to the subject it is chiefly designed to commem Yet I think it proper to mention, that while I was hastily executing a written for a temporary purpose, and on passing events, the task was cruelly interrupted by the successive deaths of LORD PRESIDENT BLAIR LORD VISCOUNT MELVILLE. In those distinguished characters, I had no to regret persons whose lives were most important to Scotland, but also notice and patronage honoured my entrance upon active life; and, I may with melancholy pride, who permitted my more advanced age to claim no conshare in their friendship. Under such interruptions, the following verses, my best and happiest efforts must have left far unworthy of their theme, ham myself sensible, an appearance of negligence and incoherence, which, in

circumstances, I might have been able to remove.

EDINBURGH, Fune 24, 1811.

THE VISION OF DON RODERICK.

INTRODUCTION.

LIVES there a strain, whose sounds of mounting fire May rise distinguish'd o'er the din of war; Or died it with yon Master of the Lyre, Who sung beleaguer'd Ilion's evil star? Such, WELLINGTON, might reach thee from afar, Wafting its descant wide o'er Ocean's range; Nor shouts, nor clashing arms, its mood could mar, All as it swell'd 'twist each loud trumpet-change,' That clangs to Britain victory, to Portugal revenge!

Yes! such a strain, with all o'er-pouring measure,
Might melodize with each tumultuous sound,
Each voice of fear or triumph, woe or pleasure,
That rings Mondego's ravaged shores around;
The thundering cry of hosts with conquest crown'd,
The female shriek, the ruin'd peasant's moan,
The shout of captives from their chains unbound,
The foil'd oppressor's deep and sullen groan,
A Nation's choral hymn for tyranny o'erthrown.

But we, weak minstrels of a laggard day,
Skill'd but to imitate an elder page,
Timid and raptureless, can we repay
The debt thou claim'st in this exhausted age?
Thou givest our lyres a theme, that might engage
Those that could send thy name o'er sea and land,
While sea and land shall last; for Homer's rage
A theme; a theme for Milton's mighty hand—
How much unmeet for us, a faint degenerate band!

Ye mountains stern! within whose rugged breast
The friends of Scottish freedom found repose;
Ye torrents! whose hoarse sounds have soothed their rest,
Returning from the field of vanquish'd foes;
Say, have ye lost each wild majestic close,
That erst the choir of Bards or Druids flung;
What time their hymn of victory arose,
And Cattraeth's glens with voice of triumph rung,
And mystic Merlin harp'd, and grey-hair'd Llywarch sung?

V.

O! if your wilds such ministrelsy retain,
As sure your changeful gales seem oft to say,
When sweeping wild and sinking soft again,
Like trumpet-jubilee, or harp's wild sway;
If ye can echo such triumphant lay,
Then lend the note to him has loved you long!
Who pious gather'd each tradition grey,
That floats your solitary wastes along,
And with affection vain gave them new voice in song.

VI.

For not till now, how oft soe'er the task
Of truant verse hath lighten'd graver care,
From Muse or Sylvan was he wont to ask,
In phrase poetic, inspiration fair;
Careless he gave his numbers to the air,
They came unsought for, if applauses came;
Nor for himself prefers he now the prayer;
Let but his verse befit a hero's fame,
Immortal be the verse!—forgot the poet's name!

VII

Hark, from yon misty earn their answer tost:

"Minstrel! the fame of whose romantic lyre,
Capricious-swelling now, may soon be lost,
Like the light flickering of a cottage fire;
If to such task presumptuous thou aspire,
Seek not from us the meed to warrior due:
Age after age has gather'd son to sire,
Since our grey cliffs the din of conflict knew,
Or, pealing through our vales, victorious bugles blew.

WITT

"Decay'd our old traditionary lore,
Save where the lingering fays renew their ring,
By milk-maid seen beneath the hawthorn hoar,
Or round the marge of Minchmore's haunted spring;
Save where their legends grey-hair'd shepherds sing,
That now scarce win a listening ear but thine,
Of feuds obscure, and Border ravaging,
And rugged deeds recount in rugged line,
Of moonlight foray made on Teviot, Tweed, or Tyne,

"No! search romantic lands, where the near Sun Gives with unstinted boon ethereal flame, Where the rude villager, his labour done, In verse spontaneous chants some favour'd name, Whether Olalia's charms his tribute claim, Her eye of diamond, and her locks of jet; Or whether, kindling at the deeds of Græme, He sing, to wild Morisco measure set,

Old Albin's red claymore, green Erin's bayonet!

κ.

"Explore those regions, where the flinty crest
Of wild Nevada ever gleams with snows,
Where in the proud Alhambra's ruin'd breast
Barbaric monuments of pomp repose;
Or where the banners of more ruthless foes
Than the fierce Moor, float o'er Toledo's fane,
From whose tall towers even now the patriot throws
An anxious glance, to spy upon the plain
The blended ranks of England, Portugal, and Spain,

XI.

"There, of Numantian fire a swarthy spark
Still lightens in the sunburnt native's eye;
The stately port, slow step, and visage dark,
Still mark enduring pride and constancy.
And, if the glow of feudal chivalry
Beam not, as once, thy nobles' dearest pride,
Iberia! oft thy crestless peasantry
Have seen the plumed Hidalgo quit their side,
Have seen, yet dauntless stood—'gainst fortune fought and died.

"And cherish'd still by that unchanging race,
Are themes for minstrelsy more high than thine:
Of strange tradition many a mystic trace,
Legend and vision, prophecy and sign;
Where wonders wild of Arabesque combine
With Gothic imagery of darker shade,
Forming a model meet for minstrel line.
Go, seek such theme!"—The Mountain Spirit said
With filial awe I heard—I heard, and I obey'd.

THE VISION OF DON RODERICK

REARING their crests amid the cloudless skies,
And darkly clustering in the pale moonlight,
Toledo's holy towers and spires arise,
As from a trembling lake of silver white.
Their mingled shadows intercept the sight
Of the broad burial-ground outstretch'd below,
And nought disturbs the silence of the night;
All sleeps in sullen shade, or silver glow,
All save the heavy swell of Teio's ceaseless flow.

All save the rushing swell of Teio's tide,
Or, distant heard, a courser's neigh or tramp;
Their changing rounds as watchful horsemen ride,
To guard the limits of King Roderick's camp.
For, through the river's night-fog rolling damp,
Was many a proud pavilion dimly seen,
Which glimmer'd back, against the moon's fair lamp,
Tissues of silk and silver twisted sheen,
And standards proudly pitch'd, and warders arm'd between.

But of their Monarch's person keeping ward,
Since last the deep-mouth'd bell of vespers toll'd,
The chosen soldiers of the royal guard
The post beneath the proud Cathedral hold:
A band unlike their Gothic sires of old,
Who, for the cap of steel and iron mace,
Bear slender darts, and casques bedeck'd with gold,
While silver-studded belts their shoulders grace,
Where ivory quivers ring in the broad falchion's place.

IV.

In the light language of an idle court,
They murmur'd at their master's long delay,
And held his lengthen'd orisons in sport:—
"What! will Don Roderick here till morning stay,
To wear in shrift and prayer the night away?
And are his hours in such dull penance past,
For fair Florinda's plunder'd charms to pay?"
Then to the east their weary eyes they cast,
And wish'd the lingering dawn would glimmer forth at last.

But, far within, Toledo's Pielate lent
An ear of fearful wonder to the King;
The silver lamp a fitful lustre sent,
So long that sad confession witnessing:
For Roderick told of many a hidden thing,
Such as are loathly utter'd to the air,
When Fear, Remorse, and Shame, the bosom wring,
And Guilt his secret burden cannot bear,
And Conscience seeks in speech a respite from Despair.

Full on the Prelate's face, and silver hair,
The stream of failing light was feebly roll'd:
But Roderick's visage, though his head was bare,
Was shadow'd by his hand and mantle's fold.
While of his hidden soul the sins he told,
Proud Alaric's descendant could not brook,
That mortal man his bearing should behold,
Or boast that he had seen, when Conscience shook,
Fear tame a monarch's brow, Remorse a warrior's look.

The old man's faded cheek wax'd yet more pale,
As many a secret sad the King bewray'd;
As sign and glance eked out the unfinish'd tale,
When in the midst his faltering whisper staid.—
"Thus royal Witiza was slain,"—he said;
"Yet, holy Father, deem not it was I."
Thus still Ambition strives her crimes to shade.—
"Oh rather deem 'twas stern necessity!
Self-preservation bade, and I must kill or die.

VIII

"And if Florinda's shrieks alarm'd the air,
If she invoked her absent sire in vain,
And on her knees implored that I would spare,
Yet, reverend Priest, thy sentence rash refrain!
All is not as it seems—the female train
Know by their bearing to disguise their mood:"—
But Conscience here, as if in high disdain,
Sent to the Monarch's cheek the burning blood—
He stay'd his speech abrupt—and up the Prelate stood.

"O harden'd offspring of an iron race!
What of thy crimes, Don Roderick, shall I say?
What alms, or prayers, or penance can efface
Murder's dark spot, wash treason's stain away!
For the foul ravisher how shall I pray,
Who, scarce repentant, makes his crime his boast?
How hope Almighty vengeance shall delay,
Unless, in mercy to yon Christian host,
He spare the shepherd, lest the guiltless sheep be lost."

Then kindled the dark tyrant in his mood,
And to his brow return'd its dauntless gloom;
"And welcome then," he cried, "be blood for blood.
For treason treachery, for dishonour doom!
Yet will I know whence come they, or by whom.
Show, for thou canst—give forth the fated key,

And guide me, Priest, to that mysterious room, Where, if aught true in old tradition be,

His nation's future fates a Spanish King shall see."

"Ill-fated Prince! recall the desperate word,
Or pause ere yet the omen thou obey!
Bethink, yon spell-bound portal would afford
Never to former Monarch entrance-way;
Nor shall it ever ope, old records say,
Save to a King, the last of all his line,
What time his empire totters to decay,
And treason digs, beneath, her fatal mine,
And, high above, impends avenging wrath divine."

XII.

"Prelate! a Monarch's fate brooks no delay;
Lead on!"—The ponderous key the old man took,
And held the winking lamp, and led the way,
By winding stair, dark aisle, and secret nook,
Then on an ancient gateway bent his look;
And, as the key the desperate King essay'd,
Low mutter'd thunders the Cathedral shook,
And twice he stopp'd, and twice new effort made,
Till the huge bolts roll'd back, and the loud hinges bray'd.

THE

Long, large, and lofty, was that vaulted hall;
Roof, walls, and floor, were all of marble stone,
Of polish'd marble, black as funeral pall,
Carved o'er with signs and characters unknown.
A paly light, as of the dawning, shone
Through the sad bounds, but whence they could not spy
For window to the upper air was none;
Yet, by that light, Don Roderick could descry
Wonders that ne'er till then were seen by mortal eye.

XIV.

Grim sentinels, against the upper wall,
Of molten bronze, two Statues held their place;
Massive their naked limbs, their stature tall,
Their frowning foreheads golden circles grace.
Moulded they seem'd for kings of giant race,
That lived and sinn'd before the avenging flood;
This grasp'd a scythe, that rested on a mace;
This spread his wings for flight, that pondering stood,
Each stubborn seem'd and stern, immutable of mock.

XV.

Fix'd was the right-hand Giant's brazen look
Upon his brother's glass of shifting sand,
As if its ebb he measured by a book,
Whose iron volume loaded his huge hand;
In which was wrote of many a fallen land,
Of empires lost, and kings to exile driven:
And o'er that pair their names in scroll expand—
"Lo, DESTINY and TIME! to whom by Heaven
The guidance of the earth is for a season given."—

XVI.

Even while they read, the sand-glass wastes away;
And, as the last and lagging grains did creep,
That right-hand Giant 'gan his club upsway,
As one that startles from a heavy sleep.
Full on the upper wall the mace's sweep
At once descended with the force of thunder,
And hurtling down at once, in crumbled heap,
The marble boundary was rent asunder,
And gave to Roderick's view new sights of fear and wonder.

XVII.

For they might spy, beyond that mighty breach, Realms as of Spain in vision'd prospect laid, Castles and towers, in due proportion each, As by some skilful artist's hand portray'd: Here, crossed by many a wild Sierra's shade, And boundless plains that tire the traveller's eye;

There, rich with vineyard and with olive glade, Or deep-embrown'd by forests huge and high, Or wash'd by mighty streams, that slowly murmur'd by.

XVIII.

And here, as erst upon the antique stage
Pass'd forth the band of masquers trimly led,
In various forms, and various equipage,
While fitting strains the hearer's fancy fed;
So, to sad Roderick's eye in order spread,
Successive pageants fill'd that mystic scene,
Showing the fate of battles ere they bled,
And issue of events that had not been;
And, ever and anon, strange sounds were heard between.

XIX.

First shrill'd an unrepeated female shriek!—
It seem'd as if Don Roderick knew the call,
For the bold blood was blanching in his cheek.—
Then answer'd kettle-drum and atabal,
Gong-peal and cymbal-clank the ear appal,
The Tecbir war-cry, and the Lelie's yell,
Ring wildly dissonant along the hall.
Needs not to Roderick their dread import tell—

Needs not to Roderick their dread import tell—
"The Moor!" he cried, "the Moor!—ring out the Tocsin bell!

XX.

"They come! they come! I see the greaning lands
White with the turbans of each Arab horde;
Swart Zaarah joins her misbelieving bands,
Alla and Mahomet their battle-word,
The short they gield, they know at the Sward.

The choice they yield, the Koran or the Sword— See how the Christians rush to arms amain!— In yonder shout the voice of conflict roar'd, The shadowy hosts are closing on the plain—

Now, God and Saint Iago strike, for the good cause of Spain!

XXL

*By Heaven, the Moors prevail! the Christians yield!
Their coward leader gives for flight the sign!
The sceptred craven mounts to quit the field—
Is not you steed Orelia?—Yes, 'tis mine!
But never was she turn'd from battle-line:
Lo! where the recreant spurs o'er stock and stone!—

Curses pursue the slave, and wrath divine!

Rivers ingulph him!"—"Hush," in shuddering tone.

The Prelate said; "rash Prince, you vision'd form's thine own.

JIX

Just then, a torrent cross'd the flier's course;
The dangerous ford the Kingly Likeness tried;
But the deep eddies whelm'd both man and horse,
Swept like benighted peasant down the tide;
And the proud Mosleman spread far and wide,
As numerous as their native locust band;
Berber and Ismael's sons the spoils divide,
With naked scimitars mete out the land,
And for the bondsmen base the freeborn natives brand.

THEY

Then rose the grated Harem, to enclose
The loveliest maidens of the Christian line;
Then, menials, to their misbelieving foes,
Castile's young nobles held forbidden wine;
Then, too, the holy Cross, salvation's sign,
By impious hands was from the altar thrown,
And the deep aisles of the polluted shrine
Echo'd, for holy hymn and organ-tone,
The Santon's frantic dance, the Fakir's gibbering moan.

XXIV.

How fares Don Roderick?—E'en as one who spies
Flames dart their glare o'er midnight's sable woof,
And hears around his children's piercing cries,
And sees the pale assistants stand aloof;
While cruel Conscience brings him bitter proof,
His folly, or his crime, have caused his grief;
And while above him nods the crumbling roof,
He curses earth and Heaven—himself in chief—
Desperate of earthly aid, despairing Heaven's relief:

XXV,

That scythe-arm'd Giant turn'd his fatal glass
And twilight on the landscape closed her wings;
Far to Asturian hills the war-sounds pass,
And in their stead rebeck or timbrel rings;
And to the sound the bell-deck'd dancer springs,
Bazars resound as when their marts are met,
In tourney light the Moor his jerrid flings,
And on the land as evening seem'd to set,
The Imaum's chant was heard from mosque or minaret.

xxvi.

So pass'd that pageant. Ere another came,
The visionary scene was wrapp'd in smoke,
Whose sulph'rous wreaths were cross'd by sheets of flame;
With every flash a bolt explosive broke,
Till Roderick deem'd the fiends had burst their yoke,
And waved 'gainst heaven the infernal gonfalone!
For War a new and dreadful language spoke,
Never by ancient warrior heard or known;
Lightning and smoke her breath, and thunder was her tone.

XXVII.

From the dim landscape roll the clouds away—
The Christians have regain'd their heritage;
Before the Cross has waned the Crescent's ray,
And many a monastery decks the stage,
And lofty church, and low-brow'd hermitage.
The land obeys a Hermit and a Knight,—
The Genii those of Spain for many an age;
This clad in sackcloth, that in armour bright,
And that was VALOUR named, this BIGOTRY was hight.

XXVIII.

VALOUR was harness'd like a chief of old,
Arm'd at all points, and prompt for knightly gest;
His sword was temper'd in the Ebro cold,
Morena's eagle plume adorn'd his crest,
The spoils of Afric's lion bound his breast.
Fierce he stepp'd forward and flung down his gage;
As if of mortal kind to brave the best.
Him follow'd his Companion, dark and sage,
As he, my Master, sung the dangerous Archimage.

XXIX.

Haughty of heart and brow the Warrior came, In look and language proud as proud might be, Vaunting his lordship, lineage, fights, and fame: Yet was that barefoot Monk more proud than he: And as the ivy climbs the tallest tree, So round the loftiest soul his toils he wound, And with his spells subdued the fierce and free, Till ermined Age and Youth in arms renown'd,

ouring his scourge and haircloth, meekly kiss'd the ground.

XXX.

And thus it chanced that VALOUR, peerless knight,
Who ne'er to King or Kaiser veil'd his crest,
Victorious still in bull-feast or in fight,
Since first his limbs with mail he did invest,
Stoop'd ever to that Anchoret's behest;
Nor reason'd of the right, nor of the wrong,
But at his bidding laid the lance in rest,
And wrought fell deeds the troubled world along,
For he was fierce as brave, and pitiless as strong.

XXXI.

Oft his proud galleys sought some new-found world,
That latest sees the sun, or first the morn;
Still at that Wizard's feet their spoils he hurl'd,—
Ingots of ore from rich Potosi borne,
Crowns by Caciques, aigrettes by Omrahs worn,
Wrought of rare gems, but broken, rent, and foul;
Idols of gold from heathen temples torn,
Bedabbled all with blood.—With grisly seowl
The Hermit mark'd the stains, and smiled beneath his cowl.

Then did he bless the offering, and bade make
Tribute to heaven of gratitude and praise;
And at his word the choral hymns awake,
And many a hand the silver censer sways,
But with the incense-breath these censers raise,
Mix steams from corpses smouldering in the fire;

Mix steams from corpses smouldering in the fire;
The groans of prison'd victims mar the lays,
And shricks of agony confound the quire;
While, 'mid the mingled sounds, the darken'd scenes expire.

Preluding light, were strains of music heard,
As once again revolved that measured sand;
Such sounds as when, for silvan dance prepared,
Gay Xeres summons forth her vintage band;
When for the light bolero ready stand
The mozo blithe, with gay muchacha met,
He conscious of his broider'd cap and band,
She of her netted locks and light corsette,
Each tiptoe perch'd to spring, and shake the castanet.

XXXIV.

And well such strains the opening scene became;
For VALOUR had relax'd his ardent look,
And at a lady's feet, like lion tame,
Lay stretch'd, full loath the weight of arms to brook;
And soften'd BIGOTRY, upon his book,
Patter'd a task of little good or ill;
But the blithe peasant plied his pruning-hook,
Whistled the muleteer o'er vale and hill,
And rung from village-green the merry seguidille.

xxxv.

Grey Royalty, grown impotent of toil,
Let the grave sceptre slip his lazy hold;
And, careless, saw his rule become the spoil
Of a loose Female and her minion bold.
But peace was on the cottage and the fold,
From court intrigue, from bickering faction far;
Beneath the chestnut-tree Love's tale was told,
And to the tinkling of the light guitar,
Sweet stoop'd the western sun, sweet rose the evening star.

XXXVI.

As that sea-cloud, in size like human hand,
When first from Carmel by the Tishbite seen,
Came slowly overshadowing Israel's land,
A while, perchance, bedeck'd with colours sheen,
While yet the sunbeams on its skirts had been,
Limning with purple and with gold its shroud,
Till darker folds obscured the blue serene,
And blotted heaven with one broad sable cloud,
Then sheeted rain burst down, and whirlwinds how!'d aloud:—

XXXVII.

Even so, upon that peaceful scene was pour'd,
Like gathering clouds, full many a foreign band,
And HE, their Leader, wore in sheath his sword,
And offer'd peaceful front and open hand,
Veiling the perjured treachery he plann'd,
By friendship's zeal and honour's specious guise,
Until he won the passes of the land;
Then burst were honour's oath, and friendship's ties!
He clutch'd his vulture grasp, and call'd fair Spain his prize.

XXXVIII.

An Iron Crown his anxious forehead bore;
And well such diadem his heart became,
Who ne'er his purpose for remorse gave o'er,
Or check'd his course for piety or shame;
Who, train'd a soldier, deem'd a soldier's fame
Might flourish in the wreath of battles won,
Though neither truth nor honour deck'd his name;
Who, placed by fortune on a Monarch's throne,
Reck'd not of Monarch's faith, or Mercy's kingly tone.

XXXIX.

Fron. a rude isle his ruder lineage came,
The spark, that, from a suburb-hovel's hearth
Ascending, wraps some capital in flame,
Hath not a meaner or more sordid birth.
And for the soul that bade him waste the earth—
The sable land-flood from some swamp obscure,
That poisons the glad husband-field with dearth,
And by destruction bids its fame endure,
Hath not a source more sullen, stagmant, and impure.

XI.

Before that Leader strode a shadowy Form;
Her limbs like mist, her torch like meteor show'd,
With which she beckon'd him through fight and storm,
And all he crush'd that cross'd his desperate road,
Nor thought, nor fear'd, nor look'd on what he trode.
Realms could not glut his pride, blood could not slake,
So oft as e'er she shook her torch abroad—
It was Ambition bade her terrors wake,

XLI.

Nor deign'd she, as of yore, a milder form to take.

No longer now she spurn'd at mean revenge,
Or staid her hand for conquer'd foeman's moan;
As when, the fates of aged Rome to change,
By Cæsar's side she cross'd the Rubicon.
Nor joy'd she to bestow the spoils she won,
As when the banded powers of Greece were task'd
To war beneath the Youth of Macedon:
No seemly veil her modern minion ask'd,
He saw her hideous face, and loved the fiend unmask'd.

XLII.

That Prelate mark'd his march—On banners blazed
With battles won in many a distant land,
On eagle-standards and on arms he gazed;
"And hopest thou, then," he said, "thy power shall stand!
O! thou hast builded on the shifting sand,
And thou hast temper'd it with slaughter's flood;
And know, fell scourge in the Almighty's hand,
Gore-moisten'd trees shall perish in the bud,
And by a bloody death, shall die the Man of Blood!"

XLIII.

The ruthless Leader beckon'd from his train
A wan fraternal Shade, and bade him kneel,
And paled his temples with the crown of Spain,
While trumpets rang, and heralds cried "Castile!"
Not that he loved him:-No!-In no man's weal,
Scarce in his own, e'er joy'd that sullen heart;
Yet round that throne he bade his warriors wheel,
That the poor puppet might perform his part,
And be a sceptred slave, at his stern beck to start.

XLIV.

But on the Natives of that Land misused,
Not long the silence of amazement hung,
Nor brook'd they long their friendly faith abused;
For, with a common shriek, the general tongue
Exclaim'd, "To arms!"—and fast to arms they sprung.
And VALOUR woke, that Genius of the Land!
Pleasure, and ease, and sloth, aside he flung,
As burst the awakening Nazarite his band,
When 'gainst his treacherous foes he cleach'd his dreadful hand.

XLV.

That Mimic Monarch now cast anxious eye
Upon the Satraps that begirt him round,
Now doff'd his royal robe in act to fly,
And from his brow the diadem unbound.
So oft, so near, the Patriot bugle wound,
From Tarik's walls to Bilboa's mountains blown
These martial satellites hard labour found,
To guard a while his substituted throne—
Light recking of his cause, but battling for their own.

XI.VI.

From Alpuhara's peak that bugle rung,
And it was echo'd from Corunna's wall;
Stately Seville responsive war-shot flung,
Grenada caught it in her Moorish hall;
Galicia bade her children fight or fall,
Wild Biscay shook his mountain-coronet,
Valencia roused her at the battle-call,
And, foremost still where Valour's sons are met,
First started to his gun each fiery Miquelet.

XLVII.

But unappall'd, and burning for the fight,
The Invaders march, of victory secure;
Skilful their force to sever or unite,
And train'd alike to vanquish or endure.
Nor skilful less, cheap conquest to ensure,
Discord to breathe, and jealousy to sow,
To quell by boasting, and by bribes to lure;
While nought against them bring the unpractised foe.
Save hearts for Freedom's cause, and hands for Freedom's blove.

XLVIII.

Proudly they march—but, O! they march not forth By one hot field to crown a brief campaign, As when their Eagles, sweeping through the North, Destroy'd at every stoop an ancient reign! Far other fate had Heaven decreed for Spain; In vain the steel, in vain the torch was plied, New Patriot armies started from the slain, High blazed the war, and long, and far, and wide, And oft the God of Battles blest the righteous side.

XLIX.

Nor unatoned, where Freedom's foes prevail,
Remain'd their savage waste. With blade and brand,
By day the Invaders ravaged hill and dale,
But, with the darkness, the Guerilla band
Came like night's tempest, and avenged the land,
And claim'd for blood the retribution due,
Probed the hard heart, and lopp'd the murd'rous hand;
And Dawn, when o'er the scene her beams she threw
Midst ruins they had made, the spoilers' corpses knew.

What minstrel verse may sing, or tongue may tell, Amid the vision'd strife from sea to sea, How oft the Patriot banners rose or fell, Still honour'd in defeat as victory ! For that sad pageant of events to be Show'd every form of fight by field and flood; Slaughter and Ruin, shouting forth their glee,

Beheld, while riding on the tempest scud, The waters choked with slain, the earth bedrench'd with blood !

Then Zaragoza-blighted be the tongue That names thy name without the honour due! For never hath the harp of Minstrel rung, Of faith so felly proved, so firmly true! Mine, sap, and bomb, thy shatter'd ruins knew, Each art of war's extremity had room, Twice from thy half-sack'd streets the foe withdrew, And when at length stern fate decreed thy doom, They won not Zaragoza, but her children's bloody tomb.

Yet raise thy head, sad city! Though in chains, Enthrall'd thou canst not be! Arise, and claim Reverence from every heart where Freedom reigns, For what thou worshippest !- thy sainted dame, She of the Column, honour'd be her name By all, whate'er their creed, who honour love! And like the sacred relics of the flame, That gave some martyr to the bless'd above, To every loyal heart may thy sad embers prove !

Nor thine alone such wreck. Gerona fair! Faithful to death thy heroes shall be sung. Manning the towers, while o'er their heads the air Swart as the smoke from raging furnace hung; Now thicker dark'ning where the mine was sprung, Now briefly lighten'd by the cannon's flare, Now arch'd with fire-sparks as the bomb was flung, And redd'ning now with conflagration's glare, While by the fatal light the foes for storm prepare.

While all around was danger, strife, and fear, While the earth shook, and darken'd was the sky. And wide Destruction stunn'd the listening ear, Appall'd the heart, and stupified the eye,-Afar was heard that thrice-repeated cry. In which old Albion's heart and tongue unite, Whene'er her soul is up, and pulse beats high, Whether it hail the wine-cup or the fight, And bid each arm be strong, or bid each heart be light. LV.

Don Roderick turn'd him as the shout grew loud—
A varied scene the changeful vision show'd,
For, where the ocean mingled with the cloud,
A gallant navy stemm'd the billows broad.
From mast and stem St George's symbol flow'd,
Blent with the silver cross to Scotland dear;
Mottling the sea their landward barges row'd,
And flash'd the sun on bayonet, brand, and spear,
And the wild beach return'd the seaman's jovial cheer.

LVI.

It was a dread, yet spirit-stirring sight!

The billows foam'd beneath a thousand oars,

Fast as they land the red-cross ranks unite,

Legions on legions bright'ning all the shores.

Then banners rise, and cannon-signal roars,

Then peals the warlike thunder of the drum,

Thrills the loud fife, the trumpet-flourish pours,

And patriot hopes awake, and doubts are dumb,

For, bold in Freedom's cause, the bands of Ocean come!

LVII

A various host they came—whose ranks display
Each mode in which the warrior meets the fight,
The deep battalion locks its firm array,
And meditates his aim the marksman light;
Far glance the light of sabres flashing bright,
Where mounted squadrons shake the echoing mead,
Lacks not artillery breathing flame and night,
Nor the fleet ordnance whirl'd by rapid steed,
That rivals lightning's flash in ruin and in speed.

LVIII.

A various host—from kindred realms they came,
Brethren in arms, but rivals in renown —
For yon fair bands shall merry England claim,
And with their deeds of valour deck her crown.
Hers their bold port, and hers their martial frown,
And hers their scorn of death in freedom's cause,
Their eyes of azure, and their locks of brown,
And the blunt speech that bursts without a pause,
And freeborn thoughts, which league the Soldier with the Laws.

LIX.

And, O! loved warriors of the Minstrel's land! Yonder your bonnets nod, your tartans wave! The rugged form may mark the mountain band, And harsher features, and a mien more grave; But ne'er in battle-field throbb'd heart so brave As that which beats beneath the Scottish plaid; And when the pibroch bids the battle rave, And level for the charge your arms are laid, Where lives the desperate foe that for such onset staid!

LX.

Hark! from yon stately ranks what laughter rings,
Mingling wild mirth with war's stern minstrelsy,
His jest while each blithe comrade round him flings,
And moves to death with military glee:
Boast, Erin, boast them! tameless, frank, and free,
In kindness warm, and fierce in danger known,
Rough nature's children, humorous as ahe:
And HE, yon Chieftain—strike the proudest tone
Of thy bold harp, green Isle!—the Hero is thine own.

LXI.

Now on the scene Vimeira should be shown,
On Talavera's fight should Roderick gaze,
And hear Corunna wail her battle won,
And see Busaco's crest with lightning blaze:
But shall fond fable mix with heroes' praise?
Hath Fiction's stage for Truth's long triumphs room?
And dare her wild-flowers mingle with the bays,
That claim a long eternity to bloom
Around the warrior's crest, and o'er the warrior's tomb!

LXII.

Or may I give adventurous Fancy scope,
And stretch a bold hand to the awful veil
That hides futurity from anxious hope,
Bidding beyond it scenes of glory hail,
And painting Europe rousing at the tale
Of Spain's invaders from her confines hurl'd.
While kindling nations buckle on their mail,
And Fame, with clarion-blast and wings unfurl'd.
To Freedom and Revenge awakes an injured World!

O vain, though anxious, is the glance I cast,
Since Fate has mark'd futurity her own:
Yet Fate resigns to worth the glorious past,
The deeds recorded, and the laurels won.
Then, though the Vault of Destiny be gone,
King, Prelate, all the phantasms of my brain,
Melted away like mist-wreaths in the sun.
Yet grant for faith, for valour, and for Spain,
One note of pride and fire, a Patriot's parting strain:

CONCLUSION.

"Who shall command Estrella's mountain-tide
Back to the source, when tempest-chafed, to hie?
Who, when Gascogne's vex'd gulf is raging wide,
Shall hush it as a nurse her infant's cry?
His magic power let such vain boaster try,
And when the torrent shall his voice obey,
And Biscay's whirlwinds list his lullaby,
Let him stand forth and bar mine eagles' way,
And they shall heed his voice, and at his bidding stay.

"Else ne'er to stoop, till high on Lisbon's towers
They close their wings, the symbol of our yoke,
And their own sea hath whelm'd yon red-cross powers!"
Thus, on the summit of Alverca's rock,
To Marshal, Duke, and Peer, Gaul's Leader spoke.
While downward on the land his legions press,
Before them it was rich with vine and flock,
And smiled like Eden in her summer dress;
Behind their wasteful march a reeking wilderness.

And shall the boastful Chief maintain his word,
Though Heaven hath heard the wailings of the land,
Though Lusitania whet her vengeful sword,
Though Britons arm, and WELLINGTON command!
No! grim Busaco's iron ridge shall stand
An adamantine barrier to his force;
And from its base shall wheel his shatter'd band,
As from the unshaken rock the torrent hoarse
Bears off its broken waves, and seeks a devious course.

Yet not because Alcoba's mountain-hawk
Hath on his best and bravest made her food,
In numbers confident, yon Chief shall baulk
His Lord's imperial thirst for spoil and blood:
For full in view the promised conquest stood,
And Lisbon's matrons from their walls, might sum
The myriads that had half the world subdued,
And hear the distant thunders of the drum,

That bids the bands of France to storm and havoc come.

Four moons have heard these thunders idly roll'd, Have seen these wistful myriads eye their prey, As famish'd wolves survey a guarded fold—
But in the middle path a Lion lay!
At length they move—but not to battle-fray,
Nor blaze yon fires where meets the manly fight;
Beacons of infamy, they light the way
Where cowardice and cruelty unite
To damn with double shame their ignominious flight!

O triumph for the Fiends of Lust and Wrath!
Ne'er to be told, yet ne'er to be forgot,
What wanton horrors mark'd their wreckful path!
The peasant butcher'd in his ruin'd cot,
The hoary priest even at the altar shot,
Childhood and age given o'er to sword and flame,
Woman to infamy;—no crime forgot,
By which inventive demons might proclaim
Immortal hate to man, and scorn of God's great name!

The rudest sentinel, in Britain born,
With horror paused to view the havoc done,
Gave his poor crust to feed some wretch forlorn,
Wiped his stern eye, then fiercer grasp'd his gun.
Nor with less zeal shall Britain's peaceful son
Exult the debt of sympathy to pay;
Riches nor poverty the tax shall shun,
Nor prince nor peer, the wealthy nor the gay,
Nor the poor peasant's mite, nor bard's more worthless lay.

But thou—unfoughten wilt thou yield to Fate,
Minion of Fortune, now miscall'd in vain!
Can vantage-ground no confidence create,
Marcella's pass, nor Guarda's mountain-chain?
Vainglorious fugitive! yet turn again!
Behold, where, named by some prophetic Seer,
Flows Honour's Fountain,* as foredoom'd the stain
From thy dishonour'd name and arms to clear—
Fallen Child of Fortune, turn, redeem her favour here!

Yet, ere thou turn'st, collect each distant aid;
Those chief that never heard the lion roar!
Within whose souls lives not a trace portray'd,
Of Talavera, or Mondego's shore!
Marshal cach band thou hast, and summon more;
Of war's fell stratagems exhavst the whole;
Rank upon rank, squadron on squadron pour,
Legion on legion on thy foeman roll,
And weary out his arm—thou canst not quell his soul.

^{*} The literal translation of Fuentes d'Honoro.

O vainly gleams with steel Agueda's shore,
Vainly thy squadrons hide Assuava's plain,
And front the flying thunders as they roar,
With frantic charge and tenfold odds, in vain!
And what avails thee that, for CAMERON slain,
Wild from his plaided ranks the yell was given—
Vengeance and grief gave mountain-rane the rein.

Vengeance and grief gave mountain-rage the rein, And, at the bloody spear-point headlong driven, Thy Despot's giant guards fled like the rack of heaven.

Go, baffled boaster! teach thy haughty mood
To plead at thine imperious master's throne,
Say, thou hast left his legions in their blood,
Deceived his hopes, and frustrated thine own;
Say, that thine utmost skill and valour shown,
By British skill and valour were outvied;
Last say, thy conqueror was WELLINGTON!
And if he chafe, be his own fortune tried—

God and our cause to friend, the venture we'll abide.

But you, ye heroes of that well-fought day,
How shall a bard, unknowing and unknown,
His meed to each victorious leader pay,
Or bind on every brow the laurels won?
Yet fain my harp would wake its holdest tone,
O'er the wide sea to hail CADOGAN brave;
And he, perchance, the minstrel-note might own,

Mindful of meeting brief that Fortune gave Mid you far western isles that hear the Atlantic rave.

Yes! hard the task, when Britons wield the sword,
To give each Chief and every field its fame:
Hark! Albuera thunders BERESFORD,
And Red Birosa shouts for dauntless Græme!
O for a verse of tumult and of flame,
Bold as the bursting of their cannon sound,
To bid the world re-echo to their fame!
For never, upon gory battle-ground,
With conquest's well-bought wreath were braver victors crown'd!

O who shall grudge him Albuera's bays,
Who brought a race regenerate to the field,
Roused them to emulate their fathers' praise,
Temper'd their headlong rage, their courage steel'd,
And raised fair Lusitania's fallen shield,
And gave new edge to Lusitania's sword,
And taught her sons forgotten arms to wield—
Shiver'd my harp, and burst its every chord,
If it torget thy worth, victorious Berespord!

XIV.

THE VISION OF DON RODERICK.

XV.

Not on that bloody field of battle won,
Though Gaul's proud legions roll'd like mist away,
Was half his self-devoted valour shown,—
He gaged but life on that illustrious day;
But when he toil'd those squadrons to array,
Who fought like Britons in the bloody game,
Sharper than Polish pike or assagay,
He braved the shafts of censure and of shame,
And, dearer far than life, he pledged a soldier's fame.

XVI.

Nor be his praise o'erpast who strove to hide
Beneath the warrior's vest affection's wound,
Whose wish Heaven for his country's weal denied;
Danger and fate he sought, but glory found.
From clime to clime, where'er war's trumpets sound,
The wanderer went; yet, Caledonia! still
Thine was his thought in march and tented ground;
He dream'd 'mid Alpine cliffs of Athole's hill,
And heard in Ebro's roar his Lyndoch's lovely rill.

CVII.

O hero of a race renown'd of old,
Whose war-cry oft has waked the battle-swell,
Since first distinguish'd in the onset bold,
Wild sounding when the Roman rampart fell!
By Wallace' side it rung the Southron's knell,
Alderne, Kilsythe, and Tibber, own'd its fame,
Tummell's rude pass can of its terrors tell,
But ne'er from prouder field arose the name,
Than when wild Ronda learn'd the conquering shout of GREME!

CVIII.

But all too long, through seas unknown and dark,
(With Spenser's parable I close my tale,)
By shoal and rock hath steer'd my venturous bark,
And landward now I drive before the gale.
And now the blue and distant shore I hail,
And nearer now I see the port expand,
And now I gladly furl my weary sail,
And, as the prow light touches on the strand,
I strike my red-cross flag and bind my skiff to land.

ROKEBY:

A POEM.

IN SIX CANTOS.

TO

JOHN B. S. MORRITT, ESQ.

THIS POEM,

The Scene of which is laid in his beautiful demesne of Rokeby,

IS INSCRIBED,

IN TOKEN OF SINCERE FRIENDSHIP, BY

WALTER SCOTT:



ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FIRST EDITION.

The Scene of this Poem is laid at Rokeby, near Greta Bridge, in Yorkshire shifts to the adjacent Fortress of Barnard Castle, and to other places in that Via The Time occupied by the Action is a space of Five Days, Three of white supposed to clapse between the end of the Fifth and the beginning of the Sixth C The Date of the supposed events is immediately subsequent to the great Bat. Marston Moor, 3d July, 1644. This period of public confusion has been ch without any purpose of combining the Fable with the Military or Political E of the Civil War, but only as affording a degree of probability to the Fict.

narrative now presented to the Public.

ROKEBY.

as two years and a half after the publication of the "Lady of the Lake" Scott gave his next poem to the world. During that interval he had moved shestiel to Abbotsford, and the beginning of a great change was perceptible aspirations of his life. He had passed his fortieth year, his family was g up around him; already the two boys had reached an age when, both lestined to active life, they would soon have to quit the paternal roof, and ad begun to speculate on their future. In the Introduction which he wrote 1830 edition of his poetical works, he speaks as though he had in a large given up field-sports, and taken to the quieter and more sedate occupation ting, on account of advancing years and the absence of his sons, who used to companions in coursing and hunting. But it is evident that his choice of a susement had a deeper meaning than he then avowed or probably was planting he had always, no doubt, entertained a strong partiality. Even in od, he says, his sympathies were stirred by reading the account of one's "Leasowes," and in after life there was nothing which seemed to afford much pride and pleasure as in watching the naked hill-sides gradually ng with the saplings he had planted. "You can have no idea," said Scott stain Basil Hall, "of the exquisite delight of a planter; he is like a painter on his colours: at every moment he sees his effects coming out. There is or occupation comparable to this. It is full of past, present, and future ient. I look back to the time when there was not a tree here, only bare I look round, and see thousands of trees growing up, all of which, I may nost each of which, have received my personal attention. I remember five go looking forward, with the most delighted expectation, to this very hour, each year has passed, the expectation has gone on increasing. I do the same I anticipate what this plantation and that one will presently be, if only taken , and there is not a spot of which I do not watch the progress. g, or even painting, or indeed any other kind of pursuit, this has no end, never interrupted, but goes on from day to day, and from year to year, with etually augmenting interest." But he could hew as well as plant. pert with the axe, and one of the pleasantest sights of Abbotsford was to: Sheriff and Tam Purdie, in their shirt-sleeves, thinning the woods, while the hound, looked gravely on. not difficult to discover in this love of planting the germ of the ambition to he now began to yield himself—to be a laird, and found a family. der the modest title of cottage, or farm, that he spoke of Abbotsford; but his plans were expanding, and the farm-house was gradually acquiring the and proportions of a mansion. Everything which flattered his sense of being ad proprietor was dear to him. It was not enough that he had bought an he sought to make it his own in a more peculiar manner by converting the

rm into a gentleman's seat, and by calling into existence the woods which

were to cover the nakedness of the land. Both in the Introduction of 1830 and in his private letters he speaks contemptuously of farming, and places planting in above it as a nobler and more elevating pursuit. But one cannot but suspect that this feeling was not unconnected with the fact that farming was the occupation

of the mere tenant, while planting was the business of the landlord.

Of course, as Scott's schemes assumed a grander form, so his expenditus increased. That it was a feeling of necessity and not inclination that led him to the composition of "Rokeby," is almost avowed in the Introduction of 1830. It there speaks as though he would have been content to have devoted himsel entirely to his estate, and to have allowed the poetical field to lie fallow, had it may been for certain peremptory circumstances which again compelled him to take up the pen. "As I am turned improver on the earth of this every-day world, it was under condition that the small tenement of Parnassus, which might be accessable write a poem in order to get the money for his house and plantations. To his friend Morritt, in confiding the first idea of "Rokeby," Scott was frank enough on this point. "I want," he says, "to build my cottage a little better than us limited finances will permit out of my ordinary income; and although it is very two that an author should not hazard his reputation, yet, as Bob Acres says, I really think reputation should take some care of the gentleman in return."

In undertaking the work for the reasons thus explicitly avowed, Scott was quite conscious of his lack of poetic glow and impulse. The poem, apart from it merits, has a peculiar interest for the reader who studies it as a piece of carefuliterary manufacture, and takes notice of the deliberate business-like way in which it was produced. Three such successes as those of the "Minstrel," "Marmins, and the "Lady of the Lake," might have made a vain man reckless and a timi man cowardly—the one would have been terrified by the sound himself had made the other would have presumed upon his acknowledged powers. But Scott we neither vain nor timid. He looked at the matter with a calm practical eye. It thought he understood the popular taste, but he was quite aware that there has been an unprecedented run of fortune in favour of his cards, and that he could nealculate on its continuance. His safety, he saw, lay in playing the game with

novel combination.

Determined not to throw away a chance, Scott was very cautious in the choi of a subject, and very elaborate in working out the story which he at leng decided on adopting. His first conception of a poem of which Bruce should the hero was discarded for the time (it afterwards appeared as the "Lord of t Isles"), even after he had written some of it, for fear the subject was not not enough to catch the public taste. Hitherto he had taken his stand on Scotti ground; he now resolved to venture southwards in search of the incidents a scenery of his new poem. He was no stranger, however, to the country which set himself to depict. Rokeby was the seat of his intimate friend Mr. Morritt; had visited it more than once; he returned expressly to freshen his recollection the district, and to note its aspect more carefully and narrowly; and his he supplied him with an ample store of legendary and topographical informatic Impressed with the conviction that the greater the degree of novelty he cot infuse into the poem the greater would be its chances of success, he resolved up another experiment in his treatment of the story, besides transferring the thea from Scotland to England. The force in the "Lay," he tells us, is thrown up now determined to make the portraiture of character, without excluding eitlinedent or description, the chief feature of "Rokeby."

The next point to be settled was the period in which the action should be laid. Scott was unfortunate in choosing the period of the Parliamentary Civil War. His friend, Mr. Morritt, at once detected the error, and urged him strongly to throw back the date of the story to the Wars of the Roses. That would give the bard, he suggested, more freedom in the introduction of ghosts and similar superstitious effects; it would enable him to represent the district at a time when is leading men, the lords of Barnard Castle and Rokeby, were playing a nobler and sore distinguished part tean in the Commonwealth; and, "civil war for civil war, the first had two poetical sides, and the last only one; for the Roundheads, though always thought them politically right, were sad materials for poetry; even Milton Cannot make much of them." One may not be disposed to endorse the view that there was no poetry in the Puritans, but there can be little doubt that Scott's impathies were warped in this respect, and that he did not catch the true spirit of the time. It might almost be assumed that he himself was conscious of this, for, except for a chance phrase here and there, we might read the poem from beginning cend without discovering in what period of English history the incidents were proposed to happen. There is nothing peculiarly characteristic of either Puritans Cavaliers in the personages introduced upon the stage; and Scott might just as well have taken his friend's advice, and gone back to the feud of the Roses at once.

Those who seek for a picture of England in the heat of the great strife between Court and Parliament, will be disappointed. If, however, the reader is willing to **take** the narrative on its own merits, without reference to its historical value, he will find it by no means destitute of interest and beauty. An author has a right to claim that he shall be tested by the standard of what he sought to accomplish; and in this instance it should be remembered that it was character and not history which Scott applied himself to depict. Mortham and Rokeby, Bertram and O'Neale, must be taken (to compare small things with great) on the same terms as we take Lear and Hamlet, without reference to the exact time in which they lived -as studies of that human nature, which is the same in every age.

The dedication of the work to Mr. Morritt, and the elaborate descriptions which it contained of the estate and castle of Rokeby, gave rise to some sarcasm on the part of London wits, who did not know the affectionate friendship which lent the place an especial charm to Scott's partial eye. Moore, for instance, in his "Two-

penny Post-bag," has a hit at Scott as a bard who-

"Having quitted the Borders to seek new renown, Is coming by long quarto stages to town, And begining with Rokeby (the job's sure to pay), Means to do all the gentlemen's seats by the way."

The only way to rival the enterprising northern Ministrel is, Moore suggests:--

"To start a new poet through Highgate to meet him; Who by means of quick proofs—no revises, long coaches— May do a few villas before Scott approaches."

There were, however, as we have seen, many agreeable associations which gave Scott a special interest in Rokeby. Nor were natural attractions wanting. Even now, when swarthy industry and exacting agriculture have done so much to efface the picturesque features of the country, there is much to charm the lover of natural scenery, and the spirited fidelity of the poet's descriptions can still be recognised. Having outlined his characters, as it were, in the front of his poetical picture, Scott went to Rokeby to fill in the background. He had already visited the spot, and its beauties had made a deep impression on his mind; brightened, doubtless, by the grateful recollections of his host's kindness and geniality. In a letter to Ellis

(July 8, 1809), he describes it as "one of the most enviable places I have ever seen it unites the richness and luxuriance of English vegetation, with the romantic varie of glen, torrent, and copse, which dignifies our Northern scenery." Rokeby is modern mansion, on the site of an ancient castle, in the midst of a pleasant par in which two rapid and beautiful streams, the Greta and the Tees, unite their water The scattered ruins of John Balliol's stately home, Barnard Castle, are to be for on a high bank overlooking the Tees. The castle has a chequered history. Edward It passed in succession to the Beauchamps of Warwick, as took it from Balliol. the Staffords of Buckingham. Richard III. is said to have enlarged and strengthen its fortifications, and to have made it for some time his principal residence, for the purpose of holding in check the Lancastrian faction of the Northern countie Subsequently we find it in the possession of the Nevilles, Earls of Westmoreland, and it was forfeited to the crown after the insurrection against Queen Elizabeth in the eleventh year of her reign, and afterwards passed to Carr, the Earl of Somerse James's the First's favourite, and Sir Harry Vane the elder. So that it was, doubtless occupied in the Parliamentary interest during the civil war. Mortham Castle i now a farmhouse. It stands on the bank of the Greta, near the point where the stream issues from a narrow dell into more open country. Traces of a still olde time are also to be found in this neighbourhood. Not far from Greta Bridge there is a well-preserved Roman encampment, surrounded with a triple dick lying between the River Greta and the brook called the Tutta. Roman altan and monuments have also been turned up in the vicinity.

Mr. Morritt has left an interesting account of Scott's second visit to Rokeb, when he was collecting materials for his poem. The morning after he arrived he said, "You have often given me materials for romance; now I want a good robbers cave and an old church of the right sort." So the two friends started on the quest, and Scott found what he wanted in the ancient slate quarries of Brignal, and the ruined abbey of Egglestone. Nor did Scott neglect even the minutest features of the scene. He took note of the little plants and ferns that grew about, saying that in nature no two scenes were ever exactly alike; and that whoever copied twi what was before his eyes, would possess the same variety in his descriptions, and exhibit apparently an imagination as boundless as the range of nature in the

scenes he recorded.

Here we see Scott studying from nature—it is interesting to turn to the companion picture of the artificer at work. While composing "Rokeby" Scott gave a occasional hour to the "Bridal of Triermain" and the "Lord of the Isles," and four time for his planting as well. And all the while the clank of the trowel and the hammer were ringing in his ears, and he was fretted with the schemes for his ne house, and the means of raising money for them. "As for the house and the peem, he said himself, "there are twelve masons hammering at the one, and a pot noodle at the other." The building being unfinished, he had no room for himsel and sat at his desk near a window looking out at the river, undisturbed by the noise and bustle on the other side of the old bed-curtain, which separated a sanctum from the rest of the only habitable portion of the house.



ROKEBY.

ROKEBY.

CANTO FIRST.

I.

THE Moon is in her summer glow, But hoarse and high the breezes blow, And, racking o'er her face, the cloud Varies the tincture of her shroud; On Barnard's towers, and Tees's stream, She changes as a guilty dream, When Conscience, with remorse and fear, Goads sleeping Fancy's wild career. Her light seems now the blush of shame, Seems now herce anger's darker flame. Shifting that shade, to come and go, Like apprehension's hurried glow; Then sorrow's livery dims the air, And dies in darkness, like despair. Such varied hues the warder sees Reflected from the woodland Tees. Then from old Baliol's tower looks forth, Sees the clouds mustering in the north, Hears, upon turret-roof and wall, By fits the plashing rain-drop fall, Lists to the breeze's boding sound, And wraps his shaggy mantle round.

II.

Those towers, which in the changeful gleam

Throw murky shadows on the stream, Those towers of Barnard hold a guest. The emotions of whose troubled breast, In wild and strange confusion driven, Rival the flitting rack of heaven. Ere sleep stern OswALD's senses tied, Oft had he changed his weary side, Composed his limbs, and vainly sought By effort strong to banish thought. Sleep came at length, but with a train Of feelings true and fancies vain, Mingling, in wild disorder cast, The expected future with the past.

Conscience, anticipating time, Already rues the enacted crime, And calls her furies forth, to shake The sounding scourge and hissing sai While her poor victim's outward the Bear witness to his mental woes, And show what lesson may be read Beside a sinner's restless bed.

ITT.

Thus Oswald's labouring feelings tra Strange changes in his sleeping fact. Rapid and ominous as these With which the moonbeams ting t Tees.

There might be seen of shame the he There anger's dark and fiercer flush. While the perturbed sleeper's hand Seem'd grasping dagger-knife, or bar Relax'd that grasp, the heavy sigh. The tear in the half-opening eye, The pallid check and brow, confess That grief was busy in his breast: Nor paused that mood—a sudden & Impell'd the life-blood from the hear Features convulsed, and mutterings dn Show terror reigns in sorrow's stead That pang the painful slumber book And Oswald with a start awoke.

IV.

He woke, and fear'd again to close His eyelids in such dire repose; He woke,—to watch the lamp, and From hour to hour the castle-bell. Or listen to the owlet's cry, Or the sad breeze that whistles by, Or catch, by fits, the tuneless rhym With which the warder cheats the t And envying think, how, when the Bids the poor soldier's watch be do on his straw, and fancy-free, is like careless infancy.

v.

1-ward sounds a distant tread, wald, starting from his bed, ught it, though no human ear, en'd by revenge and fear, er distinguish horse's clank, reach'd the castle bank. h and plain the sound appears, der's challenge now he hears, nking chains and levers tell, r the moat the drawbridge fell, the castle court below, re heard, and torches glow, nalling the stranger's way, for the room where Oswald lay; was, - "Tidings from the host, it-a messenger comes post." he turnult of his breast, rer Oswald thus express'dood and wine, and trim the fire; ie stranger, and retire."

VI.

nger came with heavy stride; ion's plumes his visage hide, buff-coat, an ample fold, his form's gigantic mould. der answer deigned he ild's anxious courtesy, cd, by a disdainful smile, ind scorn'd the petty wile, wald changed the torch's place, that on the soldier's face I lustre might be thrown, his looks, yet hide his own. t, the while, laid low aside erous cloak of tough bull's hide, ie torch glanced broad and clear let of a cuirassier; m his brows the casque he drew, the dank plume dash'd the dew, oves of mail relieved his hands, ad them to the kindling brands, ning to the genial board, a health, or pledge, or word and social reverence said, e drank, and fiercely fed; rom ceremony's sway, h'd wolf that tears his prey.

VII.

With deep impatience, tinged with fear, His host beheld him gorge his cheer, And quaff the full carouse, that lent His brow a fiercer hardiment. Now Oswald stood a space aside, Now paced the room with hasty stride, In feverish agony to learn Tidings of deep and dread concern, Cursing each moment that his guest Protracted o'er his ruffian feast. Yet, viewing with alarm, at last, The end of that uncouth repast, Almost he seem'd their haste to rue. As, at his sign, his train withdrew, And left him with the stranger, free To question of his mystery. Then did his silence long proclaim A struggle between fear and shame.

VIII.

Much in the stranger's mien appears, To justify suspicious fears. On his dark face a scorching clime, And toil, had done the work of time, Roughen'd the brow, the temples bared, And sable hairs with silver shared, Yet left-what age alone could tame-The lip of pride, the eye of flame; The full-drawn lip that upward curl'd. The eye that seem'd to scorn the world. That lip had terror never blench'd; Ne'er in that eye had tear-drop quench'd The flash severe of swarthy glow, That mock'd at pain, and knew not woe. Inured to danger's direst form, Tornade and earthquake, flood and storm, Death had he seen by sudden blow, By wasting plague, by tortures slow, By mine or breach, by steel or ball, Knew all his shapes, and scorn'd them all.

IX.

But yet, though BERTRAM's harden'd look,
Unmoved, could blood and danger brook,
Still worse than apathy had place
On his swart brow and callous face;
For evil passions, cherish'd long,
Had plough'd them with impressions strong.

All that gives gloss to sin, all gay Light folly, past with youth away, But rooted stood, in manhood's hour, The weeds of vice without their flower. And yet the soil in which they grew, Had it been tamed when life was new, Had depth and vigour to bring forth The hardier fruits of virtuous worth. Not that, e'en then, his heart had known The gentler feelings' kindly tone; But lavish waste had been refined To bounty in his chasten'd mind, And lust of gold, that waste to feed, Been lost in love of glory's meed, And, frantic then no more, his pride Had ta'en fair virtue for its guide.

X.

Even now, by conscience unrestrain'd, Clogg'd by gross vice, by slaughter stain'd, Still knew his daring soul to soar, And mastery o'er the mind he bore; For meaner guilt, or heart less hard, Quail'd beneath Bertram's bold regard. And this felt Oswald, while in vain He strove, by many a winding train, To lure his sullen guest to show, Unisk'd, the news he long'd to know, While on far other subject hung His heart, than falter'd from his tongue. Yet nought for that his guest did deign To note or spare his secret pain, But still, in stern and stubborn sort, Return'd him answer dark and short, Or started from the theme, to range In loose digression wild and strange, And forced the embarrass'd host to buy, By query close, direct reply.

XI.

A while he glozed upon the cause Of Commons, Covenant and Laws, And Church Reform'd—but felt rebuke Beneath grim Bertram's sneering look, Then stammer'd—"Has a field been fought?

Has Bertram news of battle brought? For sure a soldier, famed so far In foreign fields for feats of war, On eve of fight ne'er left the host, Until the field were won and lost."

"Here, in your towers by circlis
You, Oswald Wycliffe, rest at e
Why deem it strange that other
To share such safe and easy hon
From fields wheredanger, death...
Are the reward of civil broil?".
"Nay, mock not, friend! since
know

The near advances of the foe,
To mar our northern army's wo
Encamp'd before beleaguer'd Yc
Thy horse with valiant Fairfax I
And must have fought—how w
day?"—

XII.

"Would'st hear the tale?—On Mineath

Met, front to front, the ranks of Flourish'd the trumpets fierce, u Fired was each eye, and flush'deac On either side loud clamours ring 'God and the Cause!'—'God a

King!'
Right English all, they rush'd to
With nought to win, and all to l
I could have laugh'd - but lach
time—

To see, in phrenesy sublime, How the herce zealots fought an For king or state, as humour led Some for a dream of public goo Some for church-tippet, gown an Draining their veins, in death to A patriot's or a martyr's name.-Led Bertram Risingham the hea That counter'd there on adverse No superstitious fool had I Sought El Dorados in the sky! Chili had heard me through her And Lima oped her silver gates, Rich Mexico I had march'd thro And sack'd the splendours of Pe Till sunk Pizarro's daring name, And, Cortez, thine, in Bertram's for "Still from the purpose wilt thou Good gentle friend, how went the

XIII.

"Good am I deem'd at trumpet And good where goblets dance the

gentle ne'er was join'd, till now, ugged Bertram's breast and row.sume. The battle's rage the strife which currents wage, Orinoco, in his pride, the main no tribute tide, nst broad ocean urges far sea of roaring war n ten thousand eddies driven, ows fling their foam to heaven, pale pilot seeks in vain, olls the river, where the main. us upon the bloody field, ving tides of conflict wheel'd ous, till that heart of flame, pert, on our squadrons came, against our spears a line ints, fiery as their wine; rs, though stubborn in their zeal, despite began to reel. rould'st thou more?—in tumult lers fell, our ranks were lost. and men, who drew the sword h the Houses and the Word, d forth from hamlet, grange, ind down. o the crosier and the crown, tark and stiff, lie stretch'd in gore, er shall rail at mitre more. tred it, when I left the fight, he good Cause and Commons' right."-

trous news!" dark Wycliffe said; ed despondence, bent his head, troubled joy was in his eye, :ll-feign'd sorrow to belie. trous news!-when needed most, a not that your chiefs were lost? ete the woful tale, and say, :ll upon that fatal day; eaders of repute and name by their death a deathless fame? my direst foeman's doom, 's shall dew his honour'd tomb. wer?-Friend, of all our host, :now'st whom I should hate the thou too, once, wert wont to hate, vest me doubtful of his fate."-

With look unmoved—"Of friend or foe, Aught," answer'd Bertram, "would'st thou know,

Demand in simple terms and plain, A soldier's answer shalt thou gain; For question dark, or riddle high, I have nor judgment nor reply."

XV.

The wrath his art and fear suppress'd, Now blazed at once in Wycliffe's breast; And brave, from man so meanly born, Roused his hereditary scorn.

"Wretch! hast thou paid thy bloody debt?

PHILIP OF MORTHAM, lives he yet?
False to thy patron or thine oath,
Trait'rous or perjured, one or both.
Slave! hast thou kept thy promise plight,
To slay thy leader in the fight?"
Then from his seat the soldier sprung,
And Wycliffe's hand he strongly wrung;
His grasp, as hard as glove of mail,
Forced the red blood-drop from the
nail—

"A health!" he cried; and, ere he quaff'd, Flung from him Wycliffe's hand, and laugh'd—

-"Now, Oswald Wycliffe, speaks thy

Now play'st thou well thy genuine part! Worthy, but for thy craven fear, Like me to roam a bucanier.

What reck'st thou of the Cause divine, If Mortham's wealth and lands be thine? What carest thou for beleaguer'd York, If this good hand have done its work? Or what though Fairfax and his best Are reddening Marston's swarthy breast, If Philip Mortham with them lie, Lending his life-blood to the dye?— Sit, then! and as 'mid comrades free Carousing after victory, When tales are told of blood and fear,

When tales are told of blood and fear. That boys and women shrink to hear, From point to point I frankly tell The deed of death as it befell.

XVI.

"When purposed vengeance I forego, Term me a wretch, nor deem me soe; And when an insult I forgive, Then brand me as a slave, and live! Philip of Mortham is with those Whom Bertram Risingham calls foes; Or whom more sure revenge attends, If number'd with ungrateful friends. As was his wont, ere battle glow'd, Along the marshall d ranks he rode, And wore his visor up the while. I saw his melancholy smile, When, full opposed in front, he knew Where ROKEBY's kindred banner flew. 'And thus,' he said, 'will friends divide!'—

I heard, and thought how, side by side,

Neard, and thought now, side by side,
We two had turn'd the battle's tide,
In many a well-debated field,
Where Bertram's breast was Philip's
shield.

I thought on Darien's deserts pale, Where death bestrides the evening gale; How o'er my friend my cloak I threw, And fenceless faced the deadly dew; I thought on Quariana's cliff, Where, rescued from our foundering skiff, Through the white breakers' wrath I bore Exhausted Mortham to the shore; And, when his side an arrow found, I suck'd the Indian's venom'd wound. These thoughts like torrents rush'd along, To sweep away my purpose strong.

XVII.

"Hearts are not flint, and flints are rent; Hearts are not steel, and steel is bent. When Mortham bade me, as of yore, Be near him in the battle's roar, I scarcely saw the spears laid low, I scarcely heard the trumpets blow; Lost was the war in inward strife, Debating Mortham's death or life. "Twas then I thought, how, lured to come,

As partner of his wealth and home, Years of piratic wandering o'er, With him I sought our native shore. But Mortham's lord grew far estranged From the bold heart with whom he ranged;

Doubts, horrors, superstitious fears, Sadden'd and dimm'd descending years; The wily priests their victim sought, And damn'd each free-born deed and thought. Then must I seek another home,
My license shook his sober dome;
If gold he gave, in one wild day
I revell'd thrice the sum away.
An idle outcast then I stray'd,
Unfit for tillage or for trade,
Deem'd, like the steel of rusted lance
Useless and dangerous at once.
The women fear d my hardy look,
At my approach the peaceful shook;
The merchant saw my glance of flame
And lock'd his hoards when Bertra
came;

CAN

Each child of coward peace kept far From the neglected son of war.

XVIII.

"But civil discord gave the call,
And made my trade the trade of all.
By Mortham urged, I came again
His vassals to the fight to train.
What guerdon waited on my care?
I could not cant of creed or prayer;
Sour fanatics each trust obtain'd,
And I, dishonour'd and disdain'd,
Gain'd but the high and happy lot,
In these poor arms to front the shot!
All this thou know'st, thy gestures tel
Yet hear it o'er, and mark it well.
'Tis honour bids me now relate
Each circumstance of Mortham's fate.

XIX.

"Thoughts, from the tongue that slow part,

Glance quick as lightning through theart.

As my spur press'd my courser's side, Philip of Mortham's cause was tried, And, ere the charging squadrons mix'd I watch'd him through the doubtful fra That changed as March's moody day, Till, like a stream that bursts its bank Fierce Rupert thunder'd on our flank. 'Twas then, midst tumult, smoke, ar strife,

Whereeach man fought for death or lif Twas then I fired my petronel, And Mortham, steed and rider, fell. One dying look he upward cast, Of wrath and anguish—'twas his last.

not that there I stopp'd, to view f the battle should ensue; I clear'd that bloody press, rthern horse ran masterless: on and Mitton told the news sops of Roundheads choked the Ouse, any a bonny Scot, aghast, ig his palfrey northward, past, the day when zeal or meed ired their Lesley o'er the Tweed. en I reach d the banks of Swale. mour learn'd another tale: is barb'd horse, fresh tidings say, 'romwell has redeem'd the day: ether false the news, or true, I, I reck as light as you.

XX.

en by Wycliffe might be shown, is pride startled at the tone ch his complice, fierce and free, d guilt's equality. othest terms his speech he wove, less friendship, faith, and love; ed and vow'd in courteous sort, ertram broke professions short. liffe, be sure not here I stay, arcely till the rising day; 'd by the legends of my youth, not an associate's truth. t my native dales prolong rcy Rede the tragic song, d forward to his bloody fall, rsonfield, that treacherous Hall? y the Pringle's haunted side, repherd sees his spectre glide. ear the spot that gave me name, loated mound of Risingham, e Reed upon her margin sees Woodburne's cottages and trees, ancient sculptor's art has shown tlaw's image on the stone; tch'd in strength, a giant he, quiver'd back, and kirtled knee. ow he died, that hunter bold, imeless monarch of the wold. ige and infancy can tell, other's treachery he fell. warn'd by legends of my youth, t to no associate's truth.

XXI.

"When last we reason'd of this deed, Nought, I bethink me, was agreed, Or by what rule, or when, or where, The wealth of Mortham we should share; Then list, while I the portion name, Our differing laws give each to claim. Thou, vassal sworn to England's throne, Her rules of heritage must own; They deal thee, as to nearest heir, Thy kinsman's lands and livings fair, And these I yield :- do thou revere The statutes of the Bucanier. Friend to the sea, and foeman sworn To all that on her waves are borne, When falls a mate in battle broil, His comrade heirs his portion'd spoil; When dies in fight a daring foe, He claims his wealth who struck the blow:

And either rule to me assigns Those spoils of Indian seas and mines, Hoarded in Mortham's caverns dark; Ingot of gold and diamond spark, Chalice and plate from churches borne, And gems from shrieking beauty torn, Each string of pearl, each silver bar, And all the wealth of western war. I go to search, where, dark and deep, Those Trans-atlantic treasures sleep. Thou must along-for, lacking thee, The heir will scarce find entrance free; And then farewell. I haste to try Each varied pleasure wealth can buy; When cloy'd each wish, these wars afford Fresh work for Bertram's restless sword."

XXII.

An undecided answer hung
On Oswald's hesitating tongue.
Despite his craft, he heard with awe
This ruffian stabber fix the law;
While his own troubled passions veer
Through hatred, joy, regret, and fear:—
Joy'd at the soul that Bertram flies,
He grudged the murderer's mighty prize,
Hated his pride's presumptuous tone,
And fear'd to wend with him alone.
At length, that middle course to steer,
To cowardice and craft so dear,
"His charge," he said, "would ill allow
His absence from the fortress now;

WILFRID on Bertram should attend, His son should journey with his friend."

HIYY

Contempt kept Bertram's anger down,
And wreathed to savage smile his frown.
"Wilfrid, or thou—'ts one to me,
Whichever bears the golden key.
Yet think not but I mark, and smile
To mark, thy poor and selfish wile!
If injury from me you fear,
What, Oswald Wycliffe, shields thee
here!

I've sprung from walls more high than these.

I've swam through deeper streams than Tees.

Might I not stab thee ere one yell Could rouse the distant sentinel? Start not—it is not my design, But, if it were, weak fence were thine; And, trust me, that, in time of need, This hand hath done more desperate deed.

Go, haste and rouse thy slumbering son; Time calls, and I must needs be gone."

XXIV.

Nought of his sire's ungenerous part Polluted Wilfrid's gentle heart; A heart too soft from early life To hold with fortune needful strife. His sire, while yet a hardier race Of numerous sons were Wycliffe's grace, On Wilfrid set contemptuous brand, For feeble heart and forceless hand; But a fond mother's care and joy Were centred in her sickly boy. No touch of chil thood's frolic mood Show'd the elastic spring of blood; Hour after hour he loved to pore On Shakspeare's rich and varied lore, But turn'd from martial scenes and light, From Falstaff's feast and Percy's fight, To ponder Jacques' moral strain, And muse with Hamlet, wise in vain; And weep himself to soft repose O'er gentle Desdemona's woes.

XXV.

In youth he sought not pleasures found By youth in horse, and hawk, and hound,

But loved the quiet joys that wake By lonely stream and silent lake; In Deepdale's solitude to lie, Where all is cliff and copse and sky: To climb Catcastle's dizzy peak, Or lone Pendragon's mound to seek. Such was his wont; and there his dream Soar'd on some wild fantastic theme, Of faithful love, or ceaseless spring. Till Contemplation's wearied wing The enthusiast could no more sustain, And sad he sunk to earth again.

XXVI.

He loved—as many a lay can tell, Preserved in Stanmore's lonely dell: For his was minstrel's skill, he caught The art unteachable, untaught; He loved-his soul did nature frame For love, and fancy nursed the flame; Vainly he loved—for seldom swain Of such soft mould is loved again; Silent he loved—in every gaze Was passion, friendship in his phrase. So mused his life away-till died His brethren all, their father's pride. Wilfrid is now the only heir Of all his stratagems and care, And destined, darkling, to pursue Ambition's maze by Oswald's clue.

XXVII.

Wilfrid must love and woo the bright Matibla, heir of Rokeby's knight. To love her was an easy hest. The secret empress of his breast; To woo her was a harder task To one that durst not hope or ask. Yet all Matilda could, she gave In pity to her gentle slave: Friendship, esteem, and fair regard, And praise, the poet's best reward! She read the tales his taste approved And sung the lays he framed or loved Yet, loath to nurse the fatal flame Of hopeless love in friendship's name, In kind caprice she oft withdrew The favouring glance to friendship du Then grieved to see her victim's pain. And gave the dangerous smiles again.

XXVIII.

ie suit of Wilfrid stand, ar's loud summons waked the nners, floating o'er the Tees, oreboding peasant sees; rt oft they braved of old lering Scot's incursion bold: z defiance in their pride, ssals now and lords divide. fair hall on Greta banks, zht of Rokeby led his ranks, ie valiant northern Earls, w the sword for royal Charles. , by marriage near allied, - r had been Rokeby's bride, ong before the civil fray, ul grave the lady lay,-Mortham raised his band, ch'd at Fairfax's command: yeliffe, bound by many a train ed art with wily Vane, npt to brave the bloody field, rnard's battlements his shield, hem with his Lunedale powers, he Commons held the towers.

XXIX.

ly heir of Rokeby's Knight his halls the event of fight; land's war rever'd the claim unprotected name, ed, amid its fiercest rage, d and womanhood and age. rid, son to Rokeby's foe, dear privilege forego, s side, in evening grey, upon Matilda's way, with fond hypocrisy, ess step and vacant eye; each anxious look and glance, he meeting all to chance, ng as a fair excuse, t, the pencil, or the muse; ig to give, to sing, to say, dern tale, some ancient lay. ile the long'd-for minutes last,utes quickly over-past !g each expression free, or careless courtesy, ndly look, each softer tone, or fancy when alone.

All this is o'er—but still, unseen, Wilfrid may lurk in Eastwood green, To watch Matilda's wonted round, While springs his heart at every sound. She comes!—'tis but a passing sight, Yet serves to cheat his weary night; She comes not—He-will wait the hour, When her lamp lightens in the tower; 'Tis something yet, if, as she past, Iler shade is o'er the lattice cast. "What is my life, my hope?" he said; "Alas! a transitory shade."

XXX.

Thus wore his life, though reason strove For mastery in vain with love, Forcing upon his thoughts the sum Of present woe and ills to come, While still he turn'd impatient ear From Truth's intrusive voice severe. Gentle, indifferent, and subdued, In all but this, unmoved he view'd Each outward change of ill and good: But Wilfrid, docile, soft, and mild, Was Fancy's spoil'd and wayward child; In her bright car she bade him ride, With one fair form to grace his side, Or, in some wild and lone retreat, Flung her high spells around his seat, Bathed in her dews his languid head, Her fairy mantle o'er him spread, For him her opiates gave to flow, Which he who tastes can ne'er forego, And placed him in her circle, free From every stern reality, Till, to the Visionary, seem Her day-dreams truth, and truth a dream.

Woe to the youth whom Fancy gains, Winning from Reason's hand the reins, Pity and woe! for such a mind

Pity and woe! for such a mind Is soft, contemplative, and kind; And woe to those who train such youth, And spare to press the rights of truth, The mind to strengthen and anneal, While on the stithy glows the steel! O teach him, while your lessons last, To judge the present by the past; Remind him of each wish pursued, How rich it glow'd with promised good; Remind him of each wish enjoy'd, How soon his hopes possession cloy'd.

Tell him, we play unequal game, Whene'er we shoot by Fancy's aim; And, ere he strip him for her race, Show the conditions of the chase: Two sisters by the goal are set, Cold Disappointment and Regret; One disenchants the winner's eyes, And strips of all its worth the prize. While one augments its gaudy show, More to enhance the loser's woe. The victor sees his fairy gold, Transformed, when won, to drossy mold, But still the vanquish'd mourns his loss,

And rues, as gold, that glittering dross.

More would'st thou know-yon tower survey,

Yon couch impress'd since parting day, Yon untrimm'd lamp, whose yellow gleam

Is mingling with the cold moonbeam, And you thin form !- the hectic red On his pale cheek unequal spread; The head reclined, the loosen'd hair, The limbs relax'd, the mournful air.-See, he looks up; -a woful smile Lightens his wo-worn cheek a while,-'Tis fancy wakes some idle thought, To gild the ruin she has wrought; For, like the bat of Indian brakes, Her pinions fan the wound she makes, And soothing thus the dreamer's pain, She drinks his life-blood from the vein. Now to the lattice turn his eyes, Vain hope! to see the sun arise. The moon with clouds is still o'ercast, Still howls by fits the stormy blast; Another hour must wear away, Ere the East kindle into day, And hark! to waste that weary hour, He tries the minstrel's magic power.

XXXIII.

Song.

TO THE MOON.

Hail to thy cold and clouded beam,
Pale pilgrim of the troubled sky!
Hail, though the mists that o'er thee
stream

Level to thy brow their sullen dye!

How should thy pure and peaceful en Untroubled view our scenes below, Or how a tearless beam supply To light a world of war and wo!

Fair Queen! I will not blame thee so As once by Greta's fairy side; Each little cloud that dimm'd thy bu Did then an angel's beauty hide. And of the shades I then could chid Still are the thoughts to memory de For, while a softer strain I tried, They hid my blush, and calm'd myfe

Then did I swear thy ray serene
Was form'd to light some lonely de
By two fond lovers only seen,
Reflected from the crystal well,
Or sleeping on their mossy cell,

Or quivering on the lattice bright, Or glancing on their couch, to tell How swiftly wanes the summer nigh

XXXIV.

He starts-a step at this lone hour! A voice!—his father seeks the towe, With haggard look and troubled sea Fresh from his dreadful conference. " Wilfrid !-what, not to sleep address Thou hast no cares to chase thy rest. Mortham has fall'n on Marston-moo Bertram brings warrant to secure His treasures, bought by spoil and blo For the state's use and public good. The menials will thy voice obey; Let his commission have its way, In every point, in every word." Then, in a whisper, —"Take thy swo Bertram is-what I must not tell. I hear his hasty step-farewell!

CANTO SECOND.

I

FAR in the chambers of the west, The gale had sigh'd itself to rest; The moon was cloudless now and cle But pale, and soon to disappear. The thin grey clouds wax dimly ligh On Brusleton and Houghton height; And the rich dale, that eastward lay Waited the wakening touch of day, To give its woods and cultured plain, And towers and spires, to light again. But, westward, Stanmore's shapeless swell,

And Lunedale wild, and Kelton-fell, And rock-begirdled Gilmanscar, And Arkingarth, lay dark afar; While, as a livelier twilight falls, Emerge proud Barnard's banner'd walls. High crown'd he sits, in dawning pale, The sovereign of the lovely vale.

II.

What prospects, from his watch-tower high, Gleam gradual on the warder's eye! Far sweeping to the east, he sees Down his deep woods the course of Tees, And tracks his wanderings by the steam Of summer vapours from the stream; And ere he paced his destined hour By Brackenbury's dungeon-tower, These silver mists shall melt away, And dew the woods with glittering spray. Then in broad lustre shall be shown That mighty trench of living stone, And each huge trunk that, from the side, Reclines him o'er the darksome tide, Where Tees, full many a fathom low, Wears with his rage no common foe; For pebbly bank, nor sand-bed here, Nor clay-mound, checks his fierce career, Condemn'd to mine a channell'd way, O'er solid sheets of marble grey.

III.

Nor Tees alone, in dawning bright, Shall rush upon the ravish'd sight; But many a tributary stream Each from its own dark dell shall gleam: Staindrop, who, from her silvan bowers, Salutes proud Raby's battled towers; The rural brook of Egliston, And Balder, named from Odin's son; And Greta, to whose banks ere long We lead the lovers of the song; And silver Lune, from Stanmore wild, And fairy Thorsgill's murmuring child, And last and least, but loveliest still, Romantic Deepdale's slender rill. Who in that dim-wood glen hath stray'd, Yet long'd for Roslin's magic glade?

Who, wandering there, hath sought change

Even for that vale so stern and stran Where Cartland's Crags, fantastic re Through her green copse like spires sent?

Yet, Albin, yet the praise be thine, Thy scenes and story to combine! Thou bid'st him, who by Roslin stra List to the deeds of other days; 'Mid Cartland's Crags thou show'st

The refuge of thy champion brave; Giving each rock its storied tale, Pouring a lay for every dale, Knitting, as with a moral band, Thy native legends with thy land, To lend each scene the interest high Which genius beams from Beauty's e

IV.

Bertram awaited not the sight

Which sun-rise shows from Barnar height,
But from the towers, preventing day,
With Wilfrid took his early way,
While misty dawn, and moonbeam pa
Still mingled in the silent dale.
By Barnard's bridge of stately stone,

The southern bank of Tees they wor Their winding path then eastward ca And Egliston's gray ruins pass'd; Each on his own deep visions bent, Silent and sad they onward went. Well may you think that Bertram's mo To Wilfrid savage seem'd and rude; Well may you think bold Risingham Held Wilfrid trivial, poor, and tame And small the intercourse, I ween, Such uncongenial souls between.

v

Stern Bertram shunn'd the nearer wa Through Rokeby's park and chase the lay,

And, skirting high the valley's ridge, They cross'd by Greta's ancient bridg Descending where her waters wind Free for a space and unconfined,

* Cartland Crags, near Lanark, celebra as among the favourite retreats of Sir Wil Wallace. As, 'scaped from Brignall's dark-wood glen,

She seeks wild Mortham's deepor den. There, as his eye glanced o'er the mound, Raised by that Legion long renown'd, Whose votive shrine asserts their claim. Of pious, faithful, conquering fame, "Stern sons of war!" sad Wilfrid sigh'd, "Behold the boast of Roman pride! What now of all your toils are known? A grassy trench, a broken stone!"-This to himself; for moral strain To Bertram were address'd in vain.

Of different mood, a deeper sigh Awoke, when Rokeby's turrets high Were northward in the dawning seen To rear them o'er the thicket green. O then, though Spenser's self had stray'd Beside him through the lovely glade, Lending his rich luxuriant glow Of fancy, all its charms to show, Pointing the stream rejoicing free, As captive set at liberty, Flashing her sparkling waves abroad, And clamo tring joyful on her road; Pointing where, up the sunny banks, The trees retire in scatter'd ranks, Save where, advanced before the rest, On knoll or Lillock rears his crest, Lonely and huge, the giant Oak, As champions, when their band is broke, Stand forth to guard the rearward post, The bulwark of the scatter'd host -All this, and more, might Spenser say, Yet waste in vain his magic lay, While Wilfrid eved the distant tower, Whose lattice lights Matilda's bower.

The open vale is soon pass'd o'er, Rokely, though nigh, is seen no more; Sinking mid Greta's thickets deep, A wild and darker course they keep, A stern and lone, vet lovely road, As e'er the foot of Minstrel trode! Broad shadows o'er their passage fell, Deeper and narrower grew the dell; It seem'd some mountain, rent and riven, A channel for the stream had given, So high the cliffs of limestone grey Hung beetling o'er the torrent's way,

Yielding, along their rugged base, A flinty footpath's niggard space, Where he, who winds 'twixt rock a

wave, May hear the headlong torrent rave. And like a steed in frantic fit, That flings the froth from curb and b May view her chafe her waves to spu O'er every rock that bars her way Till foam-globes on her eddies ride, Thick as the schemes of human pride That down life's current drive amain. As frail, as frothy, and as vain!

VIII.

The cliffs that rear their haughty head High o'er the river's darksome bed, Were now all naked, wild, and grey, Now waving all with greenwood spray Here trees to every crevice clung. And o'er the dell their branches hung And there, all splinter'd and uneven. The shiver'd rocks ascend to heaven; Off, too, the ivy swathed their break And wreathed its garland round the

crest, Or from the spires bade loosely flare Its tendrils in the middle air. As pennons wont to wave of old O'er the high feast of Baron bold, When revell'd loud the feudal rout, And the arch'd halls return'd their show Such and more wild is Greta's roar, And such the echoes from her shore. And so the ivied banners gleam, Waved wildly o'er the brawling strea

Now from the stream the rocks reced But leave between no sunny mead, No, nor the spot of pebbly sand, Oft found by such a mountain strand Forming such warm and dry retreat, As fancy deems the lonely seat, Where hermit, wandering from his α His rosary might love to tell. But here, 'twixt rock and river, grew A dismal grove of sable yew, With whose sad tints were mingled se The blighted fir's sepulchral green. Seem'd that the trees their shadows c The earth that nourish'd them to bias

ant hue that fairies love; ng green, nor woodland flower, thin its baleful bower: : and sable earth receives arpet from the leaves, m the withering branches cast, I the ground with every blast. now the sun was o'er the hill, irk spot 'twas twilight still, on Greta's farther side iggling beams through copseod glide; and savage contrast made gle's deep and funeral shade, bright tints of early day, immering through the ivy spray, oposing summit lay.

r knew that swarthy grove

peasant shunn'd the dell; rstition wont to tell a grisly sound and sight, is path at dead of night. rristmas logs blaze high and de, iders speed the festal tide; triosity and Fear, and Pain, sit crouching near, hood's cheek no longer glows, ge maidens lose the rose. ling interest rises higher, e closes nigh and nigher, dering glance is cast behind, · moans the wintry wind. hat fitting scene was laid wild tales in Mortham glade; had seen, on Greta's side, im light fierce Bertram stride, spot, at such an hour,-I by Superstition's power ll have deem'd that Hell had er's ghost to upper heaven, lfrid's form had seem'd to glide pale victim by his side.

XI.

to village swains alone : unearthly terrors known; p rank nor sex confined in ague of the mind :

Hearts firm as steel, as marble hard, 'Gainst faith, and love, and pity barr'd, Have quaked, like aspen leaves in May, Beneath its universal sway. Bertram had listed many a tale Of wonder in his native dale. That in his secret soul retain'd The credence they in childhood gain'd: Nor less his wild adventurous youth Believed in every legend's truth; Learn'd when, beneath the tropic gale, Full swell'd the vessel's steady sail And the broad Indian moon her light Pour'd on the watch of middle night, When seamen love to hear and tell Of portent, prodigy, and spell: What gales are sold on Lapland's shore, How whistle rash bids tempests roar, Of witch, of mermaid, and of sprite, Of Erick's cap and Elmo's light; Or of that Phantom Ship, whose form Shoots like a meteor through the storm; When the dark scud comes driving hard, And lower'd is every top-sail yard, And canvass, wove in earthly looms, No more to brave the storm presumes! Then, 'mid the war of sea and sky, Top and top-gallant hoisted high, Full spread and crowded every sail, The Demon Frigate braves the gale; And well the doom'd spectators know The harbinger of wreck and woe.

Then, too, were told, in stifled tone, Marvels and omens all their own; How, by some desert isle or key, Where Spaniards wrought their cruelty, Or where the savage pirate's mood Repaid it home in deeds of blood Strange nightly sounds of woe and fear Appall'd the listening Bucanier, Whose light-armed shallop anchored lay In ambush by the lonely bay. The groan of grief, the shriek of pain, Ring from the moonlight groves of cane; The fierce adventurer's heart they scare, Who wearies memory for a prayer. Curses the road-stead, and with gale Of early morning lifts the sail, To give, in thirst of blood and prey, A legend for another bay.

XIII.

Thus, as a man, a youth, a child, Train'd in the mystic and the wild, With this on Bertram's soul at times Rush'd a dark feeling of his crimes; Such to his troubled soul their form, As the pale Death-ship to the storm, And such their omen dim and dread, As shricks and voices of the dead, -That pang, whose transitory force Hover'd twixt horror and remorse-That pang, perchance, his bosom press'd, As Wilfrid sudden he address'd :-"Wilfrid, this glen is never trod Until the sun rides high abroad; Yet twice have I beheld to-day A Form, that seem'd to dog our way; Twice from my glance it seem'd to flee, And shroud itself by cliff or tree. How think'st thou? -- Is our path waylaid?

Init?
Or hath thy sire my trust betray'd?
If so"—— Ere, starting from his dream,
That turn'd upon a gentler theme,
Wilfrid had roused him to reply,
Bertram sprung forward, shouting high,
"Whate'er thou art, thou now shalt
stand!"—

And forth he darted, sword in hand.

XIV.

As bursts the levin in its wrath. He shot him down the sounding path; Rock, wood, and stream, rang wildly out, To his loud step and savage shout. Seems that the object of his race Hath scal'd the cliffs; his frantic chase Sidelong he turns, and now 'tis bent Right up the rock's tall battlement: Straining each sinew to ascend, Foot, hand, and knee, their aid must lend. Wilfrid, all dizzy with dismay, Views, from beneath, his dreadful way: Now to the oak's warp'd roots he clings, Now trusts his weight to ivy strings; Now, like the wild-goat, must be dare An unsupported leap in air; Hid in the shrubby rain-course now, You mark him by the crashing bough, And by his corslet's sullen clank, And by the stones spurn d from the bank, And by the hawk scared from her nes, And ravens croaking o'er their past, Who deem his forfeit limbs shall psy The tribute of his bold essay.

XV.

See, he emerges !- desperate now All farther course—You beetling hou In craggy nakedness sublime, What heart or foot shall dare to climb It bears no tendril for his clasp, Presents no angle to his grasp: Sole stay his foot may rest upon, Is you earth-bedded jetting stone. Balanced on such precarious prop, He strains his grasp to reach the to Just as the dangerous stretch he ma By heaven, his faithless footstool shake Beneath his tottering bulk it bends, It sways, . . . it loosens, . . . it descend And downward holds its headlong Crashing o'er rock and copsewood spa Loud thunders shake the echoingde! Fell it alone?—alone it fell. Just on the very verge of fate, The hardy Bertram's falling weight He trusted to his sinewy hands, And on the top unharm'd, he stands

XVL

Wilfrid a safer path pursued; At intervals, where roughly hew'd. Rude steps ascending from the dell Render'd the cliffs accessible. By circuit slow he thus attain'd The height that Risingham had gain And when he issued from the wood, Before the gate of Mortham stood. 'Twas a fair scene! the sunbeam lay On battled tower and portal grey: And from the grassy slope he sees The Greta flow to meet the Tees; Where, issuing from her darksome b She caught the morning's eastern re And through the softening vale belo Roll'd her bright waves, in rosy glot All blushing to her bridal bed Like some shy maid in convent bred While linnet, lark, and blackbird go Sing forth her nuptial roundelay.

XVII.

weetly sung that roundelay; nmer morn shone blithe and gay; ning beam, and wild-bird's call, not Mortham's silent hall. er, by the low-brow'd gate, the wonted niche his scat; paved court no peasant drew; to their toil no menial crew; iden's carol was not heard, er morning task she fared : oid offices around, ot a hoof, nor bay'd a hound; er steed, with shrilling neigh, the lagging groom's delay; n'd, undress'd, neglected now, ey'd walk and orchard bough; e the master's absent care, e neglect and disrepair. f the gate, an arrow flight, ghty elms their limbs unite, canopy, to spread lone dwelling of the dead; r huge boughs in arches bent massive monument, 'er in ancient Gothic wise, any a scutcheon and device: pent with toil and sunk in gloom, i stood pondering by the tomb.

XVIII.

ish'd like a flitting ghost!
.his tomb," he said, "'twas lost-1b, where oft I deem'd lies stored ham's Indian wealth the hoard. , the aged servants said s lamented wife is laid; zhtier reasons may be guess'd r lord's strict and stern behest, ne should on his steps intrude, er he sought this solitude. ent mariner I knew, me I sail'd with Morgan's crew, t, 'mid our carousals, spake igh, Frobisher, and Drake; irous hearts! who barter'd, bold, nglish steel for Spanish gold. ot, would his experience say, or comrade with your prey c some charnel, when, at full, on gilds skeleton and skull:

There dig, and tomb your precious heap; And bid the dead your treasure keep; Sure stewards they, if fitting spell Their service to the task compel. Lacks there such charnel?—kill a slave, Or prisoner, on the treasure-grave; And bid his discontented ghost Stalk nightly on his lonely post.— Such was his tale. Its truth, I ween, Is in my morning vision seen."—

XIX.

Wilfrid, who scorn'd the legend wild, In mingled mirth and pity smiled, Much marvelling that a breast so bold In such fond tale belief should hold; But yet of Bertram sought to know The apparition's form and show.—
The power within the guilty breast, Oft vanquished, never quite suppress'd, That unsubdued and lurking lies To take the felon by surprise, And force him, as by magic spell, In his despite his guilt to tell, —
That power in Bertram's breast awoke; Scarce conscious he was heard, he spoke; "'Twas Mortham's form, from foot to head!

Ilis morion, with the plume of red, His shape, his mien—'twas Mortham, right

As when I slew him in the fight."—
"Thou slay him?—thou?"—With conscious start
He head then mann'd his haughtu

He heard, then mann'd his haughty heart—

"I slew him?—I!—I had forgot
Thou, stripling, knew'st not of the plot.
But it is spoken—nor will I
Deed done, or spoken word, deny.
I slew him; I! for thankless pride;
'Twas by this hand that Mortham died."

XX.

Wilfrid, of gentle hand and heart,
Averse to every active part,
But most averse to martial broil,
From danger shrunk, and turn'd from
toil;

Yet the meek lover of the lyre Nursed one brave spark of noble fire; Against injustice, fraud, or wrong, His blood beat high, his hand wax'd strong.

Not his the nerves that could sustain, Unshaken, danger, toil, and pain; But, when that spark blazed forth to flame.

He rose superior to his frame.
And now it came, that generous mood;
And, in full current of his blood,
On Bertram he laid desperate hand,
Placed firm his foot, and drew his brand.
"Should every fiend, to whom thou'rt
sold,

Rise in thine aid, I keep my hold.— Arouse there, ho! take spear and sword! Attach the murderer of your lord!"

XXI.

A moment, fix'd as by a spell, Stood Bertram - It seem'd miracle, That one so feeble, soft, and tame, Set grasp on warlike Risingham. But when he felt a feeble stroke, The fiend within the ruffian woke! To wrench the sword from Wilfrid's hand, To dash him headlong on the sand, Was but one moment's work, -one more Had drench'd the blade in Wilfrid's gore; But, in the instant it arose, To end his life, his love, his woes, A warlike form, that mark'd the scene, Presents his rapier sheathed between, Parries the fast-descending blow, And steps 'twixt Wilfrid and his foe; Nor then unscabbarded his brand, But, sternly pointing with his hand, With monarch's voice forbade the fight, And motion'd Bertram from his sight. "Go, and repent,"-he said, "while time Is given thee; add not crime to crime.'

XXII.

Mute, and uncertain, and amazed, As on a vision Bertram gazed!
"Twas Mortham's bearing, bold and high, His sinewy frame, his falcon eye, His look and accent of command, The martial gesture of his hand, His stately form, spare-built and tall, His war-bleach'd locks—'twas Mortham all. Through Bertram's dizzy be. A thousand thoughts, and a His wavering faith received The form he saw as Mortha But more he fear'd it, if it s His lord, in living flesh and What spectre can the charn So dreadful as an injured fr Then, too, the habit of com Used by the leader of the b When Risingham, for many Had march'd and fought

sway,
Tamed him—and, with reve
Backwards he bore his sulle
Oft stopp'd, and oft on Mort
And dark as rated mastiff gl
But when the tramp of steed:
Plunged in the glen, and dis
Nor longer there the Warric
Retiring castward through t
But first to Wilfrid warning
"Tell thou to none that Mor:

XXIII

Still rung these words in W Hinting he knew not what c When nearer came the cour And, with his father at their Of horsemen arm'd a gallan Rein'd up their steeds before "Whence these pale looks, he said:

"Where's Bertram !-- Why blade!"

Wilfrid ambiguously replied (For Mortham's charge his h "Bertram is gone—the villa Avouch'd him murderer of 1 Even now we fought—but, tread

Announced you nigh, the fe In Wycliffe's conscious eye: A guilty hope, a guilty fear On his pale brow the dewdr And his lip quiver'd as he sj

VVIV

"A murderer!—Philip Mor Amid the battle's wildest tid Wilfrid, or Bertram raves, or Yet, grant such strange conf were vain—let him fly far nust sleep in civil war." it Youth rode near his side, okeby's page, in battle tried; orn, an embassy of weight ght to Barnard's castle gate, ow'd now in Wycliffe's train, rer for his lord to gain. d, whose arch'd and sable neck lred wreaths of foam bedeck, not against the curb more high at Oswald's cold reply; is lip, implored his saint, e old faith)—then burst reraint:—

xxv. : beheld his bloody fall,

pase traitor's dastard ball. n I thought to measure sword, tuous hope! with Mortham's I the murderer 'scape who slew er, generous, brave, and true? while on the dew vou trace ks of his gigantic pace? the sun that dew shall dry, singham shall yield or die.t the castle 'larum bell! he peasants with the knell! ie disperse-ride, gallants, ride! e wood on every side. nong you one there be, iours Mortham's memory, dismount and follow me! our crests sit fear and shame, suspicion dog your name!'

XXVI.

to earth young REDMOND rung; n earth the harness rung y men of Wycliffe's band, ited not their lord's command. I his spurs from buskins drew, ite from his shoulders threw, its in his belt he placed, en-wood gain'd, the footsteps aced, like huntsman to his hounds, er, hark!"—and in he bounds. erd was Oswald's anxious cry, on! yes—pursue him—fly—

But venture not, in useless strife, On ruffian desperate of his life, Whoever finds him, shoot him dead!* Five hundred nobles for his head!"

XXVII.

The horsemen gallop'd, to make good Each path that issued from the wood. Loud from the thickets rung the shout Of Redmond and his eager rout; With them was Wilfrid, stung with ire, And envying Redmond's martial fire, And emulous of fame.—But where Is Oswald, noble Mortham's heir? He, bound by honour, law, and faith, Avenger of his kinsman's death?—Leaning against the elmin tree, With drooping head and slacken'd knee, And clenched teeth, and close-clasp'd hands.

hands,
In agony of soul he stands!
His downcast eye on earth is bent,
His soul to every sound is lent;
For in each shout that cleaves the air,
May ring discovery and despair.

XXVIII.

What 'vail'd it him, that brightly play'd The morning sun on Mortham's glade? All seems in giddy round to ride, Like objects on a stormy tide, Seen eddying by the moonlight dim, Imperfectly to sink and swim. What 'vail'd it, that the fair domain, Its battled mansion, hill, and plain, On which the sun so brightly shone, Envied so long, was now his own?

* MS.—To the Printer.—"On the disputed line, it may stand thus—

'Whoever finds him, strike him dead;'

Or,

"Who first shall find him, strike him dead."

But I think the addition of felon, or any such word, will impair the strength of the passage. Oswald is too anxious to use epithets, and is hallooing after the men, by this time entering the wood. The simpler the line the better. In my humble opinion, shoot him dead, was much better than any other: it implies, Do not even approach him; kill him at a distance. I leave it, however, to you, only saying, that I never shun common words when they are to the purpose. As to your criticisms, I cannot but attend to them, because they touch passages, with which I am myself discontented.—W S."

The lowest dungeon, in that hour,
Of Brackenbury's dismal tower,
Had been his choice, could such a doom
Have open'd Mortham's bloody tomb!
Forced, too, to turn unwilling ear
To each surmise of hope or fear,
Murmur'd among the rustics round,
Who gather'd at the 'larum sound;
He dared not turn his head away,
E'en to look up to heaven to pray,
Or call on hell, in bitter mood,
For one sharp death-shot from the wood!

XXIX.

At length o'erpast that dreadful space, Back straggling came the scatter'd chase; Jaded and weary, horse and man, Return'd the troopers, one by one. Wilfrid, the last, arrived to say, All trace was lost of Bertram's way, Though Redmond still, up Brignall wood, The hopeless quest in vain pursued. — O, fatal doom of human race! What tyrant passions passions chase! Remorse from Oswald's brow is gone, Avarice and pride resume their throne; The pang of instant terror by, They dictate thus their slave's reply:—

"Ay-let him range like hasty hound! And if the grim wolf's lair be found, Small is my care how goes the game With Redmond, or with Risingham. -Nay, answer not, thou simple boy! Thy fair Matilda, all so coy To thee, is of another mood To that hold youth of Erin's blood. Thy ditties will she freely praise, And pay thy pains with courtly phrase; In a rough path will oft command-Accept at least -thy friendly hand; His she avoids, or, urged and pray'd, Unwilling takes his proffer'd aid, While conscious passion plainly speaks In downcast look and blushing cheeks. Whene'er he sings, will she glide nigh, And all her soul is in her eye; Yet doubts she still to tender free The wonted words of courtesy. These are strong signs !--yet wherefore sigh,

And wipe, effeminate, thine eye?

Thine shall she be, if thou The counsels of thy sire as

XXXL

" Scarce wert thou gone, light

Brought genuine news of M Brave Cromwell turn'd the And conquest bless'd the Three thousand cavaliers 1 Rupert and that bold Mar Nobles and knights, so pr Must fine for freedom and Of these, committed to my Is Rokeby, prisoner at lan Redmond, his page, arrive He reaches Barnard's towe Right heavy shall his rans-Unless that maid compour Go to her now-be bold o While her soul floats'twixt l It is the very change of tic When best the female hear Pride, prejudice, and mod Are in the current swept to And the bold swain, who May lightly row his bark t

CANTO THIR

T.

THE hunting tribes of air : Respect the brethren of th Nature, who loves the clai Less cruel chase to each a: The falcon, poised on soar Watches the wild-duck by The slow-hound wakes the The greyhound presses on The eagle pounces on the The wolf devours the fleec Even tiger fell, and sullen Their likeness and their li Man, only, mars kind Nat And turns the fierce pursu Plying war's desultory trac Incursion, flight, and amb Since Nimrod, Cush's mig At first the bloody game b

11

The Indian, prowling for I Who hears the settlers trace ows in distant forest far is red brethren of the war; en each double and disguise e the pursuit he tries, suching now his head to hide, swampy streams through rushes dide, vering with the wither'd leaves t-prints that the dew receives; ll'd in every silvan guile, not, nor tries, such various wile, ngham, when on the wind ne loud pursuit behind. sdale his youth had heard t her wily dalesmen dared, .ooken-edge, and Redswair high, e rung and blood-hound's cry, cing Jedwood-axe and spear, I'sdale riders in the rear; ll his venturous life had proved ons that his childhood loved.

III.

he shown, in climes afar, tribute of roving war; rpen'd ear, the piercing eye, ck resolve in danger nigh; ed, that in the flight or chase, p'd the Charib's rapid race; ady brain, the sinewy limb, , to climb, to dive, to swim; n frame, inured to bear re inclemency of air, s confirm'd to undergo 's faint chill, and famine's throe. rts he proved, his life to save, oft by land and wave, waca's desert shore, re La Plata's billows roar, ft the sons of vengeful Spain the marauder's steps in vain. rts, in Indian warfare tried, ve him now by Greta's side.

IV.

hen, in hour of utmost need, red his courage, art, and speed. wh he stalk'd with stealthy pace, arted forth in rapid race, bling back in mazy train, d the trace the dews retain; ombe the rocks projecting high, le the pursuer's eye;

Now sought the stream, whose brawling sound

The echo of his footsteps drown'd. But if the forest verge he nears, There trample steeds, and glimmer

spears; If deeper down the copse he drew, He heard the rangers' loud halloo. Beating each cover while they came, As if to start the silvan game. 'Twas then-like tiger close beset At every pass with toil and net, 'Counter'd, where'er he turns his glare, By clashing arms and torches' flare, Who meditates, with furious bound, To burst on hunter, horse, and hound, 'Twas then that Bertram's soul arose, Prompting to rush upon his foes: But as that crouching tiger, cow'd By brandish'd steel and shouting crowd, Retreats beneath the jungle's shroud, Bertram suspends his purpose stern, And crouches in the brake and fern, Hiding his face, lest foemen spy The sparkle of his swarthy eye.

v.

Then Bertram might the bearing trace
Of the bold youth who led the chase;
Who paused to list for every sound,
Climb' every height to look around,
Then rushing on with naked sword,
Each dingle's bosky depths explored.
'Twas Redmond—by the azure eve;
'Twas Redmond—by the locks that fly
Disorder'd from his glowing cheek;
Mien, face, and form, young Redmond
speak.

A form more active, light, and strong, Ne'er shot the ranks of war along; The modest, yet the manly mien, Might grace the court of maiden queen; A face more fair you well might find, For Redmond's knew the sun and wind, Nor boasted, from their tinge when free, The charm of regularity; But every feature had the power To aid the expression of the hour: Whether gay wit, and humour sly, Danced laughing in his light-blue eye; Or bended brow, and glance of fire, And kindling cheek, spoke Exin's ive;

Or soft and sadden'd glances show Her ready sympathy with woe; Or in that wayward mood of mind, When various feelings are combined, When joy and sorrow mingle near, And hope's bright wings are check'd by

fear, And rising doubts keep transport down, And anger lends a short-lived frown; In that strange mood which maids approve

Even when they dare not call it love: With every change his features play d, As aspens show the light and shade.

Well Risingham young Redmond knew: And much he marvell'd that the crew, Roused to reveage bold Mortham dead Were by that Mortham's forman led; For never felt his soul the woe, That wails a generous forman low, Far less that sense of justice strong, That wreaks a generous forman's wrong, But small bis lessure now to pause; Redmond is first, whate er the cause : And twice that Redmond came so near Where Bertram couch' Hike hunted deer, The very boughs his steps displace, Rustled against the ruffian's face, Who, desperate, twice prepared to start, And plunge his dagger in his heart! But Redmond turn'd a different way, And the bent boughs resumed their sway, And Bertram held it wise, unseen, Deeper to plunge in coppice green. Thus, circled in his coil, the snake, When roving hunters beat the brake, Watches with red and glistening eve, Prepared, if heedless step draw nigh, With forked tongue and venom'd fang Instant to dart the deadly pang; But if the introders turn aside. Away his coils unfolded glide, And through the deep savannah wind, Some undisturb'd retreat to find.

But Bertram, as he backward drew, And heard the loud pursuit renew, And Redmond's hollo on the wind, Oft mutter'd in his savage mind"Redmond O'Neale! were thou: Alone this day's event to try, With not a second here to see,

But the grey cliff and oaken tree, That voice of thine, that shou

loud,

Should ne'er repeat its summons p No! nor e'er try its melting power. Again in maiden's summer bower. Eluded, now behind him die. Faint and more faint each hostile He stands in Scargill wood alone, Nor hears he now a harsher tone Than the hoarse cushat's plaintive Or Greta's sound that muimurs by And on the dale, so lone and wild The summer sun in quiet smiled.

He listen'd long with anxious hear Ear bent to hear, and foot to start, And, while his stretch'd attention of Refused his weary frame repose. Twas silence all—he laid him Where purple heath profusely 📾 And throatwort with its azure And moss and thyme his cushion There, spent with toil, he listlest The course of Greta's playful tide Beneath, her banks now eddying (Now brightly gleaming to the sun, As, dancing over rock and stone, In yellow light her currents shone, Matching in hue the favourite gen Of Albin's mountain-diadem. Then, tired to watch the currents He turned his weary eyes away, To where the bank opposing shot Its huge, square cliffs through s wood.

One, prominent above the rest. Rear'd to the sun its pale grey bn Around its broken summit grew The hazel rude, and sable yew; A thousand varied lichens dved Its waste and weather-beaten side, And round its rugged basis lay, By time or thunder rent away, Fragments, that, from its frontlet Were mantled now by verdant thou Such was the scene's wild majesty, That fill'd stern Bertram's gazing e IX.

n mood he lay reclined, ng, in his stormy mind, on deed, the fruitless guilt, on's blood by treason spilt; it seem'd, so dire and dread, had power to wake the dead. ondering on his life betray'd ald's art to Redmond's blade, herous purpose to withhold, 'd it, Mortham's promised gold, and full revenge he vow'd dmond, forward, fierce, roud: on Wilfrid-on his sire ed vengeance, swift and dire!ch mood, (as legends say, Il believed that simple day,) emy of Man has power t by the evil hour, ood a wretch, prepared to change 's redemption for revenge! igh his vows, with such a fire st and intense desire zeance dark and fell, were made, might reach hell's lowest shade, per clouds the grove embrown'd, er thunders shook the ground ;non knew his vassal's heart, ared temptation's needless art.

Y

igled with the direful theme, ortham's form-Wasit a dream? he seen, in vision true, ry Mortham whom he slew? in living flesh appear'd y man on earth he fear'd ?he mystic cause intent. , that on the cliff were bent. d at once a dazzling glance, beam flash'd from sword or lance. he started as for fight, a foeman was in sight; d the cushat's murmur hoarse, d the river's sounding course; tary woodlands lay, bering in the summer ray. d, like lion roused, around, nk again upon the ground. ut, he thought, some fitful beam, sudden from the sparkling stream; Then plunged him from his gloomy train Of ill-connected thoughts again, Until a voice behind him cried, "Bertram! well met on Greta side."

XI.

Instant his sword was in his hand,
As instant sunk the ready brand;
Yet, dubious still, opposed he stood
To him that issued from the wood:
"Guy Denzil!—is it thou?" he said;
"Do we two meet in Scargill shade!—
Stand back a space!—thy purpose show,
Whether thou comest as friend or foe.
Report hath said, that Denzil's name
From Rokeby's band was razed with
shame."—

"A shame I owe that hot O'Neale,
Who told his knight, in peevish zeal,
Of my marauding on the clowns
Of Calverley and Bradford downs.
I reck not. In a war to strive,
Where, save the leaders, none can thrive,
Suits ill my mood; and better game
Awaits us both, if thou'rt the same
Unscrupulous, bold Risingham,
Who watch'd with me in midnight dark,
To snatch a deer from Rokeby-park.
How think'st thou?"—"Speak thy purpose out;

XII.

I love not mystery or doubt."-

"Then list.—Not far there lurk a crew Of trusty comrades, stanch and true, Glean'd from both factions—Roundheads, freed

From cant of sermon and of creed;
And Cavaliers, whose souls, like mine,
Spurn at the bonds of discipline.
Wiser, we judge, by dale and wold,
A warfare of our own to hold,
Than breathe our last on battle-down,
For cloak or surplice, mace or crown.
Our schemes are laid, our purpose set,
A chief and leader lack we yet.—
Thou art a wanderer, it is said;
For Mortham's death, thy steps waylaid,

Thy head at price—so say our spies, Who range the valley in disguise.

Join then with us:—though wild debate And wrangling rend our infant state, Each to an equal loath to bow, Will yield to chief renown'd as thou,"—

XIII.

"Even now," thought Bertram, "passion-stirr'd,

I call'd on hell, and hell has heard!
What lack I, vengeance to command,
But of stanch comrades such a band?
This Denzil, vow'd to every evil,
Might read a lesson to the devil.
Well, be it so! each knave and fool
Shall serve as my revenge's tool."—
Aloud, "I take thy proffer, Guy,
But tell me where thy comrades lie?"—
"Not far from hence," Guy Denzil said;
"Descend, and cross the river's bed,
Where rises yonder cliff so grey."
"Do thou," said Bertram, "lead the
way."

Then mutter'd, "It is best make sure; Guy Denzil's faith was never pure." He follow'd down the steep descent,

Then through the Greta's streams they went;

And, when they reach'd the farther shore, They stood the lonely cliff before.

XIV.

With wonder Bertram heard within
The flinty rock a murmur'd din;
But when Guy pull'd the wilding spray,
And brambles, from its base away.
He saw, appearing to the air,
A little entrance, low and square,
Like opening cell of hermit lone,
Dark, winding through the living stone.
Here enter'd Denzil, Bertram here;
And loud and louder on their ear,
As from the bowels of the earth,
Resounded shouts of boisterous mirth.
Of old, the cavern strait and rude,
In slaty rock the peasant hew'd;
And Brignall's woods, and Scargill's,
waye,

E'en now, o'er many a sister cave, Where, far within the darksome rift, The wedge and lever ply their thrift. But war had silenced rural trade, And the descried mine was made The banquet-hall and fortress two, Of Denzil and his desperate cress.—There Guilt his anxious revel kept; There, on his sordid pallet, slept Guilt-horn Excess, the goblet drain's Still in his slumbering grasp retain'd Regret was there, his eye still cast With vain repining on the part; Among the feasters waited near Sorrow, and unrepentant Fear, And Blasphemy, to frenzy drives, With his own crimes reproaching heavy while Bertram show'd, amid the retrieved that Milton dress.

XV.

Hark! the loud revel wakes again,
To greet the leader of the train.
Behold the group by the pale lamp,
That struggles with the earthy dama.
By what strange features Vice la
known,

To single out and mark her own!
Yet some there are, whose brown to
Less deeply stamp'd her brand ard to
See you pale stripling! when a key.
A mother's pride, a father's joy!
Now, 'gainst the vault's rude walk-

clined,

An early image fills his mind: The cottage, once his sire's, he see. Embower'd upon the banks of Teo-He views sweet Winston's woodl scene.

And shares the dance on Gainford gre
A tear is springing—but the zest
Of some wild tale, or brutal jest,
Hath to loud laughter stirr'd the rest
On him they call, the aptest mate
For jovial song and merry feat;
Fast flies his dream—with dannt
air,

As one victorious o'er Despair,
He bids the ruddy cup go round,
Till sense and sorrow both are druut
And soon, in merry wassail, he,
The life of all their revelry,
Peals his loud song!—The muse
found

Her blossoms on the wildest ground Mid noxious weeds at random strew Themselves all profitless and rule. sperate merriment he sung, ern to the chorus rung; gled with his reckless glee e's bitter agony.

XVI.

Song.

nall banks are wild and fair, Greta woods are green, 1 may gather garlands there, d grace a summer queen. I rode by Dalton-hall, th the turrets high, en on the castle wall singing merrily,—

CHORUS.

gnall banks are fresh and fair, Greta woods are green; er rove with Edmund there, reign our English queen."—

den, thou would'st wend with me, ave both tower and town, st must guess what life lead we, dwell by dale and down? thou canst that riddle read, ad full well you may, the greenwood shalt thou speed, lithe as Queen of May."—

CHORUS.

g she, "Brignall banks are fair, Greta woods are green; er rove with Edmund there, reign our English queen.

XVII.

you, by your bugle horn, by your palfrey good, ou for a ranger sworn, eep the king's greenwood."— iger, lady, winds his horn, 'tis at peep of light; st is heard at merry morn, mine at dead of night."—

CHORUS.

g she. "Brignall banks are fair, Greta woods are gay; I were with Edmund there, ign his Queen of May! "With burnish'd brand and musketoon, So gallantly you come, I read you for a bold Dragoon, That lists the tuck of drum."—
"I list no more the tuck of drum, No more the trumpet hear; But when the beetle sounds his hum, My comrades take the spear.

CHORUS.

"And, O! though Brignall banks be fair, And Greta woods be gay, Yet mickle must the maiden dare, Would reign my Queen of May!

XVIII.

"Maiden! a nameless life I lead,
A nameless death I'll die;
The fiend, whose lantern lights the mead,
Were better mate than I!
And when I'm with my comrades met,
Beneath the greenwood bough,
What once we were we all forget,
Nor think what we are now.

CHORUS.

"Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair, And Greta woods are green, And you may gather garlands there Would grace a summer queen."

When Edmund ceased his simple song, Was silence on the sullen throng, Till waked some ruder mate their glee With note of coarser minstrelsy. But, far apart, in dark divan, Denzil and Bertram many a plan, Of import foul and fierce, design'd, While still on Bertram's grasping mind The wealth of murder'd Mortham hung; Though half he fear'd his daring tongue, When it should give his wishes birth, Might raise a spectre from the earth!

XIX.

At length his wondrous tale he told: When, scornful, smiled his comrade bold; For, train'd in license of a court, Religion's self was Denzil's sport; Then judge in what contempt he held The visionary tales of eld! His awe for Bertram scarce repress'd The unbeliever's sneering jest.

"'Twere hard," he said, "for sage or seer.

To spell the subject of your fear;
Nor do I boast the art renown'd,
Vision and omen to expound.
Yet, faith if I must needs afford
To spectre watching treasured hoard,
As ban-dog keeps his master's roof,
Bidding the plunderer stand aloof,
This doubt remains—thy goblin gaunt
Hath chosen ill his ghostly haunt;
For why his guard on Mortham hold,
When Rokeby castle hath the gold
Thy patron won on Indian soil,
By stealth, by piracy, and spoil?"—

XX.

At this he paused—for angry shame
Lower'd on the brow of Risingham.
He blush'd to think, that he should seem
Assertor of an airy dream,
And gave his wrath another theme.
"Denzil," he says, "though lowly laid,
Wrong not the memory of the dead;
For, while he lived, at Mortham's look
Thy very soul, Guy Denzil, shook!
And when he tax'd thy breach of word
To yon fair Rose of Allenford,
I saw thee crouch like chasten'd hound,
Whose back the huntsman's lash hath
found.

Nor dare to call his foreign wealth The spoil of piracy or stealth; He won it bravely with his brand, When Spain waged warfare with our land. Mark, too—I brook no idle jeer, Nor couple Bertram's name with fear; Mine is but half the demon's lot, For I believe, but tremble not.— Enough of this.—Say, why this hoard Thou deem'st at Rokeby castle stored; Or think'st that Mortham would bestow His treasure with his faction's foe?"

XXI.

Soon quench'd was Denzil's ill-timed mirth;

Rather he would have seen the earth Give to ten thousand spectres birth, Than venture to awake to flame The deadly wrath of Risingham. Submiss he answer'd,—" Mortla mind,

Thou know'st, to joy was ill incim In youth, 'tis said, a gallant free, A lusty reveller was he; But since return'd from over sea, A sullen and a silent mood Hath numb'd the current of his ble Hence he refused each kindly call To Rokeby's hospitable hall, And our stout knight, at dawn or Who loved to hear the bugie-hom, Nor less, when eve his oaks embros To see the ruddy cup go round, Took umbrage that a friend so nex Refused to share his chase and che Thus did the kindred barons jar, Ere they divided in the war Yet, trust me, friend, Matilda fair Of Mortham's wealth is destined her

XXII.

"Destined to her! to you slight a The prize my life had wellnigh When 'gainst Laroche, by Carolin I fought, my patron's wealth town Denzil, I knew him long, yet all Knew him that joyous cavaller, Whom youthful friends and early b Call'd soul of gallantry and game A moody man, he sought our cres Desperate and dark, whom no one le And rose, as men with us must ris By scorning life and all its ties. On each adventure rash he rived, As danger for itself he loved; On his sad brow nor mirth nor win Could e'er one wrinkled knot untwi Ill was the omen if he smiled, For 'twas in peril stern and wild; But when he laugh'd, each lnckles Might hold our fortune desperate. Foremost he fought in every broil Then scornful turn'd him from the sp Nay, often strove to bar the way Between his comrades and their pre Preaching, even then, to such as we Hot with our dear-bought victory, Of mercy and humanity.

XXIII

"I loved him well—His pearles |-

r each victorious fight, that wrangled for his right, d his portion of the prey edier mates had torn away: and storm thrice saved his life, e amid our comrades' strife.re loved thee! Well hath proved my danger, how I loved! I mourn no more thy fate, n life, in death ingrate. nou canst !" he look'd around, aly stamp'd upon the groundith thy bearing proud and high, this morn it met mine eye, me, if thou darest, the lie!" ed-then, calm and passioned, nzil with his tale proceed.

XXIV.

n, to thee I need not tell, ou hast cause to wot so well, perstition's nets were twined he Lord of Mortham's mind: : he drove thee from his tower, ne found in Greta's bower, peech, like David's harp, had ray, n his evil fiend away. not if her features moved rance of the wife he loved; ould gaze upon her eye, nood soften'd to a sigh. m no living mortal sought ion of his secret thought, ry thought and care confess'd ir niece's faithful breast; there aught of rich and rare, in ocean, or in air. ast deck Matilda's hair. still bound him unto life; awoke the civil strife. rials bore, by his commands, ffers, with their iron bands, ortham's vault, at midnight deep, one hower in Rokeby-Keep, is with gold and plate of pride, if he in battle died."-

XXV.

Denzil, as I guess, lays train, on-banded chests to gain;

Else, wherefore should he hover here, Where many a peril waits him near, For all his feats of war and peace, For plunder'd boors, and harts of greese? Since through the hamlets as he fared, What hearth has Guy's marauding spared, Or where the chase that hath not rung With Denzil's bow, at midnight strung? "I hold my wont—my rangers go, Even now to track a milk-white doe. By Rokeby-hall she takes her lair, In Greta wood she harbours fair, And when my huntsman marks her way, What think'st thou, Bertram, of the prey? Were Rokeby's daughter in our power, We rate her ransom at her dower." -

XXVI

"'Tis well!-there's vengeance in the thought, Matilda is by Wilfrid sought; And hot-brain'd Redmond, too, 'tis said. Pays lover's homage to the maid. Bertram she scorn'd—If met by chance, She turn'd from me her shuddering glance. Like a nice dame, that will not brook On what she hates and loathes to look; She told to Mortham she could ne'er Behold me without secret fear, Foreboding evil :- She may rue To find her prophecy fall true !-The war has weeded Rokeby's train, Few followers in his halls remain: If thy scheme miss, then, brief and bold, We are enow to storm the hold; Bear off the plunder, and the dame, And leave the castle all in flame."-

XXVII.

"Still art thou Valour's venturous son! Yet ponder first the risk to run:
The menials of the castle, true,
And stubborn to their charge, though few,
The wall to scale—the moat to cross—
The wicket-grate—the inner fosse".—
— "Fool! if we blench for toys like these,
On what fair guerdon can we seize?
Our hardiest venture, to explore
Some wretched peasant's fenceless door,
And the best prize we bear away,
The carnings of his sordid day."—
"A while thy hasty taunt forbeat:

In sight of road more sure and fair, Thou would'st not choose, in blindfold wrath,

Or wantonness, a desperate path?
List, then;—for vantage or assault,
From gilded vane to dungeon vault,
Each pass of Rokeby-house I know:
There is one postern, dark and low,
That issues at a secret spot,
By most neglected or forgot.
Now, could a spial of our train
On fair pretext admittance gain,
That sally-port might be unbarr'd:
Then, vain were battlement and ward!"—

XXVIII

"Now speak'st thou well:—to me the

If force or art shall urge the game; Indifferent, if like fox I wind, Or spring like tiger on the hind.—But, hark! our merry men so gay Troll forth another roundelay."—

Song.

"A weary lot is thine, fair maid,
A weary lot is thine!

To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,
And press the rue for wine!
A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
A feather of the blue,
A doublet of the Lincoln green,
No more of me you knew,
My love!
No more of me you knew.

"This morn is merry June, I trow,
The rose is budding fain;"
But she shall bloom in winter snow
Ere we two meet again."
He turn'd his charger as he spake,
Upon the river shore,
He gave his bridle-reins a shake,
Said, "Adieu for evermore,

And adieu for evermore."—

XXIX.

"What youth is this, your band am The best for minstrelsy and song! In his wild notes seem aptly met A strain of pleasure and regret."-"Edmund of Winston is his name: The hamlet sounded with the fame Of early hopes his childhood gave,-Now center'd all in Brignall cave! I watch him well-his wayward con Shows oft a tincture of remorse. Some early love-shaft grazed his hear And oft the scar will ache and sman. Yet is he useful; -of the rest, By fits, the darling and the jest, His harp, his story, and his lay, Oft aid the idle hours away: When unemploy'd, each fiery mate Is ripe for mutinous debate. He tuned his strings e'en now-again He wakes them, with a blither strain.

XXX.

Song.

ALLEN-A-DALE.

Allen-a-Dale has no fagot for burning, Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for turning, Allen-a-Dale has no fleece for the spinning, Yet Allen-a-Dale has red gold for the winning. Come, read me my riddle! come, hearken my tale! And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-Dale.

* MS.—To the Printer.—"The abruptness as to the song is unavoidable. The music of the drinking party could only operate as a sudden interruption to Bertram's conversation, however naturally it might be introduced among the featers, who were at some distance.

"Fain, in old English and Scotch, express I think, a propensity to give and receive p surable emotions, a sort of fondness which m without harshness, I think, be applied to a r in the act of blooming. You remember 'Jod fow and Jenny fain."—W.S."

The Baron of Ravensworth prances in pride, And he views his domains upon Arkindale side. The mere for his net, and the land for his game, The chase for the wild, and the park for the tame; Yet the fish of the lake, and the deer of the vale, Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allen-a-Dale!

Allen-a-Dale was ne'er belted a knight,
Though his spur be as sharp, and his blade be as bright;
Allen-a-Dale is no baron or lord,
Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his word;
And the best of our nobles his bonnet will vail,
Who at Rere-cross on Stammore meets Allen-a-Dale!

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is come;
The mother, she ask'd of his household and home:
"Though the castle of Richmond stand fair on the hill,
My hall," quoth bold Allen, "shows gallanter still;
'Tis the blue vault of heaven, with its crescent so pale,
And with all its bright spangles!" said Allen-a-Dale.

The father was steel, and the mother was stone; They lifted the latch, and they bade him be gone; But loud, on the morrow, their wail and their cry: He had laugh'd on the lass with his bonny black eye, And she fled to the forest to hear a love-tale, And the youth it was told by was Allen-a-Dale!

XXXI.

a see'st that, whether sad or gay, ningles ever in his lay. hen his boyish wayward fit , he hath address and wit; s a brain of fire, can ape lialect, each various shape."then, to aid thy project, Guy—ho comes here?"—"My trusty spy. . Hamlin! hast thou lodged our deer?"re-but two fair stags are near. h'd her, as she slowly stray'd Egliston up Thorsgill glade; 'ilfrid Wycliffe sought her side, ien young Redmond, in his pride, lown to meet them on their way: as it seem'd, was theirs to say: s time to pitch both toil and net, their path be homeward set." ried and a whisper'd speech ertram's will to Denzil teach; turning to the robber band, our, the bravest, take the brand.

CANTO FOURTH.

T.

WHEN Denmark's raven soar'd on high,
Triumphant through Northumbrian sky,
Till, hovering near, her fatal croak
Bade Reged's Britons dread the yoke,
And the broad shadow of her wing
Blacken'd each cataract and spring,
Where Tees in tumult leaves his source,
Thundering o'er Caldron and HighForce:

Beneath the shade the Northmen came, Fix'd on each vale a Runic name, Rear'd high their altar's rugged stone, And gave their Gods the land they

Then, Balder, one bleak garth was thine, And one sweet brooklet's silver line, And Woden's Croft did title gain From the stern Father of the Slain; But to the Monarch of the Mace, That held in fight the foremost place, To Odin's son, and Sifia's spouse, Near Stratforth high they paid their vows.

Remember'd Thor's victorious fame, And gave the dell the Thunderer's name,

II.

Yet Scald or Kemper err'd, I ween, Who gave that soft and quiet scene, With all its varied light and shade, And every little sunny glade, And the blithe brook that strolls along Its pebbled bed with summer song, To the grim God of blood and scar, The grisly King of Northern War. O, better were its banks assign'd To spirits of a gentler kind! For where the thicket-groups recede, And the rath primrose decks the mead, The velvet grass seems carpet meet For the light fairies' lively feet. Yon tufted knoll, with daisies strown, Might make proud Oberon a throne, While, hidden in the thicket nigh, Puck should brood o'er his frolic sly; And where profuse the wood-vetch clings Round ash and elm, in verdant rings, Its pale and azure-pencill'd flower Should canopy Titania's bower.

III.

Here rise no cliffs the vale to shade; But, skirting every sunny glade, In fair variety of green The woodland lends its silvan screen. Hoary, yet haughty, frowns the oak, Its boughs by weight of ages broke ; And towers erect, in sable spire, The pine-tree scathed by lightning-fire; The drooping ash and birch, between, Hang their fair tresses o'er the green, And all beneath, at random grow Each coppice dwarf of varied show, Or, round the stems profusely twined, Fling summer odours on the wind. Such varied group Urbino's hand Round Him of Tarsus nobly plann'd, What time he bade proud Athens own On Mars's Mount the God Unknown! Then grey Philosophy stood nigh, Though bent by age, in spirit high: There rose the scar-seam'd veteran's spear,

There Grecian Beauty bent to hear, While Childhood at her foot was placed, Or clung delighted to her waist. 17.

"And rest we here," Matilda said, And sat her in the varying shade "Chance-met, we well may steal and To friendship due from fortune's por Thou, Wilfrid, ever kind, must lend Thy counsel to thy sister-friend; And, Redmond, thou, at my behest No farther urge thy desperate qual For to my care a charge is left, Dangerous to one of aid bereft, Wellnigh an orphan, and alone, Captive her sire, her house o'erthroy Wilfrid, with wonted kindness grace Beside her on the turf she placed; Then paused, with downcast look and Nor bade young Redmond seat him a Her conscious diffidence he saw, Drew backward as in modest awe, And sat a little space removed, Unmark'd to gaze on her he loved.

v.

Wreathed in its dark-brown rings below Half hid Matilda's forehead fair, Half hid and half reveal'd to view Her full dark eye of hazel bue The rose, with faint and feeble stre So slightly tinged the maiden's che That you had said her hue was pale But if she faced the summer gale, Or spoke, or sung, or quicker more Or heard the praise of those she lo Or when of interest was express'd Aught that waked feeling in her be The mantling blood in ready play Rivall'd the blush of rising day. There was a soft and pensive grace A cast of thought upon her face, That suited well the forehend hig The eyelash dark, and downcast e The mild expression spoke a mind In duty firm, compos'd, resign'd;-'Tis that which Roman art has give To mark their maiden Queen of Hes In hours of sport, that mood gave To Fancy's light and frolic play; And when the dance, or tale, or so In harmless mirth sped time along, Full oft her doting sire would call His Mand the merriest of them all

of war, and civil crime, but ill such festal time, soft pensiveness of brow pen'd into sadness now. on field her father ta'en, nds dispersed, brave Mortham ery ill her soul foretold, wald's thirst of power and gold, ing thoughts that she must part oft vision of her heart,r'd around the lovely maid, en her dejection's shade.

not heard-while Erin yet rainst the Saxon's iron bitnot heard how brave O'Neale sh blood imbrued his steel, St George's cross blazed high ners of his Tanistry, Essex gave the foil, n'd a prince on Ulster's soil? arose his victor pride, iat brave Marshal fought and ed, on-Duff to ocean bore ws red with Saxon gore. est in that disastrous fight, and Mortham proved their might. ad they fallen amongst the rest, touch'd a chieftain's breast; nist he to great O'Neale; k'd his followers' bloody zeal, ter took the kinsmen bold, e them to his mountain-hold, em each silvan joy to know, onard's cliffs and woods could 10W, with them Erin's festal cheer, them the chase of wolf and deer, nen a fitting time was come, I unransom'd sent them home, with many a gift, to prove ous foc's respect and love.

seed away. On Rokeby's head uch of early snow was shed; enjoy'd, by Greta's wave, ewhich James the Peaceful gave, fortham far beyond the main, nisfierce wars on Indian Spain. -

It chanced upon a wintry night, That whiten'd Stanmore's stormy height, The chase was o'er, the stag was kill'd, In Rokeby hall the cups were fill'd, And by the huge stone chimney sate, The Knight in hospitable state. Moonless the sky, the hour was late, When a loud summons shook the gate, And sore for entrance and for aid A voice of foreign accent pray'd. The porter answer'd to the call, And instant rush'd into the hall A Man, whose aspect and attire Startled the circle by the fire.

VIII.

His plaited hair in elf-locks spread Around his bare and matted head; On leg and thigh, close stretch'd and trim, His vesture show'd the sinewy limb; In saffron dyed, a linen vest Was frequent folded round his breast; A mantle long and loose he wore, Shaggy with ice, and stain'd with gore. He clasp'd a burden to his heart, And, resting on a knotted dart, The snow from hair and beard he shook, And round him gazed with wilder'd look. Then up the hall, with staggering pace, He hasten'd by the blaze to place, Half lifeless from the bitter air, His load, a Boy of beauty rare. To Rokeby, next, he louted low, Then stood erect his tale to show, With wild majestic port and tone, Like envoy of some barbarous throne. "Sir Richard, Lord of Rokeby, hear! Turlough O'Neale salutes thee dear; He graces thee, and to thy care Young Redmond gives, his grandson fair. He bids thee breed him as thy son, For Turlough's days of joy are done; And other lords have seized his land, And faint and feeble is his hand; And all the glory of Tyrone Is like a morning vapour flown. To bind the duty on thy soul, He bids thee think on Erin's bowl! If any wrong the young O'Neale, He bids thee think of Erin's steel. To Mortham first this charge was due, But, in his absence, honours you.-

Now is my master's message by, And Ferraught will contented die."

TX.

His look grew fix'd, his cheek grew pale, He sunk when he had told his tale; For, hid beneath his mantle wide, A mortal wound was in his side. Vain was all aid-in terror wild, And sorrow, scream'd the orphan Child. Poor Ferraught raised his wistful eyes, And faintly strove to soothe his cries; All reckless of his dying pain, He blest, and blest him o'er again! And kiss'd the little hands outspread, And kiss'd and cross'd the infant head, And, in his native tongue and phrase, Pray'd to each saint to watch his days; Then all his strength together drew, The charge to Rokeby to renew. When half was falter'd from his breast, And half by dving signs express'd, "Bless the O'Neale!" he faintly said, And thus the faithful spirit fled.

x,

'Twas long ere soothing might prevail Upon the Child to end the tale: And then he said, that from his home His grandsire had been forced to roam, Which had not been if Redmond's hand Had but had strength to draw the brand, The brand of Lenaugh More the Red, That hung beside the grey wolf's head .-"Twas from his broken phrase descried, His foster father was his guide, Who, in his charge, from Ulster bore Letters, and gifts a goodly store; But ruffians met them in the wood, Ferraught in battle boldly stood, Till wounded and o'erpower'd at length, And stripp'd of all, his failing strength Just bore him here—and then the child Renew'd again his moaning wild.

XI.

The tear, down childhood's cheek that flows,

Is like the dewdrop on the rose;
When next the summer breeze comes by
And waves the bush, the flower is dry.
Won by their care, the orphan Child
Soon on his new protector smiled,

With dimpled check and eye Through his thick carls of the But blithest laugh'd that che When Rokeby's little Maid. Twas his, with elder brother Matilda's tottering steps to g His native lays in Irish tongs To soothe her infant ear he's And primrose twined with d To form a chaplet for her ha By lawn, by grove, by brookl The children still were hand And good Sir Richard smilit The early knot so kindly tied

XIL

But summer months bring wi From bud to bloom, from bloom And years draw on our hum From child to boy, from boy And soon in Rokeby's wood A gallant boy in hunter's gre He loves to wake the felon l In his dark haunt on Greta's And loves, against the deer a To draw the shaft, or lift the Yet more he loves, in autum The hazel's spreading boughs And down its cluster'd store Where young Matilda holds And she, whose veil receives Is alter'd too, and knows he Assumes a monitress's pride, Her Redmond's dangerous chide;

Yet listens still to hear him t How the grim wild-boar foug How at his fall the hugle ru Till rock and greenwood ans Then blesses her, that man c A pastime of such savage kin

XIII.

But Redmond knew to weav So well with praise of wood And knew so well each poin Gives living interest to the cl And knew so well o'er all to His spirit's wild romantic gla That, while she blamed, am

fear'd, She loved each venturous tab

when drifted snow and rain r and hall their steps restrain, they explor'd the page ng bard or gifted sage ed the evening fire beside, strel art alternate tried, adsome harp and lively lay iter-night flit fast away : m their childhood blending still ort, their study, and their skill, 1 of the soul they prove, : not think that it was love. gh they dared not, envious Fame ed to give that union name; en so often, side by side, ar to year the pair she eyed, netimes blamed the good old .night. of ear and dim of sight, es his purpose would declare, ing O'Neale should wed his heir.

XIV.

of Wilfrid rent disguise idage from the lovers' eyes; lain that Oswald, for his son, keby's favour wellnigh won. st they meet with change of cheer, utual looks of shame and fear; ust Matilda stray apart, ol her disobedient heart: admond now alone must rue e he never can subdue. ions rose, and Rokeby sware, :l's son should wed his heir; dmond, nurtured while a child y a bard's traditions wild. ught the lonely wood or stream, ish there a happier dream, ien won by sword or lance, ne regions of romance; unt the heroes of his line, Jial of the Pledges Nine, Dymas wild, and Geraldine, onnan-more, who vow'd his race r to the fight and chase, rsed him, of his lineage born, sheathe the sword to reap the corn, e the mountain and the wold, and himself in castled hold. uch examples hope he drew, ghten'd as the trumpet blew.

XV.

If brides were won by heart and blade, Redmond had both his cause to aid, And all beside of nurture rare That might beseem a baron's heir. Turlough O'Neale, in Erin's strife, On Rokeby's Lord bestow'd his life, And well did Rokeby's generous Knight Young Redmond for the deed requite. Nor was his liberal care and cost Upon the gallant stripling lost: Seek the North Riding broad and wide, Like Redmond none could steed bestride; From Tynemouth search to Cumberland, Like Redmond none could wield a brand; And then, of humour kind and free, And bearing him to each degree With frank and fearless courtesy, There never youth was form'd to steal Upon the heart like brave O'Neale.

XVI.

Sir Richard loved him as his son; And when the days of peace were done, And to the gales of war he gave The banner of his sires to wave, Redmond, distinguish'd by his care, He chose that honour'd flag to bear, And named his page, the next degree In that old time to chivalry. In five pitch'd fields he well maintain'd The honour'd place his worth obtain'd, And high was Redmond's youthful name Blazed in the roll of martial fame. Had fortune smiled on Marston fight, The eve had seen him dubb'd a knight; Twice, 'mid the battle's doubtful strife, Of Rokeby's Lord he saved the life, But when he saw him prisoner made, He kiss'd and then resign'd his blade, And yielded him an easy prey To those who led the Knight away; Resolved Matilda's sire should prove In prison, as in fight, his love.

XVII

When lovers meet in adverse hour,
'Tis like a sun-glimpse through a shower,
A watery ray, an instant seen
The darkly closing clouds between.
As Redmond on the turf reclined,
The past and present fill'd his mind:

"It was not thus," Affection said,
"I dream'd of my return, dear maid!
Not thus, when from thy trembling hand,
I took the banner and the brand,
When round me, as the bugles blew,
Their blades three hundred warriors
drew.

And, while the standard I unroll'd, Clash'd their bright arms, with clamour bold.

Where is that banner now?—its pride Lies whelm'd in Ouse's sullen tide! Where now these warriors?—in their gore,

They cumber Marston's dismal moor! And what avails a useless brand, Held by a captive's shackled hand, That only would his life retain, To aid thy sire to bear his chain!" Thus Redmond to himself apart; Nor lighter was his rival's heart; For Wilfrid, while his generous soul Disdain'd to profit by control, By many a sign could mark too plain, Save with such aid, his hopes were vain.—

But now Matilda's accents stole
On the dark visions of their soul,
And bade their mournful musing dy,
Like mist before the zephyr's sigh.

XVIII.

"I need not to my friends recall, How Mortham shunn'd my father's hall; A man of silence and of woe. Yet ever anxious to bestow On my poor self whate'er could prove A kinsman's confidence and love. My feeble aid could sometimes chase The clouds of sorrow for a space: But oftener, fix'd beyond my power, I mark'd his deep despondence lower. One dismal cause, by all unguess'd, His fearful confidence confess'd; And twice it was my hap to see Examples of that agony, Which for a season can o'erstrain And wreck the structure of the brain. He had the awful power to know The approaching mental overthrow. And while his mind had courage yet To struggle with the dreadful fit,

The victim writhed against its thro Like wretch beneath a murderer's his malady, I well could mark, Sprung from some direful cause and But still he kept its source conceal Till arming for the civil field; Then in my charge he bade me hol A treasure huge of gems and gold, With this disjointed dismal scroll, That tells the secret of his soul, In such wild words as oft betray A mind by anguish forced astray."

XIX.

MORTHAM'S HISTORY.

" Matilda! thou hast seen me start, As if a dagger thril!'d my heart, When it has happ'd some casual ph Waked memory of my former days. Believe, that few can backward cas Their thoughts with pleasure on thep But I !- my youth was rash and vai And blood and rage my manhood st And my grey hairs must now descer To my cold grave without a friend! Even thou, Matilda, wilt disown Thy kinsman, when his guilt is kne And must I lift the bloody veil. That hides my dark and fatal tale! I must-I will-Pale phantom, ca Leave me one little hour in peace! Thus haunted, think'st thou I have Thine own commission to fulfil? Or, while thou point'st with gesture fi Thy blighted check, thy bloody he How can I paint thee as thou wert So fair in face, so warm in heart !-

XX.

"Yes, she was fair!—Matilda, tho Hast a soft sadness on thy brow; But hers was like the sunny glow, That laughs on earth and all below We wedded secret—there was need iffering in country and in creed; And when to Mortham's tower she cower mentioned not her race and na Until thy sire, who fought afar, Should turn him home from foreign On whose kind influence we relied To soothe her father's ire and pride

ths we lived retired, unknown, tone dear friend alone, ng friend—I spare his shame, write the villain's name! usses I might forget, in vengeance for the debt brother worm to me, all to God's clemency, ed me penitential time, ne off amid my crime.—

XXI.

v smile to all she lent. er husband's friend 'twas bent that from its harmless glee, ch misconstrued villany. in his presumptuous love, ul snare the traitor wove. : sat -the flask had flow'd, I with heat unwonted glow'd, ough the alley'd walk we spied ried step my Edith glide, beneath the verdant screen, nwilling to be seen. innot paint the fiendish smile 'd the traitor's cheek the while! I question'd of the cause; a cold and artful pause, ay'd it might not chafe my ras a gallant in the wood!' been shooting at the deer; -bow (evil chance!) was near: ly weapon of my wrath and, hasting up the path, w grove my wife I found, er's arms her neck had bound! his heart—the bow I drewhe shaft-'twas more than true! ny Edith's dying charms her murder'd brother's arms! in secret to inquire :, and reconcile her sire.

XXII.

I my rage—the villain first, raft my jealousy had nursed; it in far and foreign clime e the vengeance of his crime. ner of the slaughter done wan to few, my guilt to none;

Some tale my faithful steward framed-I know not what-of shaft mis-aim'd: And even from those the act who knew, He hid the hand from which it flew. Untouch'd by human laws I stood, But God had heard the cry of blood! There is a blank upon my mind, A fearful vision ill-defined, Of raving till my flesh was torn, Of dungeon-bolts and fetters worn-And when I waked to woe more mild, And question'd of my infant child-(Have I not written, that she bare A boy, like summer morning fair?)-With looks confused my menials tell That armed men in Mortham dell Beset the nurse's evening way, And bore her, with her charge, away. My faithless friend, and none but he, Could profit by this villany; Him then, I sought, with purpose dread Of treble vengeance on his head! He 'scaped me-but my bosom's wound Some faint relief from wandering found; And over distant land and sea I bore my load of misery.

XXIII.

"'Twas then that fate my footsteps led Among a daring crew and dread, With whom full oft my hated life I ventured in such desperate strife, That even my fierce associates saw My frantic deeds with doubt and awe. Much then I learned, and much can show, Of human guilt and human woe, Yet ne'er have, in my wanderings, known A wretch, whose sorrows match'd my own!—

It chanced, that after battle fray,
Upon the bloody field we lay;
The yellow moon her lustre shed
Upon the wounded and the dead,
While, sense in toil and wassail drown'd,
My ruffian comrades slept around,
There came a voice—its silver tone
Was soft, Matilda, as thine own—
'Ah, wretch!' it said, 'what makest
thou here,

While unavenged my bloody bier, While unprotected lives mine heir, Without a father's name and care."

XXIV.

"I heard -obey'd-and homeward drew: The fiercest of our desperate crew I brought, at time of need to aid My purposed vengeance, long delay'd. But, humble be my thanks to Heaven, That better hopes and thoughts has given, And by our Lord's dear prayer has taught, Mercy by mercy must be bought!— Let me in misery rejoice— I've seen his face—I've heard his voice— I claim'd of him my only child-As he disown'd the theft, he smiled! That very calm and callous look, That fiendish sneer his visage took, As when he said, in scornful mood, 'There is a gallant in the wood!'-I did not slay him as he stood-All praise be to my Maker given ! Long suffrance is one path to heaven."

XXV.

Thus far the woful tale was heard, When something in the thicket stirr'd. Up Redmond sprung; the villain Guy, (For he it was that lurk'd so nigh,) Drew back-he durst not cross his steel A moment's space with brave O'Neale, For all the treasured gold that rests In Mortham's iron-banded chests. Redmond resumed his seat; -he said, Some roe was rustling in the shade. Bertram laugh'd grimly when he saw His timorous comrade backward draw; "A trusty mate art thou, to fear A single arm, and aid so near ! Yet have I seen thee mark a deer. Give me thy carabine-I'll show An art that thou wilt gladly know, How thou may'st safely quell a foe."

XXVI.

On hands and knees fierce Bertram drew The spreading birch and hazels through, Till he had Redmond full in view; The gun he levell'd—Mark like this Was Bertram never known to miss, When fair opposed to aim there sate An object of his mortal hate. That day young Redmond's death had seen,

But twice Matilda came between

The carabine and Redmond's bra Just ere the spring his finger pres A deadly oath the ruffian swore, But yet his fell design forebore: "It ne'er," he mutter'd "shall be That thus I scath'd thee, haughty ; Then moved to seek more open a When to his side Guy Denzil can "Bertram forbear !- we are under For ever, if thou fire the gun. By all the fiends, an armed force Descends the dell, of foot and ho We perish if they hear a shot-Madman! we have a safer plot-Nay, friend, be ruled, and bearther Behold, down yonder hollow trace The warlike leader of the band Comes, with his broadsword in his h Bertram look'd up; he saw, he k That Denzil's fears had counsel'd Then cursed his fortune and with Threaded the woodlands undescri-And gain'd the cave on Greta sal

XXVII.

They whom dark Bertram, in its were Doom'd to captivity or death. Their thoughts to one sad subject Saw not nor heard the ambushness the same of the same while on the very verge or fate; Heedless and unconcern'd remain When Heaven the murderer's an strain'd:

As ships drift darkling down the! Nor see the shelves o'er which they Uninterrupted thus they heard What Mortham's closing tale ded He spoke of wealth as of a load, By fortune on a wretch bestowd, In bitter mockery of hate, His cureless woes to aggravate; But yet he pray'd Matilda's care Might save that treasure for his he His Edith's son-for still he raved As confident his life was saved; In frequent vision, he averr'd, He saw his face, his voice he bear Then argued calm-had murder be The blood, the corpses, had been w Some had pretended, too, to mark On Windermere a stranger back.

rew, with jealous care, yet mild, a female and a child. hese faint proofs he told and ress'd, em'd to kindle in his breast; inconsistent, vague, and vain, 1 his judgment and his brain.

XXVIII.

lemn words his story close:n witness for me, that I chose in this sad civil fight, y no cause but England's right. try's groans have bid me draw d for gospel and for law; zhted, I fling arms aside, c my son through Europe wide. th, on which a kinsman nigh casts a grasping eye, e may unsuspected lie. my death Matilda hears, retain her trust three years; from me, the treasure claim, is Mortham's race and name. it leave her generous hand, v in bounty o'er the land; ne wounded prisoner's lot, the peasant's ruin'd cot; , acquired by fight atar, tigate domestic war."

ierous youths, who well had ham's mind the powerful tone, high mind, by sorrow swerved, npathy his woes deserved; frid chiet, who saw reveal'd ortham wish'd his life conceal'd, , doubtless, to pursue mes his wilder'd fancy drew. ful he heard Matilda tell. : would share her father's cell, ner of captivity, r his prison-house should be; ved to think that Rokeby-hall, led, and forsook by all, rapine and to stealth, r no safeguard for the wealth d by her kinsman kind, such noble use design'd. arnard Castle then her choice," nquired with hasty, voice,

"Since there the victor's laws ordain Her father must a space remain?" A flutter'd hope his accents shook, A flutter'd joy was in his look. Matilda hasten'd to reply, For anger flash'd in Redmond's eye;—"Duty," she said, with gentle grace, "Kind Wilfrid, has no choice of place; Else had I for my sire assign'd Prison less galling to his mind, Than that his wild-wood haunts which

And hears the murmur of the Tees, Recalling thus, with every glance, What captive's sorrow can enhance; But where those woes are highest, there Needs Rokeby most his daughter's care."

XXX.

He felt the kindly check she gave, And stood abash'd — then answer'd grave :—

"I sought thy purpose, noble maid,
Thy doubts to clear, thy schemes to aid.
I have beneath mine own command,
So wills my sire, a gallant band,
And well could send some horsemen
wight

To bear the treasure forth by night, And so bestow it as you deem In these ill days may safest seem."— "Thanks, gentle Wilfrid, thanks," she

said:
"O, be it not one day delay'd!
And, more thy sister-friend to aid,
Be thou thyself content to hold,
In thine own keeping, Mortham's gold,
Safest with thee." — While thus she
spoke,

Arm'd soldiers on their converse broke,
The same of whose approach afraid,
The ruffians left their ambuscade.
Their chief to Wilfrid bended low,
Then look'd around as for a foe.
"What mean'st thou, friend," young
Wycliffe said,

"Why thus in arms beset the glade?"—
"That would I gladly learn from you;
For up my squadron as I drew,
To exercise our martial game
Upon the moor of Barninghame,

A stranger told you were waylaid, Surrounded, and to death betray'd. He had a leader's voice, I ween, A falcon glance, a warrior's mien. He bade me bring you instant aid; I doubted not, and I obey'd."

VVVI

Wilfrid changed colour, and, amazed, Turn'd short, and on the speaker gazed; While Redmond every thicket round Track'd earnest as a questing hound, And Denzil's carabine he found; Sure evidence, by which they knew The warning was as kind as true. Wisest it seem'd, with cautious speed To leave the dell. It was agreed, That Redmond, with Matilda fair, And fitting guard, should home repair; At nightfall Wilfrid should attend, With a strong band, his sister-friend, To bear with her from Rokeby's bowers To Barnard Castle's lofty towers, Secret and safe the banded chests, In which the wealth of Mortham rests. This hasty purpose fix d, they part, Each with a grieved and anxious heart.

CANTO FIFTH.

I.

THE sultry summer day is done, The western hills have hid the sun, But mount iin peak and village spire Retain reflection of his fire. Old Barnard's towers are purple still, To those that gaze from Toller-hill; Distant and high, the tower of Bowes Like steel upon the anvil glows; And Stanmore's ridge, behind that lay, Rich with the spoils of parting day, In crimson and in gold array'd, Streaks yet a while the closing shade, Then slow resigns to darkening heaven The tints which brighter hours had given. Thus aged men, full loath and slow, The vanities of life forego, And count their youthful follies o'er, Till memory lends her light no more.

11.

The eye, that slow on upland fades, Has darker closed on Rokeby's glades,

Where, sunk within their banks profou Her guardian streams to meeting wor The stately oaks, whose sombre from Of noontide made a twilight brown, Impervious now to fainter light, Of twilight make an early night. Hoarse into middle air arose The vespers of the roosting crows, And with congenial murmurs seem To wake the Genii of the stream: For louder clamour'd Greta's tide. And Tees in deeper voice replied, And fitful waked the evening wind, Fitful in sighs its breath resign d. Wilfrid, whose fancy-nurtured soul Felt in the scene a soft control, With lighter footstep press d the grow And often paused to look around; And, though his path was to his love Could not but linger in the grove, To drink the thrilling interest dear, Of awful pleasure check'd by fear. Such inconsistent moods have we, Even when our passions strike the k

III.

Now,through the wood's dark mazes p The opening lawn he reach'd at last Where, silver'd by the moonlight ra The ancient Hall before him lay. Those martial terrors long were fled That frown'd of old around its head The battlements, the turrets gray, Seem'd half abandon'd to decay; On Barbican and keep of stone Stern Time the foeman's work had do Where banners the invader braved, The harebell now and wallflower way In the rude guard-room, where of y Their weary hours the warders wor Now, while the cheerful fagots blaz On the paved floor the spindle play The flanking guns dismounted lie, The moat is ruinous and dry, The grim portcullis gone-and all The fortress turn'd to peaceful Hall

IV.

But yet precautions, lately ta'en, Show'd danger's day revived again The court-yard wall show'd marks of a The fall'n defences to repair, ch strength as might withstand of marauding band.

once more were taught to bear ing drawbridge into air, ill question'd o'er and o'er, I oped the jealous door, he entered, bolt and bar eir place with sullen jar; e cross'd the vaulted porch, y porter raised his torch, I him o'er, from foot to head, hall his steps he led.

old hall, of knightly state, seem'd and desolate.

through transom-shafts of

s'd the latticed oriels, shone, mournful light she gave, vault seem'd funeral cave. I banner waved no more of stag and tusks of boar, ering arms were marshall'd

hose silvan spoils between.
those ensigns, borne away,
d Rokeby's brave array,
lost on Marston's day!
d there the moonbeams fall
our yet adorns the wall,
s size, uncouth to sight,
in the modern fight!
n relic of the wars,
y by neglected scars.

v.

on to greet him came, hem light the evening flame; r parting was prepared, l but for Wilfrid's guard. eluctant to unfold avarice of gold, that lest jealous eye their precious burden pry, it best the castle gate hen the night wore late; ore he had left command he trusted of his band, hould be at Rokeby met, the midnight-watch was set, and came, whose anxious care as busied to prepare

All needful, meetly to arrange The mansion for its mournful change. With Wilfrid's care and kindness pleased, His cold unready hand he seized, And press'd it. till his kindly strain The gentle youth return'd again. Seem'd as between them this was said, "A while let jealousy be dead; And let our contest be, whose care Shall best assist this helpless fair."

VI.

There was no speech the truce to bind, It was a compact of the mind, A generous thought, at once impress'd On either rival's generous breast. Matilda well the secret took. From sudden change of mien and look; And--for not small had been her fear Of jealous ire and danger near-Felt, even in her dejected state, A joy beyond the reach of fate. They closed beside the chimney's blaze, And talk'd, and hoped for happier days, And lent their spirits' rising glow A while to gild impending woe; -High privilege of youthful time, Worth all the pleasures of our prime! The bickering fagot sparkled bright, And gave the scene of love to sight, Bade Wilfrid's cheek more lively glow, Play'd on Matilda's neck of snow, Her nut-brown curls and forchead high, And laugh'd in Redmond's azure eye. Two lovers by the maiden sate, Without a glance of jealous hate; The maid her lovers sat between, With open brow and equal mien; It is a sight but rarely spied, Thanks to man's wrath and woman's pride.

VII.

While thus in peaceful guise they sate, A knock alarm'd the outer gate, And ere the tardy porter stirr'd, The tinkling of a harp was heard. A manly voice of mellow swell, Bore burden to the music well:—

€ong.

"Summer eve is gone and past, Summer dew is falling last; I have wander'd all the day, Do not bid me farther stray! Gentle hearts, of gentle kin, Take the wandering harper in!"

But the stern porter answer gave, With "Get thee hence, thou strolling knave!

The king wants soldiers; war, I trow, Were meeter trade for such as thou." At this unkind reproof, again Answer'd the ready Minstrel's strain:—

Song resumed.

"Bid not me, in battle-field, Buckler lift, or broadsword wield! All my strength and all my art Is to touch the gentle heart, With the wizard notes that ring From the peaceful minstrel-string."-

From the peaceful minstrel-string."—
The porter, all unmoved, replied,—
"Departin peace, with Heaven to guide;
If longer by the gate thou dwell,
Trust me, thou shalt not part so well."

VIII.

With somewhat of appealing look, The harper's part young Wilfrid took : "These notes so wild and ready thrill, They show no vulgar minstrel's skill; Hard were his task to seek a home More distant, since the night is come; And for his faith I dare engage-Your Harpool's blood is sour'd by age; His gate, once readily display'd, To greet the friend, the poor to aid, Now even to me, though known of old, Did but reluctantly unfold."-"O blame not, as poor Harpool's crime, An evil of this evil time. He deems dependent on his care The safety of his patron's heir, Nor judges meet to ope the tower To guest unknown at parting hour, Urging his duty to excess Of rough and stubborn faithfulness. For this poor harper, I would fain He may relax :- Hark to his strain ! "-

IX.

Song resumed.

"I have song of war for knight, Lay of love for lady bright, Fairy tale to hill the heir, Goblin grim the maids to scare. Dark the night, and long till day Do not bid me farther stray!

"Rokeby's lords of martial fame, I can count them name by name Legends of their line there be, Known to few, but known to me If you honour Rokeby's kin, Take the wandering harper in!

"Rokeby's lords had fair regard For the harp, and for the bard; Baron's race throve never well, Where the curse of minstrel fell. If you love that noble kin, Take the weary harper in !"—

"Hark! Harpool parleys-ther

Said Redmond, "that the gate ope."-

—"For all thy brag and boast, 1 to Nought know'st thou of the Fele So Quoth Harpool, "nor how Green Sohe roam'd, and Rokeby forest suk Nor how Ralph Rokeby give be to To Richmond's friars to make a feo Of Gilbert Griffinson the tale Goes, and of gallant Peter Dale, That well could strike with sword an And of the valiant son of Spain, Friar Middleton, and blithe Sir Ral There were a jest to make us laugh If thou canst tell it, in yon shed, Thou'st won thy supper and thy be

×

Matilda smiled; "Cold hope," said
"From Harpool's love of minstral
But, for this harper, may we dare,
Redmond, to mend his couch
fare?"—

fare?"—

"O, ask me not!—At minstrelMy heart from infancy would sprin
Nor can I hear its simplest strain,
But it brings Erin's dream again,
When placed by Owen Lysagh's ki
(The Filea of O'Neale was he,
A blind and bearded man, whose o
Was sacred as a prophet's held,)

ring of rugged kerne, ts shaggy, wild, and stern, by the master's lay, and the livelong day, wild rage to wilder glee, grief, to ecstacy, ich varied change of soul the bard's control. aboy! thy friendly floor ard's oak shall light no more; s harp, beside the blaze, n's love or hero's praise! ng brambles hide thy hearth, iospitable mirth; iguish'd in the glade, lad home is prostrate laid, ls wander wide and far, m lords in distant war, ne stranger's sons enjoy woods of Clandeboy and proudly turn'd aside, z tear to dry and hide.

XI.

ark and soften'd eye ing ere O'Neale's was dry. pon his arm she laid,— rill of Heaven," she said. 'st thou, Redmond, I can part loved home with lightsome wild neglect whate'er my infancy was dear? calm domestic bound atilda's pleasures found. , my sire was wont to grace, nay be a stranger's place; n which a child I play'd, dear Redmond, lowly laid, le and the thorn may braid; or aye from me and mine, y shelter Rokeby's line. consolation given, nd, -'tis the will of Heaven." her action, and her phrase, y as in early days; serve had lost its power, sympathetic hour. lmond dared not trust his and it been his choice

To share that melancholy hour, Than, arm'd with all a chieftain's power, In full possession to enjoy Slieve-Donard wide, and Clandeboy.

VII

The blood left Wilfrid's ashen cheek, Matilda sees, and hastes to speak. -"Happy in friendship's ready aid, Let all my murmurs here be staid! And Rokeby's maiden will not part From Rokeby's hall with moody heart. This night at least, for Rokeby's fame, The hospitable hearth shall flame, And, ere its native heir retire, Find for the wanderer rest and fire, While this poor harper, by the blaze, Recounts the tale of other days. Bid Harpool ope the door with speed, Admit him, and relieve each need. Meantime, kind Wycliffe, wilt thou try Thy minstrel skill?—Nay, no reply— And look not sad !—I guess thy thought, Thy verse with laurels would be bought; And poor Matilda, landless now, Has not a garland for thy brow. True, I must leave sweet Rokeby's glades, Nor wander more in Greta shades; But sure, no rigid jailer, thou Wilt a short prison-walk allow, Where summer flowers grow wild at will, On Marwood-chase and Toller Hill: Then holly green and lily gay Shall twine in guerdon of thy lay." The mournful youth, a space aside, To tune Matilda's harp applied; And then a low sad descant rung, As prelude to the lay he sung.

XIII.

The Cypress Mrenth.

O, Lady, twine no wreath for me, Or twine it of the cypross-tree! Too lively glow the lilies light, The varnish'd holly's all too bright, The May-flower and the eglantine May shade a brow less sad than mine; But, Lady, weave no wreath for me, Or weave it of the cypress-tree!

Let dimpled Mirth his temples twine With tendrils of the laughing vine;

The manly oak, the pensive yew, To patriot and to sage be due: The myrtle bough bids lovers live, But that Matilda will not give; Then, Lady, twine no wreath for me, Or twine it of the cypress-tree!

Let merry England proudly rear Her blended roses, bought so dear; Let Albin bind her bonnet blue With heath and harebell dipp'd in dew; On favour'd Erin's crest be seen The flower she loves of emerald green— But, Lady, twine no wreath for me, Or twine it of the cypress-tree.

Strike the wild harp, while maids prepare The ivy meet for minstrel's hair; And, while his crown of laurel-leaves, With bloody hand the victor weaves, Let the loud trump his triumph tell; But when you hear the passing-bell, Then, Lady, twine a wreath for me, And twine it of the cypress-tree.

Yes! twine for me the cypress-bough; But, O Matilda, twine not now! Stay till a few brief months are past, And I have look'd and loved my last! When villagers my shroud bestrew With papzics, rosemary, and rue,—Then, Lady, weave a wreath for me, And weave it of the cypress-tree.

XIV.

O'Neale observed the starting tear, And spoke with kind and blithesome cheer -

"No, noble Wilfrid! ere the day
When mourns the land thy silent lay,
Shall many a wreath be freely wove
By hand of friendship and of love.
I would not wish that rigid Fate
Had doom'd thee to a captive's state,
Whose hands are bound by honour's law,
Who wears a sword he must not draw;
But were it so, in minstrel pride
The land together would we ride,
On prancing steeds, like harpers old,
Bound for the halls of barons bold,
Each lover of the lyre we'd seek,
From Michael's Mount to Skiddaw's
Peak,

Survey wild Albin's mountain strand, And roam green Erin's lovely land, While thou the gentler souls should more With lay of pity and of love, And I, thy mate, in rougher strain, Would sing of war and warriors slain. Old England's bards were vanquish's then,

And Scotland's vaunted Hawthornden, And, silenced on Iernian shore, M'Curtin's harp should charm no more! In lively mood he spoke, to wile From Wilfrid's woe-worn cheek a smile

XV.

"But," said Matilda, "ere thy name, Good Redmond, gain its destined fam Say, wilt thou kindly deign to call Thy brother-minstrel to the hall? Bid all the household, too, attend, Each in his rank a humble friend; I know their faithful hearts will grieve When their poor Mistress takes her leave So let the horn and beaker flow To mitigate their parting woe. The harper came ;—in youth's first prin Himself; in mode of olden time His garb was fashion'd, to express The ancient English minstrel's dress, A seemly gown of Kendal green, With gorget closed of silver sheen; His harp in silken scarf was slung, And by his side an anlace hung. It seem'd some masquer's quaint array For revel or for holiday.

XVI.

He made obeisance with a free Yet studied air of courtesy. Each look and accent, framed to pleas Seem'd to affect a playful ease; His face was of that doulaful kind, That wins the eye, but not the mind; Yet harsh it seem'd to deem amiss Of brow so young and smooth as this. His was the subtle look and sly, That, spving all, seems nought to spy Round all the group his glances stole, Unmark'd themselves, to mark the whole

* Drummond of Hawthornden was in the zenith of his reputation as a poet during the Civil Wars. He died in 1649.

eneath Matilda's look, the eye of Redmond brook. sicious, or the old, dangerous and bold I this self-invited guest; our lovers,—and the rest, heir sorrow and their fear of their Mistress dear, ed, to the Castle-hall, bear her funeral pall.

XVII.

pression base was gone, ed the guest his minstrel tone; ispiration's call, demon fled from Saul.* glance he cast around, drawn breath inspired the reat bolder and more high, ride of minstrelsy! soon that pride was o'er, the lay that bade it soar! sumed, with habit's chain, ld and follies vain. he talent, with him born, mmon curse and scorn. the youth whom Rokeby's escending kindness, pray'd new the strains she loved, heard, and well approved.

XVIII.

Song.

THE HARP.

d and wayward boy,
od scorn'd each childish toy;
m all, reserved and coy,
To musing prone,
'solitary joy,
My Harp alone.

: Spirit of the Lord departed from evil spirit from the Lord troubled

I said unto his servants, Provide an that can play well, and bring And it came to pass, that when it from God was upon Saul, that harp, and played with his hand: refreshed, and was well, and the :parted from him."—I SAMUEL, 17, 23. My youth, with bold Ambition's mood, Despised the humble stream and wood, Where my poor father's cottage stood, To fame unknown;—

What should my soaring views make good?

My Harp alone!

Love came with all his frantic fire,
And wild romance of vain desire:
The baron's daughter heard my lyre,
And praised the tone;
What could presumptuous hope inspire?
My Harp alone!

At manhood's touch the bubble burst,
And manhood's pride the vision curst,
And all that had my folly nursed
Love's sway to own;
Yet spared the spell that lull'd me first,
My Harp alone!

Woe came with war, and want with woe;
And it was mine to undergo
Each outrage of the rebel foe:—
Can aught atone
My fields laid waste, my cot laid low?
My Harp alone!

Ambition's dreams I've seen depart, Have rued of penury the smart, Have felt of love the venom'd dart, When hope was flown; Yet rests one solace to my heart,— My Harp alone!

Then over mountain, moor, and hill, My faithful Harp, I'll bear thee still; And when this life of want and ill Is wellnigh gone, Thy strings mine elegy shall thrill, My Harp alone!

XIX.

"A pleasing lay!" Matilda said;
But Harpool shook his old grey head,
And took his baton and his torch,
To seek his guard-room in the porch.
Edmund observed—with sudden change,
Among the strings his fingers range,
Until they waked a bolder glee
Of military melody;

Then paused amid the martial sound, And look'd with well-feign'd fear around:—

"None to this noble house belong," He said, "that would a Minstrel wrong, Whose fate has been, through good and ill, To love his Royal Master still; And, with your honour'd leave, wouk Rejoice you with a loyal strain." Then, as assured by sign and look, The warlike tone again he took; And Harpool stopp'd, and turn' hear A ditty of the Cavalier.

XX.

Song.

THE CAVALIER.

While the dawn on the mountain was misty and gray, My true love has mounted his steed and away, Over hill, over valley, o'er dale, and o'er down; Heaven shield the brave Gallant that fights for the Crown!

He has doff'd the silk doublet the breast-plate to bear, He has placed the steel-cap o'er his long-flowing hair, From his belt to his stirrup his broadsword hangs down,— Heaven shield the brave Gallant that fights for the Crown!

For the rights of fair England that broadsword he draws, Her King is his leader, her Church is his cause; His watchword is honour, his pay is renown,—God strike with the Gallant that strikes for the Crown!

They may boast of their Fairfax, their Waller, and all The roundheaded rebels of Westminster Hall; But tell these bold traitors of London's proud town, That the spears of the North have encircled the Crown.

There's Derby and Cavendish, dread of their foes; There's Erin's high Ormond and Scotland's Montrose! Would you match the base Skippon, and Massey, and Brown. With the Barons of England, that fight for the Crown!

Now joy to the crest of the brave Cavalier! Be his banner unconquer'd, resistless his spear, Till in peace and in triumph his toils he may drown, In a pledge to fair England, her Church, and her Crown.

XXI.

"Alas!" Matilda said, "that strain, Good Harper, now is heard in vain! The time has been, at such a sound, When Rokeby's vassals gather'd round, An hundred manly hearts would bound; But now, the stirring verse we hear, Like trump in dying soldier's ear! Listless and sad the notes we own, The power to answer them is flown. Yet not without his meet applause Be he that sings the rightful cause,

Even when the crisis of its fate To human eye seems desperate. While Rokeby's Heir such power re Let this slight guerdon pay thy paid And, lend thy harp; I fain would If my poor skill can aught supply, Ere yet I leave my fathers' hall, To mourn the cause in which we f

XXII.

The harper, with a downcast look. And trembling hand, her bounty to

conscious pride of art him in his treacherous part; spring, of force unguess'd, ach gentler mood suppress'd, in many a human breast; at plans the red campaign, wastes the woodland reign. wing, the blood-shot eye, nan marks with apathy, g of his victim's ill his own successful skill. i, too, who now no more read the battle's roar, he triumph of his art, on the pencill'd chart invader's destined way, ood and ruin, to his prey; leath, and towns to flame. to raise another's name. he guilt, though not the fame. him for his span of time emeditating crime? st pity arms his heart ?-iscious pride of art.

XXIII.

les in Edmund's mind 255, vague, and undefined. 35 changeful tide was tost; 37 Virtue had the power 38 impression of the hour; 39 hen Passion rules, how rare 39 hat fall to Virtue's share! 30 e roused her—for the pride, 31 f sterner guilt supplied, 32 e support him when arose 33 t mourned Matilda's woes.

Song.

THE FAREWELL.

d of Rokeby's woods I hear, ningle with the song: ta's voice is in mine ear, not hear them long. ry loved and native haunt tive Heir must stray, e a ghost whom sunbeams it, art before the day.

Soon from the halls my fathers rear'd,
Their scutcheons may descend,
A line so long beloved and fear'd
May soon obscurely end.
No longer here Matilda's tone
Shall bid those echoes swell;
Yet shall they hear her proudly own
The cause in which we fell.

The Lady paused, and then again Resumed the lay in loftier strain.—

XXIV.

Let our halls and towers decay, Be our name and line forgot, Lands and manors pass away, We but share our Monarch's lot. If no more our annals show Battles won and Banners taken. Still in death, defeat, and woe, Ours be loyalty unshaken! Constant still in danger's hour, Princes own'd our fathers' aid; Lands and honours, wealth and power, Well their loyalty repaid. Perish wealth, and power, and pride! Mortal boons by mortals given; But let Constancy abide, Constancy's the gift of Heaven.

XXV.

While thus Matilda's lay was heard, A thousand thoughts in Edmund stirr'd. In peasant life he might have known As fair a face, as sweet a tone; But village notes could no'er supply That rich and varied melody; And ne'er in cottage maid was seen The easy dignity of mien, Claiming respect, yet waving state, That marks the daughters of the great. Yet not, perchance, had these alone His scheme of purposed guilt o'erthrown; But while her energy of mind Superior rose to griefs combined, Lending its kindling to her eye, Giving her form new majesty, To Edmund's thought Matilda seem'd The very object he had dream'd; When, long ere guilt his soul had known, In Winston bowers he mused alone,

Taxing his fancy to combine The face, the air, the voice divine, Of princes fair, by cruel fate Reft of her amours, power, and state, Till to her rightful realm restored By destined hero's conquering sword.

"Such was my vision!" Edmund

thought;

"And have I, then, the ruin wrought Of such a maid, that fancy ne'er In fairest vision form'd her peer? Was it my hand that could unclose The postern to her ruthless foes? Foes, lost to honour, law, and faith, Their kindest mercy sudden death! Have I done this? I! who have swore, That if the globe such angel bore, I would have traced its circle broad, To kiss the ground on which she trode '-And now - O! would that earth would

And close upon me while alive!-Is there no hope? - is all then lost?-Bertram's already on his post! Even now, beside the Hall's arch'd door, I saw his shadow cross the floor! He was to wait my signal strain-A little respite thus we gain: By what I heard the menials say, Young Wyeliffic stroop are on their way-Alarm precipitates the crime! My barp must wear away the time."-And then, in accents faint and low, He falter'd forth a tale of woe.

XXVII.

Ballad.

"And whither would you lead me then?" Quoth the Friar of orders gray; And the Ruffians twain replied again,

"By a dying woman to pray."

"I see," he said, "a lovely sight, A sight bodes little harm,

A lady as a lily bright, With an infant on her arm."-

"Then do thine office, Friar gray, And see thou shrive her free!

Else shall the sprite, that parts to-night, Fling all its guilt on thee.

"Let mass be said, and trentrals read, When thou'rt to convent gone, And bid the bell of St Benedict Toll out its deepest tone."

The shrift is done, the Friar is gone, Blindfolded as he came-Next morning, all in Littlecot Hall

Were weeping for their dame. Wild Danell is an alter'd man. The village crones can tell; He looks pale as clay, and strives to pray

If he hears the convent bell. If prince or peer cross Darrell's way, He'll beard him in his pride-

If he meet a Friar of orders gray, He droops and turns aside.

XXVIII.

"Harper! methinks thy magic lays," Matilda said, "can goblins raise! Wellnigh my fancy can discern, Near the dark porch a visage stern; E'en now, in yonder shadowy nook, I see it! - Redmond, Wilfrid, look!-A human form distinct and clear-God, for thy mercy!—It draws near!'
She saw too true. Stride after stride. The centre of that chamber wide Fierce Bertram gain'd; then made stand,

And, proudly waving with his hand, Thunder'd - " Be still, upon lives !—

He bleeds who speaks, he dies wh strives."

Behind their chief the robber crew, Forth from the darken'd portal drew In silence--save that echo dread Return'd their heavy measured tread. The lamp's uncertain lustre gave Their arms to gleam, their plumes wave;

File after file in order pass, Like forms on Banquo's mystic glass. Then, halting at their leader's sign, At once they form'd and curved their lin Hemming within its crescent drear Their victims, like a herd of deer. Another sign, and to the aim 1 Levell'd at once their muskets came,

but their chieftain's word, neir fatal volley heard.

XXIX.

neap the menials drew; n mortal terror, true, and startled group oppose atilda and the foes. thee, Wilfrid!" Redmond t wicket by thy side! Matilda-gain the woodnav be a while made good ere this, must sure be nighit -dally not-but fly !" he crowd their motions hide, e low wicket door they glide. ulted passages they wind, ntricacy twined; f led, and half he bore, the postern door, eneath the forest tree, stands at liberty. eams, the fresh gale's caress, ispended consciousness;-Redmond?" eagerly she cries: wer'st not -he dies! he dies! ast lett him, all bereft id-with murderers left! rell-he would not yield to man-his doom is seal'd! orn'd life, which thou hast ght his, I thank thee not."

XXX.

reproach, the angry look, of Wilfrid could not brook. said, "my band so near, ou may'st rest thee here. ond's death thou shalt not rn,

buy his safe return."
wav—his heart throbb'd high,
as bursting from his eye;
of her injustice press'd
faid's distracted breast,—
frid, stay! all aid is vain!"
but turn'd him not again!
now the postern-door,
—and is seen no more.

xxxî.

With all the agony that e'er Was gender'd twixt suspense and fear, She watch'd the line of Windows tall. Whose Gothic lattice lights the Hall, Distinguish'd by the paly red The lamps in dim reflection shed, While all beside in wan moonlight, Each grated casement glimmer'd white. No sight of harm, no sound of ill, It is a deep and midnight still. Who look'd upon the scene, had guess'd All in the Castle were at rest-When sudden on the windows shone A lightning flash, just seen and gone! A shot is heard—Again the flame Flash'd thick and fast—a volley came! Then echo'd wildly, from within, Of shout and scream the mingled din. And weapon-clash and maddening cry, Of those who kill, and those who die! As fill'd the Hall with sulphurous smoke, More red, more dark, the death-flash broke;

And forms were on the lattice cast, That struck, or struggled, as they past.

XXXII.

What sounds upon the midnight wind Approach so rapidly behind? It is, it is, the tramp of steeds, Matilda hears the sound, she speeds, Seizes upon the leader's rein-"O, haste to aid, ere aid be vain! Fly to the postern-gain the Hall!" From saddle spring the troopers all; Their gallant steeds, at liberty, Run wild along the moonlight lea. But, ere they burst upon the scene, Full stubborn had the conflict been. When Bertram mark'd Matilda's flight, It gave the signal for the fight; And Rokeby's veterans, seam'd with scars Of Scotland's and of Erin's wars, Their momentary panic o'er, Stood to the arms which then they bore; (For they were weapon'd, and prepared Their mistress on her way to guard.) Then cheer'd them to the fight O'Neale, Then peal'd the shot, and clash'd the steel; The war-smoke soon with sable breath Darken'd the scene of blood and death, While on the few defenders close The Bandits, with redoubled blows, And, twice driven back, yet fierce and fell Renew the charge with frantic yell.

XXXIII.

Wilfrid has fall'n—but o'er him stood Young Redmond, soil'd with smoke and blood,

Cheering his mates with heart and hand Still to make good their desperate stand.—

"Up, conrades, up! In Rokeby halls
Ne'er be it said our courage falls.
What! faint ye for their savage cry,
Or do the smoke-wreaths daunt your eye?
These rafters have return'd a shout
As loud at Rokeby's wassail rout,
Asthick a smoke these hearths have given
At Hallow-tide or Christmas-even.
Stand to it yet! renew the fight,
For Rokeby's and Matilda's right!
These slaves! they dare not, hand to
hand,

Bide buffet from a true man's brand." Impetuous, active, fierce, and young, Upon the advancing foes he sprung. Woe to the wretch at whom is bent His brandish'd falchion's sheer descent! Backward they scatter'd as he came, Like wolves before the levin flame, When, 'mid their howling conclave

driven. Hath glanced the thunderbolt of heaven. Bertram rush'd on- But Harpool clasp'd His knees, although in death he gasp'd, His falling corpse before him flung, And round the trammell'd ruffian clung. Just then, the soldiers fill'd the dome, And, shouting, charged the felons home So fiercely, that, in panic dread, They broke, they yielded, fell, or fled, Bertram's stern voice they heed no more, Though heard above the battle's roar; While, trampling down the dying man, He strove, with volley'd threat and ban, In scorn of odds, in fate's despite, To rally up the desperate fight.

XXXIV.

Soon murkier clouds the Hall enfold, Than e'er from battle-thunders roll'd, So dense, the combatants scarce know To aim or to avoid the blow. Smothering and blindfold grows the fight—

But soon shall dawn a dismal light! Mid cries, and clashing arms, there cat The hollow sound of rushing flame; New horrors on the tumult dire Arise—the Castle is on fire! Doubtful, if chance had cast the brance Or frantic Bertram's desperate hand, Matilda saw-for frequent broke From the dim casements gusts of smok Yon tower, which late so clear define On the fair hemisphere reclined, That, pencill'd on its azure pure. The eye could count each embrazure, Now, swath'd within the sweeping clos Seems giant-spectre in his shroud; Till, from each loop-hole flashing ligh A spout of fire shines ruddy bright, And, gathering to united glare, Streams high into the midnight air; A dismal beacon, far and wide That waken'd Greta's slumbering side Soon all beneath, through gallery long And pendant arch, the fire flash'd strong Snatching whatever could maintain, Raise, or extend, its furious reign; Startling, with closer cause of dread, The females who the conflict fled, And now rush'd forth upon the plain, Filling the air with clamours vain.

XXXV.

But ceased not yet, the Hall within,
The shriek, the shout, the carnage-din
Till bursting lattices give proof
The flames have caught the rafter'd roo
What! wait they till its beams amain
Crash on the slavers and the slain?
The alarm is caught—the drawbrid
falls,

The warriors hurry from the walls. But, by the conflagration's light, Upon the lawn renew the fight. Each straggling felon down was hew Not one could gain the sheltering woo But forth the affrighted harper sprung And to Matilda's robe he clung. Her shrick, entreaty, and command, Stopp'd the pursuer's lifted hand.

ne alive were ta'en; ve Bertram, all are slain.

XXXVI.

is Bertram !—Soaring high, flame ascends the sky; group the soldiers gaze oad and roaring blaze, infernal demon, sent s penal element, nd to pollute the air, gore, on fire his hair, the central mass of smoke orm of Bertram broke! h'd sword on high he rears, ed among opposing spears; eft arm his mantle truss'd, d foil'd three lances' thrust; s headlong course withstood, he snapp'd the tough ashfoes around him clung; less force aside he flung st, -as the bull, at bay, an-dogs from his way, tv foes his path he made, zain'd the forest glade.

XXXVII.

this final conflict o'er, the postern Redmond bore o, as of life bereft, fatal Hall been left, ere by all his train; nd saw, and turn'd again. oak he laid him down, blaze gleam'd ruddy brown, s mantle's clasp undid; I his drooping head, o breathe the freer air, ife repaid their care. 1 them with heavy sigh,ve wish'd even thus to die!" said, -for now with speed er had regain'd his steed; alfreys stood array'd, nd and for Rokeby's Maid; l on his horse sustain. is charger by the rein. ilda look'd behind. ale of Tees they wind,

Where far the mansion of her sires Beacon'd the dale with midnight fires. In gloomy arch above them spread, The clouded heaven lower'd bloody red; Beneath, in sombre light, the flood Appear'd to roll in waves of blood. Then, one by one, was heard to fall The tower, the donjon-keep, the hall. Each rushing down with thunder sound, A space the conflagration drown'd; Till, gathering strength, again it rose, Announced its triumph in its close, Shook wide its light the landscape o'er, Then sunk—and Rokeby was no more!

CANTO SIXTH.

I.

THE summer sun, whose early power Was wont to gild Matilda's bower, And rouse her with his matin ray Her duteous orisons to pay, That morning sun has three times seen The flowers unfold on Rokeby green, But sees no more the slumbers fly From fair Matilda's hazel eye; That morning sun has three times broke On Rokeby's glades of elm and oak, But, rising from their silvan screen, Marks no grey turrets glance between. A shapeless mass lie keep and tower, That, hissing to the morning shower, Can but with smouldering vapour pay The early smile of summer day. The peasant, to his labour bound, Pauses to view the blacken'd mound, Striving, amid the ruin'd space, Each well-remember'd spot to trace. That length of frail and fire-scorch'd wall Once screen'd the hospitable hall; When yonder broken arch was whole, 'Twas there was dealt the weekly dole; And where you tottering columns nod, The chapel sent the hymn to God.-So flits the world's uncertain span! Nor zeal for God, nor love for man, Gives mortal monuments a date Beyond the power of Time and Fate. The towers must share the builder's doom:

Ruin is theirs, and his a tomb:

But better boon benignant Heaven To Faith and Charity has given, And bids the Christian hope sublime Transcend the bounds of Fate and Time.

11

Now the third night of summer came, Since that which witness'd Rokeby's flame.

On Brignall cliffs and Scargill brake
The owlet's homilies awake,
The bittern scream'd from rush and flag,
The raven slumber'd on his crag,
Forth from his den the otter drew,—
Grayling and trout their tyrant knew,
As between reed and sedge he peers,
With fierce round snout and sharpen'd

Or, prowling by the moonbeam cool, Watches the stream or swims the pool; Perch'd on his wonted cyric high, S eep seal'd the tercelet's wearied eye, That a I the day had watch'd so well The cushat dart across the dell. In dubious beam reflected shone That lofty cliff of pale grey stone, Beside whose base the secret cave To rapine late a refuge gave. The crog's wild crest of copse and yew On Gr ti's breast dark shadows threw; Shadows that met or shunn'd the sight, With every change of fitful light; As hope and fear alternate chase Our course through life's uncertain race.

111.

Gliding by crag and copsewood green, A solitary form was seen To trace with stealthy pace the wold, Like fox that seeks the midnight fold, And pauses oft, and cowers dismay'd, At every breath that stirs the shade. He passes now the ivy bush, The owl has seen him, and is hush; He passes now the dodder'd oak, -Ye heard the startled raven croak; Lower and lower he descends, Rustle the leaves, the brushwood bends; The otter hears him tread the shore, And dives, and is beheld no more; And by the cliff of pale grey stone The midnight wanderer stands alone.

Methinks, that by the moon we trace A well-remember'd form and face! That stripling shape, that cheeks pai Combine to tell a rueful tale. Of powers misused, of passion's force Of guilt, of grief, and of remorse! 'Tis Edmund's eye, at every sound That flings that guilty glance around; Tis Edmund's trembling haste divide The brushwood that the cavern hids And, when its narrow porch lies have 'Tis Edmund's form that enters there.

IV.

His flint and steel have sparkled brigh A lamp hath lent the cavern light. Fearful and quick his eye surveys: Each angle of the gloomy maze. Since last he left that stern abode, It seem'd as none its floor had trode; Untouch'd appear'd the various spoil, The purchase of his comrades toil; Masks and disguises grimed with med Arms broken and defiled with blood, And all the nameless tools that aid Night-felons in their lawless trade, Upon the gloomy walls were hung, Or lay in nooks obscurely flung. Still on the sordid board appear The relics of the noontide cheer: Flagons and emptied flasks were then And bench o'erthrown, and shatter chair:

And all around the semblance show'd As when the final revel glow'd, When the red sun was setting fast, And parting pledge Guy Denzil past. "To Rokeby treasure-vaults!" the quaft'd,

And shouted loud and wildly laugh'd. Pour'd maddening from the rocky doo And parted—to return no more! They found in Rokeby vaults the doom.—

A bloody death, a burning tomb!

V.

There his own peasant dress he spies. Doff'd to assume that quaint disguise And shuddering thought upon his gle When prank'd in garb of minstrelsy.

tal art accurst," at moved my folly first; y bandits' base applause, 1 God's and Nature's laws! r days are scantly past rod this cavern last, wretch, and prompt to

no murderer! st my comrades' cheer, laugh is in mine ear, my pulse and steel'd my

I my treacherous part—
it all since then could seem
of a fever's dream!
iory notes too well
f the dying yell,
sairing mates that broke,
the fire and roll'd the;
ngers shouting came,
us 'twixt the sword and

ht,—the lifted brand, nterposing hand!— from slaughter freed, y some grateful meed! s object of my quest : turn'd, nor spoke the rest.

VI.

d from the rugged hearth, we he meets the earth, ith mattock to explore of the cavern floor, I, deep beneath the ground, small steel casket found. p'd to loose its hasp felt a giant grasp; ad look'd up aghast, i!—'Twas Bertram held

ne said; but who could hear rn voice, and cease to fear? -By heaven, he shakes as

n the falcon's clutch: "—
1, and unloosed his hold,
1e opening casket roll'd
eliquaire of gold.

Bertram beheld it with surprise, Gazed on its fashion and device, Then, cheering Edmund as he could, Somewhat he smooth'd his rugged mood: For still the youth's half-lifted eye Quiver'd with terror's agony, And sidelong glanced, as to explore, In meditated flight, the door. 'Sit," Bertram said, "from danger free: Thou canst not, and thou shalt not, flee. Chance brings me hither; hill and plain I've sought for refuge-place in vain. And tell me now, thou aguish boy, What makest thou here? what means this toy?

Denzil and thou, I mark'd, were ta'en; What lucky chance unbound your chain? I deem'd, long since on Baliol's tower, Your heads were warp'd with sun and shower.

Tell me the whole—and, mark! nought

Chases me like falsehood, or like fear." Gathering his courage to his aid, But trembling still, the youth obey'd.

VII.

"Denzil and I two nights pass'd o'er In fetters on the dungeon floor. A guest the third sad morrow brought; Our hold, dark Oswald Wycliffe sought, And eyed my comrade long askance, With fix'd and penetrating glance. 'Guy Denzil art thou call'd?'—'The same.'

'At Court who served wild Buckinghame;

Thence banish'd, won a keeper's place, So Villiers will'd, in Marwood-chase; That lost—I need not tell thee why—Thou madest thy wit thy wants supply, Then fought for Rokeby:—I lave I guess'd

My prisoner right?'—'At thy behest.'—
He paused a while, and then went on
With low and confidential tone;—
Me, as I judge, not then he saw,
Close nestled in my couch of straw.—
'List to me, Guy. Thou know'st the great
Have frequent need of what they hate;
Hence, in their favour oft we see
Unscrupled, useful men like thee.

Were I disposed to bid thee live, What pledge of faith hast thou to give?'

"The ready Fiend, who never yet Hath fail'd to sharpen Denzil's wit, Prompted his lie - His only child Should rest his pledge.'-The Baron smiled.

And turn'd to me-' Thou art his son?' I bowed -our fetters were undone, And we were led to hear apart A dreadful lesson of his art. Wilfrid, he said, his heir and son, Had fair Matilda's favour won; And long since had their union been, But for her father's bigot spleen, Whose brute and blind-fold party-rage Would, force per force, her hand engage To a base kern of Irish earth, Unknown his lineage and his birth, Save that a dying ruffian bore The infant brat to Rokeby door. Gentle restraint, he said, would lead Old Rokeby to enlarge his creed; But fair occasion he must find For such restraint well meant and kind, The Knight being render'd to his charge But as a prisoner at large.

"He school'd us in a well-forged tale, Of scheme the Castle walls to scale, To which was leagued each Cavalier That dwells upon the Tyne and Wear That Rokeby, his parole forgot, Had dealt with us to aid the plot. Such was the charge, which Denzil's zeal Of hate to Rokeby and O'Neale Proffer'd, as witness, to make good, Even though the forfeit were their blood. I scrupled, until o'er and o'er His prisoners' safety Wycliffe swore; And then - alas! what needs there more? I knew I should not live to say The proffer I refused that day; Ashamed to live, vet loath to die, I soil'd me with their infamy!"-"Poor youth!" said Bertram, "wavering still,

Unfit alike for good or ill! But what fell next?"-"Soon as at large Was scroll'd and sign'd our fatal charge,

Thère never yet, on tragic stage, Was seen so well a painted rage As Oswald's show'd! With loud a He call'd his garrison to arm; From tower to tower, from post to 1 He hurried as if all were lost; Consign'd to dungeon and to chain The good old Knight and all his to Warn'd each suspected Cavalier, Within his limits, to appear To-morrow, at the hour of noon, In the high church of Eglistone."-

"Of Eglistone!-Even now I pass Said Bertram, "as the night closed Torches and cressets gleam'd arou I heard the saw and hammer sound And I could mark they toil'd to ra A scaffold, hung with sable baize, Which the grim headsman's scene play'd,

Block, axe, and sawdust ready laid Some evil deed will there be done, Unless Matilda wed his son :-She loves him not—'tis shrewdly go That Redmond rules the damsel's ba This is a turn of Oswald's skill; But I may meet, and foil him still! How camest thou to thy freedom "There

Lies mystery more dark and rare. In midst of Wycliffe's well-feign'd A scroll was offer'd by a page, Who told, a muffled horseman late Had left it at the Castle-gate. He broke the seal-his cheek sh

change. Sudden, portentous, wild, and stra The mimic passion of his eye Was turn'd to actual agony; His hand like summer sapling shoc Terror and guilt were in his look. Denzil he judged, in time of need, Fit counsellor for evil deed; And thus apart his counsel broke, While with a ghastly smile he spol

"'As in the pageants of the stage, The dead awake in this wild age,

n—whom all men deem'd decreed vn deadly snare to bleed, a bravo, whom, o'er sea, 'd to aid in murdering me, — i has'scaped! The coward shot d, but harm'd the rider not.'" ith an execration fell, leap'd up, and paced the cell:— wn grey head, or bosom dark, er'd, "may be surer mark!", and sign'd to Edmund, pale ror, to resume his tale. 'e went on:—'Mark with what ghts
r'd reverie he writes:—

Che Tetter.

of Mortham's destiny!
lead, thy victim lives to thee.
I he all that binds to life, child, a loveher wife;
fame, and friendship, were his rn—
est the word, and they are flown.
w he pays thee:—To thy hand;
his honours and his land,
premised;—Restore his child!
n his native land exiled,
no more returns to claim;
his honours, or his name;
m this, and from the slain
It see Mortham rise again.'—

XII.

let while the baron read, ing accents show'd his dread; d his forehead with his palm, k a scornful tone and calm; the winds, as billows wild! t I of his spouse or child? e brought a joyous dame, 1 her lineage or her name : ome frantic fit, he slew; e and child in fear withdrew. ne my witness! wist I where iis youth, my kinsman's heir, on'd, I would give with joy r's arms to fold his boy, tham's lands and towers resign st heirs of Mortham's line. w'st that scarcely e'en his fear :s Denzil's cynic sneer;

'Then happy is thy vassal's part,'
He said, 'to ease his patron's heart!
In thine own jailer's watchful care
Lies Mortham's just and rightful heir;
Thy generous wish is fully won,—
Redmond O'Neale is Mortham's son.'—

XIII

"Up starting with a frenzied look,

His clenched hand the Baron shook: 'Is Hell at work? or dost thou rave, Or darest thou palter with me, slave! Perchance thou wot'st not, Barnard's towers Have racks, of strange and ghastly powers. Denzil, who well his safety knew, Firmly rejoin'd, 'I tell thee true. Thy racks could give thee but to know The proofs, which I, untortured, show.— It chanced upon a winter night, When early snow made Stanmore white, That very night, when first of all Redmond O'Neale saw Rokeby-hall, It was my goodly lot to gain A reliquary and a chain, Twisted and chased of massive gold. —Demand not how the prize I hold! It was not given, nor lent, nor sold .-Gilt tablets to the chain were hung, With letters in the Irish tongue. I hid, my spoil, for there was need That I should leave the land with speed: Nor then I deem'd it safe to bear On mine own person gems so rare. Small heed I of the tablets took, But since have spell'd them by the book, When some sojourn in Erin's land Of their wild speech had given command. But darkling was the sense; the phrase And language those of other days, Involved of purpose, as to foil An interloper's prying toil. The words, but not the sense, I knew, Till fortune gave the guiding clew.

XIV.

"'Three days since, was that clew reveal'd,
In Thorsgill as I lay conceal'd,
And heard at full when Rokeby's Maid
Her uncle's history display'd;

And now I can interpret well
Each syllable the tablets tell.
Mark, then: Fair Edith was the joy
Of old O'Neale of Clandeboy;
But from her sire and country fled,
In secret Mortham's Lord to wed.
O'Neale, his first resentment o'er,
Despatch'd his son to Greta's shore,
Enjoining he should make him known
(Until his farther will were shown)
To Edith, but to her alone.
What of their ill-starr'd meeting fell,
Lord Wycliffe knows, and none so well.

XV.

"'O'Neale it was, who, in despair, Robb'd Mortham of his infant heir; He bred him in their nurture wild, And call'd him murder'd Connel's child. Soon died the nurse; the Clan believed What from their Chieftain they received. His purpose was, that ne'er again The boy should cross the Irish main; But, like his mountain sires, enjoy The woods and wastes of Clandeboy. Then on the land wild troubles came, And stronger Chieftains urged a claim, And wrested from the old man's hands His native towers, his father's lands. Unable then, amid the strife, To guard young Redmond's rights or life, Late and reluctant he restores The infant to his native shores, With goodly gifts and letters stored, With many a deep conjuring word, To Mortham and to Rokeby's Lord. Nought knew the clod of Irish earth, Who was the guide, of Redmond's birth; But deem'd his Chief's commands were

On both, by both to be obey'd. How he was wounded by the way, I need not, and I list not say.'—

XVI.

"'A wondrous tale! and, grant it true, What,' Wycliffe answer'd, 'might I do? Heaven knows, as willingly as now I raise the bonnet from my brow, Would I my kinsman's manors fair Restore to Mortham, or his beir:

But Mortham is distraught—O'Neale Has drawn for tyranny his steel,

Malignant to our rightful cause, And train'd in Rome's delusive law Hark thee apart!'—They whisper'dle Till Denzil's voice grew hold

strong:

'My proofs! I never will,' he said,
'Show mortal man where they are!
Nor hope discovery to foreclose,
By giving me to feed the crows;
For I have mates at large, who kno
Where I am wont such toys to store
Free me from peril and from hand,
These tablets are at thy command;
Nor were it hard to form some train
To wile old Mortham o'er the man.
Then, lunatic's nor papist's hand
Should wrest from thine the go

—'I like thy wit,' said Wycliffe, 'n But here in hostage shalt thou ded Thy son, unless my purpose er, May prove the trustier messeage. A scroll to Mortham shall he less From me, and fetch these tokens Gold shalt thou have, and the

store,
And freedom, his commission out
But if his faith should chance to be
The gibbet frees thee from the pal

XVII.

"Mesh'd in the net himself had two
What subterfuge could Denzil field.
He told me, with reluctant sigh,
That hidden here the tokens lie;
Conjured my swift return and aid,
By all he scoff'd and disobey'd,
And look'd as if the noose were to
And I the priest who left his side.
This scroll for Mortham Wycliffe p
Whom I must seek by Greta's ware
Or in the hut where chief he hide.
Where Thorsgill's forester resides.
(Thence chanced it, wandering in
glade,

That he descried our ambuscade.) I was dismissed as evening fell.
And reach'd but now this rocky cell "Give Oswald's letter."—Bertram?
And tore it fiercely, shred by shred "All lies and villany! to blind His noble kinsman's generous mind.

n him on from day to day, an take his life away.— ; declare thy purpose, youth, to answer, save the truth; I mark of Denzil's art, he secret from thy heart!"—

XVIII.

I renounce," he said, s not. or and his deadly trade. s my purpose to declare ham, Redmond is his heir; im in what risk he stands, d these tokens to his hands. s my purpose to atone, may, the evil done; l it rests-if I survive it, and leave this cave alive." nzil?"-"Let them ply the rack, his joints and sinews crack! d tear him limb from limb, th can Denzil claim from him, noughtless youth he led astray, in'd to this unhallow'd way? I'd me, faith and vows were vain; my master reap his gain."answer d Bertram, "'tis his eed; retribution in the deed. -thou art not for our course, r, hast pity, hast remorse: with us the gale who braves, ive such cargo to the waves, ith overloaded prore, rksunburden'd reach the shore."

XIX.

id, and, stretching him at length, to repose his bulky strength. The strength with his secret mind, he sat, and half reclined, the hand his forehead press'd, was dropp'd across his breast, gay eyebrows deeper came is eyes of swarthy flame; of pride a while forbore ghty curve till then it wore; ther'd fierceness of his look of darken'd sadness took.—k and sad a presage press'd saly on Bertram's breast,—

And when he spoke, his wonted tone, So fierce, abrupt, and brief, was gone. His voice was steady, low, and deep, Like distant waves when breezes sleep; And sorrow mix'd with Edmund's fear, Its low unbroken depth to hear.

vv

"Edmund, in thy sad tale I find The woe that warp'd my patron's mind: 'Twould wake the fountains of the eye In other men, but mine are dry. Mortham must never see the fool, That sold himself base Wycliffe's tool; Yet less from thirst of sordid gain, Than to avenge supposed disdain. Say, Bertram rues his fault ;-a word, Till now, from Bertram never heard: Say, too, that Mortham's Lord he prays To think but on their former days; On Quarianna's beach and rock, On Cayo's bursting battle-shock, On Darien's sands and deadly dew. And on the dart Tlatzeca threw;-Perchance my patron yet may hear More that may grace his comrade's bier. My soul hath felt a secret weight, A warning of approaching fate:
A priest had said, 'Return, repent!' As well to bid that rock be rent. Firm as that flint I face mine end; My heart may burst, but cannot bend.

XXI.

"The dawning of my youth, with awe And prophecy, the Dalesmen saw; For over Redesdale it came. As bodeful as their beacon-flame. Edmund, thy years were scarcely mine, When, challenging the Clans of Tyne To bring their best my brand to prove, O'er Hexham's altar hung my glove; But Tynedale, nor in tower nor town, Held champion meet to take it down. My noontide, India may declare; Like her fierce sun, I fired the air! Like him, to wood and cave bade fly Her natives, from mine angry eye. Panama's maids shall long look pale When Risingham inspires the tale; Chili's dark matrons long shall tame The froward child with Bertram's name. And now, my race of terror run,
Mine be the eve of tropic sun!
No pale gradations quench his ray,
No twilight dews his wrath allay;
With disk like battle-target red,
He rushes to his burning bed,
Dyes the wide wave with bloody light,
Then sinks at once—and all is night.—

XXII. "Now to thy mission, Edmund. Fly, Seek Mortham out, and bid him hie To Richmond, where his troops are laid, And lead his force to Redmond's aid. Say, till he reaches Eglistone, A friend will watch to guard his son. Now, fare-thee-well; for night draws ou, And I would rest me here alone." Despite his ill-dissembled fear, There swam in Edmund's eye a tear; A tribute to the courage high, Which stoop'd not in extremity, But strove, irregularly great, To triumph o'er approaching fate! Bertram beheld the dewdrop start, It almost touch'd his iron heart: " I did not think there lived," he said. "One, who would tear for Bertram shed." He loosen'd then his baldric's hold, A buckle broad of massive gold :-"Of all the spoil that paid his pains, But this with Risingham remains; And this, dear Edmund, thou shalt take, And wear it long for Bertram's sake. Once more- to Mortham speed amain;

Farewell! and turn thee not again. XXIII.

The night has yielded to the morn, And far the hours of prime are worn. Oswald, who, since the dawn of day. Had cursed his messenger's delay, Impatient question'd now his train, "Was Denzil's son return'd again?" It chanced there answer'd of the crew, A menial, who young Edmund knew: "No son of Denzil this,"—he said; "A peasant boy from Winston glade, For song and minstrelsy renown'd, And knavish pranks, the hamlets round."
"Not Denzil's son!—from Winston yale!—
Then it was false, that specious tale;

Or, worse—he hath despatch'd the you!
To show to Mortham's lord its truth.
Fool that I was!—but 'tis too late;—
This is the very turn of fate!—
The tale, or true or false, relies
On Denzil's evidence!—He dies!—
Ho! Provost Marshal! instantly
Lead Denzil to the gallows-tree!
Allow him not a parting word;
Short be the shrift, and sure the con!
Then let his gory head appal
Marauders from the Castle-wall,
Lead forth thy guard, that duty done,
With best despatch to Eglistone.—
—Basil, tell Wilfrid he must straight
Attend me at the Castle-gate."—

CANTO

XXIV.

" Alas!" the old domestic said, And shook his venerable head, " Alas, my Lord! full ill to-day May my young master brook the way The leech has spoke with grave alan Of unseen hurt, of secret harm, Of sorrow lurking at the heart, That mars and lets his healing art."-"Tush! tell not me!-Romantic be Pine themselves sick for airy toys, I will find cure for Wilfrid soon; Bid him for Eglistone be boune, And quick !—I hear the dull death-dn Tell Denzil's hour of fate is come. He paused with scornful smile, and th Resumed his train of thought agen. "Now comes my fortune's crisis near Entreaty boots not-instant fear, Nought else, can bend Matilda's pric Or win her to be Wilfrid's bride. But when she sees the scaffold placed With axe and block and headsm graced.

graced,
And when she deems, that to deny
Dooms Redmond and her sire to die.
She must give way.—Then, were the li:
Of Rokeby once combined with mina
I gain the weather-gage of fate!
If Mortham come, he comes too late,
While I, allied thus and prepared,
Bid him defiance to his beard.—
—If she prove stubborn, shall I date

I'o drop the axe!—Soft! pause we then

till lives—yon youth may tell nd Fairfax loves him well; efore should I now delay is Redmond from my way? piety perforce —Without there! Sound to e!"

xxv.

le in the court below,—
nd march forward!"—Forth
go;
h and trample all around,
, spears glimmer, trumpets
id.—
as sung his parting hymn;
l turn'd his cycballs dim,
ely conscious what he sees,
e horsemen down the Tees;
ly conscious what he hears,
its tingle in his ears.
ng bridge they're sweeping

hid by greenwood bough; rearward had pass'd o'er, heard and saw no more! upon the Castle bell, rung his dying knell.

XXVI.

pencil, erst profuse s emblazon'd hues, of old, in Woodstock bower, it of the Leaf and Flower, I forth the tourney high, e hand of Emily I paint the tumult broad, crowded abbey flow'd, , as with an ocean's sound, urch's ample bound! : I show each varying mien, roeful, or serene; , with his idiot stare, ithy, with anxious air, cjected Cavalier, isarm'd, and sad of cheer; oud foe, whose formal eye iquest now and mastery; ite crowd, whose envious zeal h turn of Fortune's wheel, t shouts when lowest lie th and station high.

Yet what may such a wish avail? 'Tis mine to tell an onward tale, Hurrying, as best I can, along, The hearers and the hasty song;—Like traveller when approaching home, Who sees the shades of evening come, And must not now his course delay, Or choose the fair, but winding way; Nay, scarcely may his pace suspend, Where o'er his head the wildings bend, To bless the breeze that cools his brow, Or snatch a blossom from the bough.

XXVII.

The reverend pile lay wild and waste. Profaned, dishonour'd, and defaced. Through storied lattices no more In soften'd light the sunbeams pour, Gilding the Gothic sculpture rich Of shrine, and monument, and niche. The Civil fury of the time Made sport of sacrilegious crime; For dark Fanaticism rent Altar, and screen, and ornament, And peasant hands the tombs o'erthrew Of Bowes, of Rokeby, and Fitz-Hugh. And now was seen, unwonted sight, In holy walls a scaffold dight! Where once the priest, of grace divine Dealt to his flock the mystic sign; There stood the block display'd, and there

The headsman grim his hatchet bare;
And for the word of Hope and Faith,
Resounded loud a doom of death.
Thrice the fierce trumpet's breath was
heard,

And echo'd thrice the herald's word,
Dooming, for breach of martial laws,
And treason to the Commons' cause,
The Knight of Rokeby, and O'Neale,
To stoop their heads to block and steel.
The trumpets flourish'd high and shill,
Then was a silence dead and still;
And silent prayers to Heaven were cast,
And stifled sobs were bursting fast,
Till from the crowd begun to rise
Murmurs of sorrow or surprise,
And from the distant aisles there came,
Deep-mutter'd threats, with Wycliffe's
name.

XXVIII.

But Oswald, guarded by his band, Powerful in evil, waved his hand, And bade Sedition's voice be dead, On peril of the murmurer's head. Then first his glance sought Rokeby's

Knight,
Who gazed on the tremendous sight,
As calm as if he came a guest
To kindred Baron's feudal feast,
As calm as if that trumpet-call
Were summons to the banner'd hall;
Firm in his loyalty he stood,
And prompt to seal it with his blood.
With downcast look drew Oswald
nigh,—

He durst not cope with Rokeby's eye!—And said, with low and faltering breath, "Thou know'st the terms of life and death."

The Knight then turn'd, and sternly smiled:

smited:
"The mai len is mine only child,
Yet shall my blessing leave her head,
If with a traitor's son she wed."
Then Redmond spoke: "The life of one
Might thy malignity atone,
On me be flung a double guilt!
Spare Rokeby's blood, let mine be spilt!"
Wycliffe had listen'd to his suit,
But dread prevail'd, and he was mute.

XXIX.

And now he pours his choice of fear In secret on Matil la's ear; "An union form'd with me and mine, Ensures the faith of Rokeby's line. Consent, and all this dread array, Like morning dream, shall pass away: Refuse, and, by my duty press'd, I give the word thou know'st the rest." Matilda, still and motionless, With terror heard the dread address, Pale as the sheeted maid who dies To hopeless love a sacrifice; Then wrung her hands in agony, And round her cast bewilder'd eve. Now on the scaffold glanced, and now On Wycliffe's unrelenting brow. She veil'd her face, and, with a voice Scarce audible, - "I make my choice!

Spare but their lives !—for aught beside.
Let Wilfrid's doom my fate decide.
He once was generous! "—As she sok
Dark Wycliffie's joy in triumph hode:
"Wilfrid, where loiter'd ye so late!
Why upon Basil rest thy weight!—
Art spell-bound by enchanter's wand
Kneel, kneel, and take her yielded ha
Thank her with raptures, simple bo
Should tears and trembling speak
joy?"

"O hush, my sire! To prayer and Of mine thou hast refused thine can But now the awful hour draws on, When truth must speak in loftier to

XXX.

He took Matilda's hand:—"Dearn Could'st thou so injure me," he sais "Of thy poor friend so basely den As blend with him this barbaroussele Alas! my efforts made in vain, Might well have saved this added But now, bear witness earth and her That ne'er was hope to mortal give So twisted with the strings of life, As this—to call Matilda wife! I bid it now for ever part, And with the effort bursts my hear His feeble frame was worn so low, With wounds, with watching, and

woe,
That nature could no more sustain
The agony of mental pain.
He kneel'd—his lip her hand had pro
Just then he felt the stern arrest.
Lower and lower sunk his head,—
They raised him,—but the life was
Then, first alarm'd, his sire and trained every aid, but tried in vain.
The soul, too soft its ills to hear,
Had left our mortal hemisphere,
And sought in better world the me
To blameless life by Heaven decree

XXXI.

The wretched sire beheld, aghast, With Wilfrid all his projects past, All turn'd and centred on his son, On Wilfrid all—and he was gone. "And I am childless now," he said "Childless, through that relentless no

s, in vain essay'd, n their artist's head! Vilfrid dead—and there Aortham for his heir, n happy band heiress Redmond's hand. r triumph soar o'er all ep-laid to work their fall? which prudence might not

geance and despair.
weeps upon his bier—
real that feigned tear!
share destruction's shock;
e captives to the block!"
vost could divine
nd forbore the sign.
e block!—or I, or they,
judgment-seat this day!"

XXXII.

rowd have heard a sound, oof on harden'd ground; ;, and yet more near, — h's-men paused to hear. Irchyard now—the tread he dwelling of the dead! I old sepulchral stone, mp in varied tone. the gateway hung, h the Gothic arch there

rm'd, at headlong speed k, his plume, his steed. flinty floor was spurn'd, wonted clang return'd!glance around he threw, ow his pistol drew. ained was his look! rith the spurs he strookpackward as he came, Bertram Risingham! that noble courser gave; reach'd the central nave. lear'd the chancel wide, was at Wycliffe's side. it the Baron's head, ort-the bullet spedng account, and last, oan dark Oswald past ! ick, that it might seem htning, or a dream.

XXXIII.

While yet the smoke the deed conceals, Bertram his ready charger wheels; But flounder'd on the pavement-floor The steed, and down the rider bore, And, bursting in the headlong sway, The faithless saddle-girths gave way 'Twas while he toil'd him to be freed, And with the rein to raise the steed. That from amazement's iron trance All Wycliffe's soldiers waked at once. Sword, halberd, musket-but, their blows Hail'd upon Bertram as he rose; A score of pikes, with each a wound, Bore down and pinn'd him to the ground; But still his struggling force he rears 'Gainst hacking brands and stabbing

spears; Thrice from assailants shook him free, Once gain'd his feet, and twice his knee. By tenfold odds oppress'd at length, Despite his struggles and his strength, He took a hundred mortal wounds, As mute as fox 'mongst mangling hounds; And when he died, his parting groan Had more of laughter than of moan! -They gazed, as when a lion dies, And hunters scarcely trust their eyes, But bend their weapons on the slain, Lest the grim king should rouse again! Then blow and insult some renew'd, And from the trunk, the head had hew'd, But Basil's voice the deed forbade; A mantle o'er the corse he laid :-" Fell as he was in act and mind, He left no bolder heart behind: Then give him, for a soldier mect, A soldier's cloak for winding sheet."

XXXIV.

No more of death and dying pang, No more of trump and bugle clang, Though through the sounding woods there come

Banner and bugle, trump and drum.
Arm'd with such powers as well had freed
Young Redmond at his utmost need,
And back'd with such a band of horse,
As might less ample powers enforce;
Possess'd of every proof and sign
That gave an heir to Mortham's line,

And yielded to a father's arms
An image of his Edith's charms, —
Mortham is come, to hear and see
Of this strange morn the history.
What saw he?—not the church's floor,
Cumber'd with dead and stain'd with
gore;

What heard he?—not the clamorous crowd,

That shout their gratulations loud: Redmond he saw and heard alone, Clasp'd him, and sobb'd, "My son! my son!"—

xxxv.

This chanced upon a summer morn, When yellow waved the heavy corn: But when brown August o'er the land Call'd forth the reaper's busy band, A gladsome sight the silvan road From Eglistone to Mortham show'd.

A while the hardy rustic leaves
The task to bind and pile the she
And maids their sickles fling asid
To gaze on bridegroom and on bi
And childhood's wondering group
near,

And from the gleaner's hands the Drops, while she folds them for a And blessing on the lovely pair. 'Twas then the Maid of Rokeby a Her plighted troth to Redmond I And Teesdale can remember yet How Fate to Virtue paid her deb And, for their troubles, bade them A lengthen'd life of peace and lo

Time and Tide had thus their a Yielding, like an April day, Smiling noon for sullen morrow Years of joy for hours of sorrow

THE LORD OF THE ISLES:

A POEM.

IN SIX CANTOS.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FIRST EDITION.

The scene of this Poem lies, at first, in the Castle of Artornish, on the Argyleshire; and, afterwards, in the Islands of Skye and Arran, and up coast of Ayrshire. Finally, it is laid near Stirling. The story opens in the of the year 1307, when Bruce, who had been driven out of Scotland by the Le and the Barons who adhered to that foreign interest, returned from the Is Rachrin on the coast of Ireland, again to assert his claims to the Scottish Many of the personages and incidents introduced are of historical calebrity authorities used are chiefly those of the venerable Lord Hailes, as well entite called the restorer of Scottish history, as Bruce the restorer of Scottish mon and of Archdeacon Barbour, a correct edition of whose Metrical History of Bruce will soon, I trust, appear, under the care of my learned friend, the key Jamieson.

ABBOTSFORD, 10th Desember 1814.

THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

"Lord of the Isles" marks, in a more striking manner than "Rokeby" is by which Scott, to use his own phrase, declined as a poet to figure as a as the ballad says Queen Eleanor sank at Charing Cross to rise again at ithe. Although not published till after "Rokeby," it was an earlier conithe. Although not published till after "Rokeby," it was an earlier con; part of it, indeed, was written before a line of "Rokeby" had been comto paper, and the progress of the two works was carried on together. ting tour of six weeks with the Lighthouse Commissioners supplied Scott aterials for the scenery and stage-room for the "Lord of the Isles. not difficult to account for the inferiority of this poem. Scott was fretted oney complications through his unfortunate connexion with the Ballantynes. was wanting for the completion of Abbotsford, and creditors had begun 5 their claims. Scott's efforts to free himself from these liabilities were He worked incessantly. Within a year he wrote the greater part of ife of Swift," "Waverley," and "Lord of the Isles," together with several ne articles, and found time, besides, to superintend the building of his 1 and the tangled affairs of the printing firm in whose fortunes he was 1. At this time, moreover, the original cottage which Scott occupied 1 him no means of retirement, and all his writing was done in the presence amily, and sometimes even of casual visitors. "Neither conversation nor says Lockhart, "seemed to disturb him;" and indeed, when we consider tong the works thus produced were "Waverley" and the "Life of Swift," t "Guy Mannering" quickly followed as the produce of six weeks' writing stmas, we must attribute the defects of the "Lord of the Isles" to other an business anxieties, over-work, or want of privacy. Scott had now dishis power as a novelist, and was conscious of his own decline as a poet. le had been travestied by incompetent imitators; Byron had distanced him larity; and it was natural that he should have little inclination to prolong etition in which he was obviously being worsted, when a new opening for ion presented itself with so much promise of prosperity. plain, from Scott's letters at the time when he was writing the "Lord of the that he found it irksome and distasteful work. He speaks of it repeatedly ant and oppressor; and in the Introduction of 1830, he owns "that it was led unwillingly and in haste, under the painful feeling of one who has which must be finished, rather than with the ardour of one who endeavours orm that task well." This is in allusion to the death of the Duchess of ach, who, when Countess of Dalkeith, had suggested the story of the and who had always been one of Scott's warmest friends. It was to her had intended to dedicate the new poem, and there can be no doubt that he eply afflicted by her sudden death. e was, probably, also something in the subject of the "Lord of the Isles" impeded its success. Scott has himself noticed that he who attempts rject of distinguished popularity has not the privilege of awakening the enthusiasm of his audience; on the contrary, it is already awakened, and it may be, more ardently than that of the author himself. In this cas warmth of the author is inferior to that of the party whom he addresses, wherefore, little chance of being, in Baye's phrase, 'elevated and surprise what he has thought of with more enthusiasm than the writer." Elsewhern familiar letter, he describes the poem as "Scottified up to the teeth;" and to there was no one in whom the spirit of nationality glowed more fervently to Scott, yet there is an occasional sense of artificial enthusiasm in more that passage. Although the author's reputation was sufficient to secure a sale of copies for the poem, which enabled him, as he says, to retreat from the field the honours of war, it failed to make a favourable impression on the pallantyne was at first reluctant to inform Scott of the disappointment with the "Lord of the Isles" had been read; but when the truth was disclose reply was—"Well, James, we can't afford to give over. Since one line has we must just stick to another."

If the reader desires further topographical illustrations of the poem the suggested in the Notes, he should refer to the "Diary of the Yachting I which is given at length in Lockhart's "Life," and is well worth perusal.

own account.

The "Vision of Don Roderick" was a pièce à occasion, written as a contrit to the fund for the relief of the Portuguese sufferers in Massena's campaign. "Bridal of Triermain" was composed with the intention that it should be attrit to Scott's old friend, Mr. Erskine, Lord Kinedder, and passages were pur inserted suggestive of Erskine's feeling manner. On the third edition being lished, however, Lord Kinedder felt bound to disclose the deception, which unexpectedly gone further than had been contemplated, and the real authors avowed. "Harold the Dauntless," which was also published anonymous generally ascribed to Hogg, from his having written an imitation of Scothe "Poetic Missor," closely resembling it.

THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

CANTO FIRST.

AUTUMN departs—but still his mantle's fold Rests on the groves of noble Somerville, Beneath a shroud of russet dropp'd with gold, Tweed and his tributaries mingle still; Hoarser the wind, and deeper sounds the rill, Yet lingering notes of silvan music swell, The deep-toned cushat, and the redbreast shrill; And yet some tints of summer splendour tell When the broad sun sinks down on Ettrick's western fell.

Autumn departs—from Gala's fields no more
Come rural sounds our kindred banks to cheer;
Blent with the stream, and gale that wasts it o'er,
No more the distant reaper's mirth we hear.
The last blithe shout hath died upon our ear,
And harvest-home hath hush'd the clanging wain,
On the waste hill no forms of life appear,
Save where, sad laggard of the autumnal train,
Some age-struck wanderer gleans sew ears of scatter'd grain.

Deem'st thou these sadden'd scenes have pleasure still, Lovest thou through Autumn's fading realms to stray, To see the heath-flower wither'd on the hill, To listen to the wood's expiring lay, To note the red leaf shivering on the spray, To mark the last bright timts the mountain stain, On the waste fields to trace the gleaner's way, And moralize on mortal joy and pain?—

O! if such scenes thou lovest, scorn not the minstrel strain.

No! do not scorn, although its hoarser note Scarce with the cushat's homely song can vie, Though faint its beautics as the tints remote That gleam through mist in autumn's evening sky, And few as leaves that tremble, sear and dry, When wild November hath his bugle wound; Nor mock my toil—a lonely gleaner I, Through fields time-wasted, on sad inquest bound, Where happier bards of yore have richer harvest found.

So shalt thou list, and haply not unmoved,
To a wild tale of Albyn's warrior day;
In distant lands, by the rough West reproved,
Still live some relics of the ancient lay.
For, when on Coolin's hills the lights decay,
With such the Seer of Skye the eve beguiles;
'Tis known amid the pathless wastes of Reay,
In Harries known, and in Iona's piles,
Where rest from mortal coil the Mighty of the Isles.

T.

"WAKE, Maid of Lorn!" the Minstrels sung.—

Thy rugged halls, Artornish! rung, And the dark seas, thy towers that lave, Heaved on the beach a softer wave, As 'mid the tuneful choir to keep The diapason of the Deep.

The diapason of the Deep.

Lull'd were the winds on Inninmore,

And green Loch-Alline's woodland

shore.

As if wild woods and waves had pleasure In listing to the lovely measure. And ne'er to symphony more sweet Gave mountain echoes answer meet, Since, met from mainland and from isle, Ross, Arran, Ilay, and Argyle, Each minstrel's tributary lay Paid homage to the festal day. Dull and dishonour'd were the bard, Worthless of guerdon and regard. Deaf to the hope of minstrel fame, Or lady's smiles, his noblest aim. Who on that morn's resistless call Were silent in Artornish hall.

11.

"Wake, Maid of Lorn!"—'twas thus they sung,

And yet more proud the descant rung, "Wake,Maid of Lorn! high right is ours, To charm dull sleep from Beauty's bowers;

bowers;
Earth, Ocean, Air, have nought so shy
But owns the power of minstrelsy.
In Lettermore the timid deer
Will pause, the harp's wild chime to hear;
Rude Heiskar's seal through surgesdark
Will long pursue the minstrel's bark;
To list his notes, the eagle proud
Will poise him on Ben-Cailliach's cloud;

Then let not Maiden's ear disdain The summons of the minstrel train, But, while our harps wild music make Edith of Lorn, awake, awake!

III.

"O wake, while Dawn, with dewy shim Wakes Nature's charms to vie with thine She bids the mottled thrush rejoice To mate thy melody of voice; The dew that on the violet lies Mocks the dark lustre of thine eyes: But, Edith, wake, and all we see Of sweet and fair shall yield to thee!"—"She comes not yet," grey Ferrand cried "Brethren, let softer spell be tried, Those notes prolong'd, that soothing theme,

Which best may mix with Beauty?

And whisper, with their silvery tone, The hope she loves, yet fears to own." He spoke, and on the harp-strings died The strains of flattery and of pride: More soft, more low, more tender fell. The lay of love he bade them tell.

IV.

"Wake, Maid of Lorn! the moments fix. Which yet that maiden-name allow; Wake, Maiden, wake! the hour is nigh. When love shall claim a plightedvow. By Fear, thy bosom's fluttering guest. By Hope, that soon shall fears remore, We bid thee break the bonds of rest, And wake thee at the call of Love!

"Wake, Edith, wake! in yonder bay Lies many a galley gaily mann'd, We hear the merry pibrochs play, We see the streamers' silken band. estain's praise these pibrochs ll, est is on these banners wove, the minstrel, dare not tell lle must be read by Love."

v.

r maiden train among, orn received the song, the minstrel's pride had been ier cold demeanour seen; on her cheek awoke of pride when Flattery spoke, their tenderest numbers bring esponsive to the string. and her maidens vied deck the princely bride. in dark-brown length array'd, f Ulne, 'twas thine to braid; ı with meet reverence drew it foot the silken shoe. he ankle's slender round gs of pearl fair Bertha wound, h'd Lochryan's depths within, sky still on Edith's skin. , of experience old, tiest task-the mantle's fold artful plait she tied, ne form it seem'd to hide, floor descending roll'd of crimson blent with gold.

VT.

nere now so cold a maid, in beauty's pomp array'd, proudest pitch of power, est won—the bridal hour—r charm that wins the heart, given, enhanced by Art, the fair reflection view, ht mirror pictured true, he dimple on her cheek consciousness bespeak?—uch maid?—Fair damsels, say, vouches not my lay, auch lived in Britain's isle, n's bright Edith scorn'd to le.

VII.

, to whose fostering care n had given his daughter fair, Morag, who saw a mother's aid
By all a daughter's love repaid,
(Strict was that bond—most kind of all—
Inviolate in Highland hall)—
Grey Morag sate a space apart,
In Edith's eyes to read her heart.
In vain the attendants' fond appeal
To Morag's skill, to Morag's zeal;
She mark'd her child receive their care,
Cold as the image sculptured fair,
(Form of some sainted patroness,)
Which cloister'd maids combine to dress;
She mark'd—and knew her nursling's
heart

heart
In the vain pomp took little part.
Wistful a while she gazed—then press'd
The maiden to her anxious breast
In finish'd loveliness—and led
To where a turret's airy head,
Slender and steep, and battled round,
O'erlook'd,dark Mull! thy mighty Sound,
Where thwarting tides, with mingled roar,
Part thy swarth hills from Morven's shore.

VIII.

"Daughter," she said," these seas behold, Round twice a hundred islands roll'd, From Hirt, that hears their northern roar. To the green Ilay's fertile shore; Or mainland turn, where many a tower Owns thy bold brother's feudal power, Each on its own dark cape reclined, And listening to its own wild wind, From where Mingarry, sternly placed, O'erawes the woodland and the waste, To where Dunstaffnage hears the raging Of Connal with his rocks engaging. Think'st thou, amid this ample round, A single brow but thine has frown'd, To sadden this auspicious morn, That bids the daughter of high Lorn Impledge her spousal faith to wed The heir of mighty Somerled? Ronald, from many a hero sprung, The fair, the valiant, and the young, LORD OF THE ISLES, whose lofty name A thousand bards have given to fame, The mate of monarchs, and allied On equal terms with England's pride. From Chieftain's tower to bondsman's cot.

Who hears the tale, and triumphs not?

The damsel dons her best attire,
The shepherd lights his beltane fire,
Joy! joy! each warder's horn hath sung,
Joy! joy! each matin bell hath rung;
The holy priest says grateful mass,
Loud shouts each hardy galla-glass,
No mountain dea holds outcast boor,
Of heart so dull, of soul so poor,
But he hath flung his task aside,
And claim'd this morn for holy-tide;
Yet, empress of this joyful day,
Edith is sad while all are gay."—

11

Proud Edith's soul came to her eye,
Resentment check'd the struggling sigh.
Her hurrying hand indigmant dried
The burning tears of injured pride—
"Morag, forbear! or lend thy praise
To swell yon hireling harpers' lays;
Make to yon maids thy boast of power,
That they may waste a wondering hour,
Telling of banners proudly borne,
Of pealing bill and bugle horn,
Or, theme more dear, of robes of price,
Crownlets and gauds of rare device.
But thou, experienced as thou art,
Think'st thou with these to cheat the
heart.

That, bound in strong affection's chain, Looks for return and looks in vain? No! sum thine Edith's wretched lot In these brief words—He loves her no!!

X.

"Debate it not-- too long I strave To call his cold observance love, All blinded by the I agae that styled Edith of Lorn, while yet a child, She tripp'd the beath by Morag's side, The brave Lord Ronal I's destined bride, Ere vet I saw him, while afar His broadsword blazed in Scotland's war, Train'd to b dieve our fates the same, My bosom throbb'd when Ronald's name Came gracing Fame's heroic tale, Like perfume on the summer gale. What pilgrim sought our halls, nor told Of Ronald's deeds in battle bold; Who touch'd the harp to heroes' praise, But his achievements swell'd the lays? Even Morag—not a tale of fame

Was hers but closed with Ronald's nar He came! and all that had been told Of his high worth secm'd poor and col Tame, lifeless, void of energy, Unjust to Ronald and to me!

Χī

"Since then, what thought had Edith

And gave not plighted love its part! And what requital? cold delay— Excuse that shunn'd the spousal day. It dawns, and Ronald is not here!— Hunts he Bentalla's nimble deer, Or loiters he in secret dell To bid some lighter love farewell, And swear, that though he may not so A daughter of the House of Lom, Yet, when these formal rites are o'er, Again they meet, to part no more!"

XII.

-" Hush, daughter, hush! thy doeb remove,

More nobly think of Ronald's love.
Look, where beneath the castle gray
His fleet unmoor from Aros bay!
See'st not each galley's topmast bend.
As on the yards the sails ascend?
Hiding the dark-blue land they rise,
I ike the white clouds on April skies:
The shouting vassals man the oars,
Behind them sink Muil's mountain show
Onward their marry coarse they keep
Through whistling breeze and feami
deep.

And mark the headmost, seaward ca Stoop to the freshening gale her mas As if she veil'd its banner'd pride, To greet afar her Prince's bride! Thy Ronald comes, and while in spe His galley mates the flying steed, He chides her sloth!"—Fair Edith sigl Blush'd, sadly smiled, and thus replied

XIII.

"Sweet thought, but vain!-No, Mor mark,

Type of his course, you lonely bark, That oft bath shifted helm and sail, To win its way against the gale. Since peep of morn, my vacant eyes Have view'd by fits the course she tri h the darkening scud comes

fair promises be gone, the weary crew may see ig haven on their lee, the rising wind ter shivering sail to bind, to the shelves' dread verge k her course they urge, ar'd Artornish more; winds and breakers' roar."

YIY

the Maid. - Amid the tide he mark'd lay tossing sore, oft her stooping side, ack from shore to shore. · destined course no more 1'd, of forward way, t a minstrel may compare r meed which peasants share, I the livelong day; the risk her pilot braves, , before she wore, rit kiss'd the broken waves, white foam the ocean raves e shelving shore. ir destined purpose true, I toil'd her hardy crew, c'd where shelter lay, tornish Castle drew, r'd for Aros bay.

xv. hey strove with wind and

1 by the willing breeze, nald's fleet swept by, ith silk, and trick'd with

the noble and the bold I chivalry.
I chivalry.
Prows the ocean roars, meath their thousand oars, s them on their way:
war-horse in his might, I bears some valiant knight, oth bit and boss are white, ning, must obey.
deck they might behold el and crests of gold, swith their burnish'd fold, nmer'd fair and free;

And each proud galley, as she pass'd,
To the wild cadence of the blast
Gave wilder minstrelsy.
Full many a shrill triumphant note
Saline and Scallastle bade float
Their misty shores around;
And Morven's echoes answer'd well,
And Duart heard the distant swell

Come down the darksome Sound.

So bore they on with mirth and pride, And if that labouring bark they spied,

'Twas with such idle eye As nobles cast on lowly boor, When, toiling in his task obscure,

They pass him careless by.
Let them sweep on with heedless eyes!
But, had they known what mighty prize
In that frail vessel lay,

The famish'd wolf, that prowls the wold, Had scatheless pass'd the unguarded fold, Ere, drifting by these galleys bold, Unchallenged were her way!

And thou, Lord Ronald, sweep thou on, With mirth, and pride, and minstrel tone! But hadst thou known who sail'd so nigh, Far other glance were in thine eye! Far other flush were on thy brow, That, shaded by the bonnet, now Assumes but ill the blithesome cheer Of bridegroom when the bride is near!

YVII

Yes, sweep they on !—We will not leave, For them that triumph, those who grieve. With that armada gay

Be laughter loud and jocund shout, And bards to cheer the wassail rout,

With tale, romance, and lay; And of wild mirth each clamorous art, Which, if it cannot cheer the heart, May stupify and stun its smart,

For one loud busy day.
Yes, sweep they on!—But with that skiff
Abides the minstrel tale,
Where there was dread of surge and cliff,

Labour that strain'd each sinew stiff, And one sad Maiden's wail.

XVIII

All day with fruitless strife they toil'd, With eve the ebbing currents boil'd More herce from strait and lake;

And midway through the channel met Conflicting tides that foam and fret, And high their mingled billows jet, As spears, that, in the battle set,

Spring upward as they break.

Then, too, the lights of eve were past,

And louder supports western blast

And louder sung the western blast
On rocks of Inninmore;
Rent was the sail, and strain'd the mast,
And many a leak was gaping fast,
And the pale steersman stood aghast,
And gave the conflict o'er.

XIX.

'Twas then that One, whose lofty look Nor labour dull'd nor terror shook,

Thus to the Leader spoke:—
"Brother, how hopest thou to abide
The fury of this wilder'd tide,
Or how avoid the rock's rude side,

Until the day has broke?

Didst thou not mark the vessel reel,
With quivering planks, and groaning
keel,

At the last billow's shock? Yet how of better counsel tell, Though here thou see'st poor Isabel

Half dead with want and fear; For look on sea, or look on land, Or you dark sky, on every hand

Despair and death are near. For her alone I grieve—on me Danger sits light, by land and sea, I follow where thou wilt;

Either to bide the tempest's lour, Or wend to you unfriendly tower, Or rush amid their naval power, With war-cry wake their wassail-hour,

And die with hand on hilt."-

XX.

That elder Leader's calm reply In steady voice was given, "In man's most dark extremity

Oft succour dawns from Heaven. Edward, trim thou the shatter'd sail, The helm be mine, and down the gale

Let our free course be driven; So shall we scape the western bay, The hostile fleet, the unequal fray, So safely hold our vessel's way Deneath the Castle wall; For if a hope of safety rest,
'Tis on the sacred name of guest,
Who seeks for shelter, storm-distress'd,

Within a chieftain's hall.

If not—it best beseems our worth,

Our name, our right, our lofty birth,

By noble hands to fall."

XXI.

The helm, to his strong arm consignd, Gave the reef'd sail to meet the wind,

And on her alter'd way, Fierce bounding, forward sprung the ship,

Like greyhound starting from the sip To seize his flying prey.

Awaked before the rushing prowi The mimic fires of ocean glow,

Those lightnings of the wave; Wild sparkles crest the broken tides. And, flashing round, the vessel's sides

With elvish lustre lave, While, far behind, their livid light To the dark billows of the night

A gloomy splendour gave,
It seems as if old Ocean shakes
From his dark brow the lucid flakes
In envious pageantry,

To match the meteor-light that streak Grim Hecla's midnight sky.

XXII.

Nor lack'd they steadier light to keep Their course upon the darken'd deep; Artornish, on her frowning steep

'Twixt cloud and ocean hung. Glanced with a thousand lights of gle And landward far, and far to sea,

Her festal radiance flung.
By that blithe beacon-light they steer
Whose lustre mingled well
With the pale beam that now appear

As the cold moon her head upreard Above the eastern fell.

XXIII.

Thus guided, on their course they bo Until they near'd the mainland shore When frequent on the hollow blast Wild shouts of merriment were cast, And wind and wave and sea-birds' or With wassail sounds in concert vie, cs with revelry,
ittle-shout
from cliffs on high,
lage, and Agony,
ght and rout.
rough mist and storm
astle's form,
shadow made,
the main below,
reflected glow,
rches play'd,
e with lights as vain
s vale of pain,
i they fade.

VIV

is sheltering lee, ourse in quiet sea.
a passage there ortress by a stair, eigh, so steep, ff one valiant hand zy pass have mann'd, trm'd with spear and

them in the deep.
: helmsman wound;
ry echo round,
ock, and bay,
es crash and groan,
der's cresset shone
is of slippery stone,
pward way,
holy Sire!" he said;
usal train have staid,
thy delay,
these wildering seas,
tand freshening breeze
iy bark lastray."—

xv

anger stranger said, some mirth had made but nights like these, als wake western seas, We crave some aid r for this maid

ak of day; the deck's rude plank sy bank d upon by May. -toss'd skiff we seek Short shelter in this leeward creek, Prompt when the dawn the east shall streak

Again to bear away."—
Answered the Warder, "In what name
Assert ye hospitable claim?
Whence come, or whither bound?
Hath Erin seen your parting sails,
Or come ye on Norweyan gales?
And seek ye England's fertile vales,
Or Scotland's mountain ground?"—

XXVI.

"Warriors—for other title none For some brief space we list to own, Bound by a vow—warriors are we; In strife by land and storm by sea,

We have been known to fame; And these brief words have import dear, When sounded in a noble ear,

To harbour safe, and friendly cheer,
That gives us rightful claim.

Grant us the trivial boon we seek,
And we in other realms will speak
Fair of your courtesy;
Deny—and be your niggard Hold
Scorn'd by the noble and the bold,
Shunn'd by the pilgrim on the wold,
And wanderer on the lea!"—

XXVII.

"Bold stranger, no-'gainst claim like No bolt revolves by hand of mine, Though urged in tone that more express'd A monarch than a suppliant guest. Be what ve will, Artornish Hall On this glad eve is free to all. Though ye had drawn a hostile sword 'Gainst our ally, great England's Lord, Or mail upon your shoulders borne, To battle with the Lord of Lorn, Or, outlaw'd, dwelt by greenwood tree With the fierce Knight of Ellerslie,* Or aided even the murderous strife When Comyn fell beneath the knife Of that fell homicide The Bruce. This night had been a term of truce. -Ho, vassals! give these guests your care, ". And show the narrow postern stair."

* Sir William Wallace.

To land these two bold brethren leapt, (The weary crew their vessel kept,) And, lighted by the torches' flare, That seaward flung their smoky glare,
The younger knight that maiden bare
Half lifeless up the rock;
On his strong shoulder lean'd her head,

And down her long dark tresses shed, As the wild vine in tendrils spread,

Droops from the mountain oak. Him follow'd close that elder Lord, And in his hand a sheathed sword,

Such as few arms could wield; But when he boun'd him to such task, Well could it cleave the strongest casque, And rend the surest shield.

The raised portcullis' arch they pass, The wicket with its bars of brass, The entrance long and low, Flank'd at each turn by loop-holes strait,

Where bowmen might in ambush wait, (If force or fraud should burst the gate,)

To gall an entering foe. But every jealous post of ward Was now defenceless and unbarr'd,

And all the passage free To one low-brow'd and vaulted room, Where squire and yeoman, page and

Plied their loud revelry.

And "Rest ye here," the Warder bade, "Till to our Lord your suit is said .-And, comrades, gaze not on the maid, And on these men who ask our aid,

As if we ne'er had seen A damsel tired of midnight bark, Or wanderers of a moulding stark, And bearing martial mien."

But not for Eachin's reproof Would page or vassal stand aloot, But crowded on to stare,

As men of courtesy untaught, Till fiery Edward roughly caught, From one, the foremost then

His chequer'd plaid, and in its sh To hide her from the vulgar crow Involved his sister fair.

His brother, as the clansman bent His sullen brow in discontent,

Made brief and stern excus-"Vassal, were thine the cloak of That decks thy lord in bridal hal 'Twere honour'd by her use

Proud was his tone, but calm; hi Had that compelling dignity, His mien that bearing haught and

Which common spirits fear! Needed nor word nor signal n Nod, wink, and laughter, all Upon each other back they ben

And gazed like startled det But now appear'd the Seneschi, Commission'd by his lord to call The strangers to the Baron's hall

Where feasted fair and free That Island Prince in nuptial to With Edith there his lovely be And her bold brother by her And many a chief, the flower and Of Western land and sea

Here pause we, gentles, for a spe And, if our tale hath won your g Grant us brief patience, and again We will renew the minstrel strain

CANTO SECOND.

FILL the bright goblet, spread the festive board ! Summon the gay, the noble, and the fair! Through the loud hall, in joyous concert pour'd, Let mirth and music sound the dirge of Care! But ask thou not if Happiness be there, If the loud laugh disguise convulsive throe, Or if the brow the heart's true livery wear; Lift not the festal mask !- enough to know, No scene of mortal life but teems with mortal woe. H.

akers' clang, with harpers' lay, that olden time deem'd gay, nd Chieftain feasted high; e was in his troubled eye y fire, and on his brow den flush'd, and faded now, s such as draw their birth eper source than festal mirth. e paused, and harper's strain er's tale went round in vain. ut on his idle ear ant sounds which dreamers hear. ald he rouse him, and employ to aid the clamorous joy, I call for pledge and lay, brief space, of all the crowd, as loudest of the loud, m gayest of the gay.

HI.

tht amiss the bridal throng n brief mirth, or musing long; ant brow, the unlistening ear, ve to thoughts of raptures near, fierce starts of sudden glee bursts of bridegroom's ecstasy. s alone misjudged the crowd, ity Lorn, suspicious, proud, lous of his honour'd line, t keen knight, De Argentine, ingland sent on errand high, tern league more firm to tie,) em'd in Ronald's mood to find s transport-troubled mind. sad heart, one tearful eye, deeper through the mystery, tch'd, with agony and fear, ward bridegroom's varied cheer.

ıv.

tch'd—yet fear'd to meet his lance, shunn'd hers;—till when by hance et, the point of foeman's lance d given a milder pang! the intolerable smart thed;—then sternly mann'd his eart his hard but destined part, if from the table sprang.

"Fill me the mighty cup!" he said,
"Erst own'd by royal Somerled:
Fill it, till on the studded brim
In burning gold the bubbles swim,
And every gem of varied shine
Glow doubly bright in rosy wine!
To you, brave Lord, and brother mine,
Of Lorn, this pledge I drink—
The Union of Our House with thine,
By this fair bridal-link!"—

"Let it pass round!" quoth He of Lorn,
"And in good time—that winded horn

Must of the Abbot tell; The laggard monk is come at last." Lord Ronald heard the bugle-blast, And on the floor at random cast,

The untasted goblet fell. But when the Warder in his ear Tells other news, his blither cheer Returns like sun of May,

When through a thunder-cloud is beams!—

Lord of two hundred isles, he seems
As glad of brief delay,
As some poor criminal might feel,
When from the gibbet or the wheel
Respited for a day.

VI.

"Brother of Lorn," with hurried voice He said, "and you, fair lords, rejoice! Here, to augment our glee,

Come wandering knights from travel far, Well proved, they say, in strife of war,

And tempest on the sea.—
Ho! give them at your board such place
As best their presences may grace,
And bid them welcome free!"
With solemn step, and silver wand,
The Seneschal the presence scann'd
Of these strange guests; and well he knew
How to assign their rank its due;

For though the costly furs
That erst had deck'd their caps were torn,
And their gay robes were over-worn,
And soil'd their gilded spurs,
Yet such a high commanding grace
Was in their mien and in their face,
As suited best the princely dais,*

* Dais—the great hall-table—elevated a step or two above the rest of the room. And royal canopy; And there he marshall'd them their place, First of that company.

VII.

Then lords and ladies spake aside,
And angry looks the error chide,
That gave to guests unnamed, unknown,
A place so near their prince's throne;

But Owen Erraught said—
"For forty years a seneschal,
To marshal guests in bower and hall

Has been my honour'd trade. Worship and birth to me are known, By look, by bearing, and by tone, Not by furr'd robe or broider'd zone;

And 'gainst an oaken bough
I'll gage my silver wand of state,
That these three strangers oft have sate

In higher place than now."-

VIII.

"I, too," the aged Ferrand said,
"Am qualified by minstrel trade
Of rank and place to tell;—

Mark'd ye the younger stranger's eye, My mates, how quick, how keen, how high,

How herce its flashes fell,
Glancing among the noble rout
As if to seek the noblest out,
Because the owner might not brook
On any save his peers to look?

And yet it moves me more, That steady, calm, majestic brow, With which the elder chief even now

Scann'd the gay presence o'er, Like being of superior kind, In whose high-toned impartial mind Degrees of mortal rank and state. Seem objects of indifferent weight.

The hady too - though closely tied The mantle well both face and eye, Her motions' grace it could not hide, Norcouldher form's fair symmetry."

IX.

Suspicious doubt and lordly scorn Lour'd on the haughty front of Lorn. From underneath his brows of pride, The stranger guests he sternly eyed, And whisper'd closely what the ear Of Argentine alone might hear; Then question'd, high and brief,
If, in their voyage, aught they knew
Of the rebellious Scottish crew,
Who to Rath-Erin's shelter drew,
With Carrick's outlaw'd Chief':
And if, their winter's exile o'er,
They harbour'd still by Ulster's shore,

Or launch'd their galleys on the main,

To vex their native land again?

.

That younger stranger, fierce and high.
At once confronts the Chieftain's ere

With look of equal scorn;—
"Of rebels have we nought to show;
But if of royal Bruce thou'dst know,

I warn thee he has sworn,
Ere thrice three days shall come and a.
His banner Scottish winds shall blow,
Despite each mean or mighty foe,
From England's every bill and bow,

To Allaster of Lorn."
Kindled the mountain Chieftain's ire,
But Ronald quench'd the rising fire:—
"Brother, it better suits the time
To chase the night with Ferrand's rhyme.
Than wake, 'midst mirth and wine, the jar
That flow from these unhappy wars.—
"Content," said Lorn; and spoke span
With Ferrand, master of his art,

Then whisper'd Argentine,—
"The lay I named will carry smart
To these bold strangers' haughty heart.

If right this guess of mine."
He ceased, and it was silence all,
Until the mustrel waked the hall.

XI,

The Bronch of Forn.

"Whence the broach of burning gold. That clasps the Chieftain's mantle-fold. Wrought and chased with rare device, Studded fair with gems of price, On the varied tartars beaming, As, through night's pale rainbougleanning,

Fainter now, now seen afar, Fitful shines the northern star?

"Gem! ne'er wrought on Highlar mountain, Did the fairy of the fountain, aid of the wave, n some coral cave? nd's darksome mine, it hands thy metal twine? noulded, comest thou here, id's love, or France's fear?

XII.

ong continued.

plendours nothing tell or faëry spell. u for monarch's use, reening Bruce, yal robe he tied of wrath and pride; umph wert thou torn, hand of Lorn! gem was won and lost, he war-cry toss'd! Bendourish fell, unchart's sounding dell, from wild Teyndrum,

XIII.

ong concluded.

micide, o'ercome,

ed with scathe and scorn, ge with conquering Lorn!

nen the Douglas brand, npbell's vaunted hand, trick's bloody dirk, of murder's work; led fast away, 7 De la Haye, oach, triumphant borne, the breast of Lorn.

d its former Lord, to brand and cord, l of Highland steel, et, axe, and wheel. rom coast to coast, omyn's vengeful ghost, oils, in triumph worn, race victorious Lorn!"

XIV.

tiger on his foes, y hunters, spears, and bows, bounds upon the ring, bject of his spring, Now on the Bard, now on his Lord,
So Edward glared and grasp'd his
sword—
But stern his brother spoke,—" Be still.
What! art thou yet so wild of will,
After high deeds and sufferings long,
To chafe thee for a menial's song?—
Well hast thou framed, Old Man, thy
strains,

To praise the hand that pays thy pains! Yet something might thy song have told Of Lorn's three vassals, true and bold. Who rent their Lord from Bruce's hold. As underneath his knee he lay, And died to save him in the fray. I've heard the Bruce's cloak and clasp Was clench'd within their dying grasp, What time a hundred foemen more Rush'd in, and back the victor bore, Long after Lorn had left the strife, Full glad to 'scape with limb and life. Enough of this-And, Minstrel, hold, As minstrel-hire, this chain of gold, For future lays a fair excuse, To speak more nobly of the Bruce."-

xv.

"Now, by Columba's shrine, I swear, And every saint that's burned there, 'Tis he himself!" Lorn sternly cries, "And for my kinsman's death he dies." As loudly Ronald calls—"Forbear! Not in my sight while brand I wear, O'ermatch'd by odds, shall warrior fall, Or blood of stranger stain my hall! This ancient fortress of my race Shall be misfortune's resting-place, Shelter and shield of the distress'd, No slaughter-house for shipwreck'd guest."—

"Talk not to me," fierce Lorn replied,
"Of odds ormatch!—when Comyn died,
Three daggers clash'd within his side!
Talk not to me of sheltering hall,
The Church of God saw Comyn fall!
On God's own altar stream'd his blood,
While o'er my prostrate kinsman stood
The ruthless murderer—e'en as now—
With armed hand and scornful brow!
Up, all who love me! blow on blow!
And lay the outlaw'd felons low!

XVI.

Then up sprang many a mainland Lord, Obedient to their Chieftain's word. Barcaldine's arm is high in air, And Kinloch-Alline's blade is bare, Black Murthok's dirk has left its sheath, And clench'd is Dermid's hand of death. Their mutter'd threats of vengeance swell Into a wild and warlike yell; Onward they press with weapons high, The affrighted females shrick and fly, And, Scotland, then thy brightest ray Had darken'd ere its noon of day, But every chief of birth and fame, That from the Isles of Ocean came, At Ronald's side that hour withstood Fierce Lorn's relentless thirst for blood.

Brave Torquil from Dunvegan high, Lord of the misty hills of Skye, Mac-Niel, wild Bara's ancient thane, Duart, of bold Clan-Gillian's strain, Fergus, of Canna's castled bay, Mac-Duffith, Lord of Colonsay, Soon as they saw the broadswords glance, With ready weapons rose at once, More prompt, that many an ancient feud, Full oft suppress'd, full oft renew'd, Glow'd 'twixt the chieftains of Argyle, And many a lord of ocean's isle. Wild was the scene-each sword was bare,

Back stream'd each chieftain's shaggy hair,

In gloomy opposition set,

Eyes, hands, and brandish'd weapons

Blue gleaming o'er the social board, Flash'd to the torches many a sword; And soon those bridal lights may shine On purple blood for rosy wine.

XVIII.

While thus for blows and death prepared, Each heart was up, each weapon bared, Each foot advanced.—a surly pause Still reverenced hospitable laws. All menaced violence, but alike Reluctant each the first to strike, (For aye accursed in minstrel line Is he who brawls 'mid song and wine.)

And, match'd in numbers and in might, Doubtful and desperate seem'd the fight. Thus threat and murmur died away, Till on the crowded hall there lay Such silence, as the deadly still, Ere bursts the thunder on the hill With blade advanced, each Chieftain bold

Show'd like the Sworder's form of old, As wanting still the torch of life, To wake the marble into strife.

XIX.

That awful pause the stranger maid, And Edith, seized to pray for aid. As to De Argentine she clung, Away her veil the stranger flung, And, lovely 'mid her wild despair, Fast stream'd her eyes, wide flow'd her

hair:-"O thou, of knighthood once the flower, Sure retuge in distressful hour, Thou, who in Judah well hast fought For our dear faith, and oft hast sought Renown in knightly exercise, When this poor hand has dealt the prize Say, can thy soul of honour brook ()n the unequal strife to look, When, butcher'd thus in peaceful hall Those once thy friends, my brethren, fall To Argentine she turn'd her word, But her eye sought the Island Lord. A flush like evening's setting flame (llow'd on his cheek; his hardy fram As with a brief convulsion, shook: With hurried voice and eager look,-" Fear not," he said, "my Isabel! What said I-Edith !-all is well-Nay, fear not-I will well provide The safety of my lovely bride-My bride?"-but there the accents clu In tremor to his faltering tongue.

Now rose De Argentine, to claim The prisoners in his sovereign's name To England's crown, who, vassals swo 'Gainst their liege lord had wear borne-

(Such speech, I ween, was but to hie His care their safety to provide;

ore true in thought and deed ine ne'er spurr'd a steed)—, who his meaning guess'd, to sanction the request. : fiery Torquil broke: we've heard of England's

id, in our islands, Fame r'd of a lawful claim,
Bruce fair Scotland's Lord, ossess'd by foreign sword.
effection—but though right charge of England's Knight, 's crown her rebels seize as power;—in towers like

sh Chieftains summon'd here rth and bridal cheer, 1 no consent of mine, Lorn or Argentine or violence, in our sight, ave and banish'd Knight."

XXI.

the wild debate again, ng threat and clamour vain. menials, thronging in, rute rage to swell the din; nd wide, a bugle-clang rk ocean upward rang. comes!" they cry at once, nan, whose favour'd glance inted visions known; we met him on the way, blessed martyr's bay, Columba's stone.

the summit of Dun-Y, in his penance lone, in cross, on girth and wold, er thrice a hundred-fold, er made, his beads he told, ves many a one—ar feuds to reconcile, an from sainted isle; holy doom abide, shall our strife decide."

XXII.

fair accord was o'er, the wide revolving door The black-stol'd brethren wind; Twelvesandall'd monks, who relics bore, With many a torch-hearer before

With many a torch-bearer before,
And many a cross behind.
Then sunk each fierce uplifted hand,
And dagger bright and flashing brand
Dropp'd swiftly at the sight;
They vanish'd from the Churchman's eye,
As shooting stars, that glance and die,
Dart from the vault of night.

XXIII.

The Abbot on the threshold stood, And in his hand the holy rood; Back on his shoulders flow'd his hood, The torch's glaring ray Show'd, in its red and flashing light, His wither'd cheek and amice white, His blue eye glistening cold and bright, His tresses scant and gray. "Fair Lords," he said, "Our Lady's love, And peace be with you from above, And Benedicite!---But what means this?—no peace is here !-Do dirks unsheathed suit bridal cheer? Or are these naked brands A seemly show for Churchman's sight. When he comes summon'd to unite

Proud Lorn first answer'd the appeal;—
"Thou comest, O holy Man,
True sons of blessed church to greet,
But little deeming here to meet
A wretch, beneath the ban
Of Pope and Church, for murder done
Even on the sacred altar-stone—
Well may'st thou wonder weshould know
Such miscreant here, nor lay him low,
Or dream of greeting, peace, or truce,
With excommunicated Bruce!
Yet well I grant, to end debate,
Thy sainted voice decide his fate."

xxv.

Then Ronald pled the stranger's cause, And knighthood's oath and honour's laws; And Isabel, on bended knee,
Brought pray'rsand tears to back the plea:
And Edith lent her generous aid,
And wept, and Lorn for mercy pray'd.
"Hence," he exclaim'd, "degenerate
maid!

Was't not enough, to Ronald's bower I brought thee, like a paramour, Or bond-maid at her master's gate, His careless cold approach to wait?—But the bold Lord of Cumberland, The gallant Clifford, seeks thy hand; His it shall be—Nay, no reply! Hence! till those rebel eyes be dry."—With grief the Abbot heard and saw, Yet nought relax'd his brow of awe.

XXVI.

Then Argentine, in England's name,
So highly urged his sovereign's claim,
He wak'd a spark, that, long suppress'd,
Had snoulder'd in Lord Ronald's breast;
And now, as from the flint the fire,
Flash'd forth at once his generous ire.
"Enough of noble blood," he said,
"By English Edward had been shed,
Since matchless Wallace first had been
In mock'ry crown'd with wreaths of
green,

And done to death by felon hand, For guarding well his father's land. Where's Nigel Bruce? and De la Haye, And valiant Seton -- where are they? Where Somerville, the kind and free? And Fraser, flower of chivalry? Have they not been on gibbet bound, Their quarters flung to hawk and hound, And hold we here a cold debate, To yield more victims to their fate? What! can the English Leopard's mood Never be gorged with northern blood? Was not the life of Athole shed, To soothe the tyrant's sicken'd bed? And must his word, till dying day, Be nought but quarter, hang, and slay! -Thou frown'st, De Argentine, -Mygaze Is prompt to prove the strife I wage."-

XXVII.

"Nor deem," said stout Dunvegan's knight,

"That thou shalt brave alone the fight!

By saints of isle and mainland both, By Woden wild, (my grandsire's oath, Let Rome and England do their wors Howe'er attainted or accurs'd, If Bruce shall e'er find friends again, Once more to brave a battle-plain, If Douglas couch again his lance, Or Randolph dare another chance, Old Torquil will not be to lack With twice a thousand at his back.—Nay, chafe not at my bearing bold, Good Abbot! for thou know'st of old Torquil's rude thought and stubborn wi Smack of the wild Norwegian still; Nor will I barter Freedom's cause For England's wealth, or Rome applause."

XXVIII.

The Abbot seem'd with eve severe The hardy Chieftain's speech to hear: Then on King Robert turn'd the Mon! But twice his courage came and sur.k. Confronted with the hero's look; Twice fell his eye, his accents shook; At length, resolved in tone and brow, Sternly he question'd him—"And thor Unhappy! what hast thou to plead, Why I denounce not on the deed That awful doom which canons tell Shuts paradise, and opens hell; Anathema of power so dread, It blends the living with the dead, Bids each good angel soar away, And every ill one claim his prey; Expels thee from the church's care. And deafens Heaven against thy prayer Arms every hand against thy life, Bans all who aid thee in the strife. Nay, each whose succour, cold and scan With meanest alms relieves thy want; Haunts thee while living, -and, whe dead,

Dwells on thy yet devoted head, Rends Honour's scutcheon from th hearse,

Stills o'er thy bier the holy verse,
And spurns thy corpse from hallow's
ground,

Flung like vile carrion to the hound; Such is the dire and desperate doom For sacrilege, decreed by Rome; ne well-deserved meed hallow'd, ruthless deed."-

XXIX.

he Bruce replied, "thy charge to dispute at large. howe'er, I bid thee know, engeance dealt the blow, died his country's foe. friends whose ill-timed speed soon-repented deed, e those from whose stern athema has rung e mine own wild ire, I's wrongs incensed to fire. ows my purpose to atone, .y, the evil done, i penitent's appeal curse and prelate's zeal. I dearest task achieved, nd from her thrall relieved, a priest in cope and stole 1 for Red Comyn's soul, blessed cross advance, this unhappy chance with sword and lance. content the Church should nce owns the debt I owe, rgentine and Lorn of traitor I return, efiance stern and high, iem in their throats the lie! f words spoke, I speak no ou wilt; my shrift is o'er."

XXX.

y pro-ligy amazed, king the Abbot gazed; its pallid features glance, s of ecstatic trance. ng came more thick and fast, its pale blue eyes were cast s of wild and wandering light; locks of silver white, its brow, through every vein le the currents strain, inguished accents broke silence ere he spoke.

XXXI. "De Bruce! I rose with purpose dread

To speak my curse upon thy head, And give thee as an outcast o'er To him who burns to shed thy gore ;-But, like the Midianite of old, Who stood on Zophim, Heaven-controll'd, I feel within mine aged breast A power that will not be repress'd. It prompts my voice, it swells my veins, It burns, it maddens, it constrains !-De Bruce, thy sacrilegious blow Hath at God's altar slain thy foe: O'ermaster'd yet by high behest, I bless thee, and thou shalt be bless'd!" He spoke, and o'er the astonish'd throng Was silence, awful, deep, and long.

XXXII.

Again that light has fired his eye, Again his form swells bold and high, The broken voice of age is gone, 'Tis vigorous manhood's lofty tone :-"Thrice vanquish'd on the battle-plain, Thy followers slaughter'd, fled, or ta'en, A hunted wanderer on the wild, On foreign shores a man exiled, Disown'd, deserted, and distress'd, I bless thee, and thou shalt be bless'd! Bless'd in the hall and in the field. Under the mantle as the shield. Avenger of thy country's shame, Restorer of her injured fame, Bless'd in thy sceptre and thy sword, De Bruce, fair Scotland's rightful Lord, Bless'd in thy deeds and in thy fame, What lengthen'd honours wait thy name! In distant ages, sire to son Shall tell thy tale of freedom won, And teach his infants, in the use Of earliest speech, to falter Bruce. Go, then, triumphant! sweep along Thy course, the theme of many a song! The Power, whose dictates swell my breast, Hath bless'd thee, and thou shalt be bless'd!—

Enough—my short lived strength decays, And sinks the momentary blaze.—

* See the Book of Numbers, chap. xxiii. and xxiv.

Heaven hath our destined purpose broke, Not here must nuptial vow be spoke; Brethren, our errand here is o'er, Our task discharged.—Unmoor, unmoor!"— His priests received the exhausted Mosk. As breathless in their arms he sunk. Punctual his orders to obey, The train refused all longer stay, Embark'd, raised sail, and bore away.

CANTO THIRD.

HAST thou not mark'd, when o'er thy startled head Sudden and deep the thunder-peal has roll'd, How when its echoes fell, a silence dead Sunk on the wood, the meadow, and the wold? The rye-grass shakes not on the sod-built fold, The rustling aspen's leaves are mute and still, The wall-flower waves not on the ruin'd hold, Till, murmuring distant first, then near and shrill, The savage whirlwind wakes, and sweeps the groaning hill.

II.

Artornish! such a silence sunk
Upon thy halls, when that grey Monk
His prophet-speech had spoke;
And his obedient brethren's sail
Was stretch'd to meet the southern gale
Before a whisper woke.

Then murmuring sounds of doubt and fear,

Close pour'd in many an anxious ear,
The solenn stillness broke;
And still they gazed with eager guess,
Where, in an oriel's deep recess,
The Island Prince seem'd bent to press
What Lorn, by his impatient cheer,
And gesture fierce, scarce deign'd to hear.

III.

Starting at length with frowning look, His hand he clench'd, his head he shook, And sternly flung apart;—
"Anddeem'st thou me so mean ofmood, As to forget the mortal feud, And clasp the hand with blood imbrued

From my dear Kinsman's heart?
Is this thy rede?—a due return
For ancient league and friendship sworn!
But well our mountain proverb shows
The faith of Islesmen ebbs and flows.
Be it even so—believe, ere long.
He that now bears shall wreak the
wrong.—

Call Edith—call the Maid of Lorn!
My sister, slaves!—for further scorn,

Be sure nor she nor I will stay.—
Away, De Argentine, away!—
We nor ally nor brother know,
In Bruce's friend, or England's foe."

IV.

But who the Chieftain's rage can tell, When, sought from lowest dungeon of To highest tower the castle round, No Lady Edith was there found!

He shouted—" Falsehood!—tread cry!—

ery!—
Revenge and blood!—a lordly meed
To him that will avenge the deed!
A Baron's lands!"—His frantic moot
Was scarcely by the news withstood,
That Morag shared his sister's flight,
And that, in hurry of the night,
'Scaped noteless, and without remark,
Two strangers sought the Abbot
bark.—

hark.—

"Man every galley!—fly—pursue!
The priest his treachery shall rue!
Ay, and the time shall quickly come,
When we shall hear the thanks that Ron
Will pay his feigned prophecy!"
Such was fierce Lorn's indignant cry;
And Cormac Doil in haste obey'd,
Hoisted his sail, his anchor weigh'd,
(For, glad of each pretext for spoil,
A pirate sworn was Cormac Doil.)
But others, lingering, spoke apart,—
"The maid has given her maiden hear
To Ronald of the Isles.

rful lest her brother's word er on that English Lord, seeks Iona's piles, ely deems it best to dwell ss in the holy cell, see feuds so fierce and fell Abbot reconciles."

v

stent of ire, the hall o Lorn's impatient callse, my mantle, and my train! who honours Lorn remain!"is, but stern, a bold request : De Argentine express'd :arl," he said, -- "I cannot chuse . such title to the Bruce, ame and earldom both are gone, braced rebel's armour onor Serf—rude phrase was thine and launch'd at Argentine; compels me to demand of honour at thy hand. not to each other tell, 1 can wield their weapons well; lo me but the soldier grace, love upon thy helm to place ere we may meet in fight; will say, as still I've said, h by ambition far misled, u art a noble knight."-

VI.

"the princely Bruce replied, term it stain on knighthood's ide,

bright sword of Argentine
n a tyrant's quarrel shine;
for your brave request,
he honour'd pledge you gave
battle-field shall wave
m my helmet-crest;
that if my hasty tongue
thine honour causeless wrong,
nall be well redress'd.
er to my soul was glove,
l in youth by lady's love,
this which thou hast given!
en, my noble foe I greet;
and high fortune till we meet,
l then—what pleases Heaven."

VII

Thus parted they—for now, with sound Like waves roll'd back from rocky ground,

The friends of Lorn retire; Each mainland chieftain, with his train, Draws to his mountain towers again, Pondering how mortal schemes prove

And mortal hopes expire. But through the castle double guard, By Ronald's charge, kept wakeful ward, Wicket and gate were trebly barr'd,

By beam and bolt and chain; Then of the guests, in courteous sort, He pray'd excuse for mirth broke short, And bade them in Artornish fort

In confidence remain.

Now torch and menial tendance led

Chieftain and knight to bower and bed,

And beads were told, and Aves said,

And soon they sunk away
Into such sleep as wont to shed
Oblivion on the weary head,
After a toilsome day.

VIII.

But soon uproused, the Monarch cried To Edward slumbering by his side, "Awake, or sleep for ave!

"Awake, or sleep for aye! Even now there jarr'd a secret door— A taper-light gleams on the floor—

Up, Edward! up, I say!
Some one glides in like midnight ghost—
Nay, strike not! 'tis our noble Host."
Advancing then his taper's flame,
Ronald stept forth, and with him came

Dunvegan's chief—each bent the knee To Bruce in sign of fealty,

And proffer'd him his sword, And hail'd him, in a monarch's style, As king of mainland and of isle,

And Scotland's rightful lord.

"And O," said Ronald, "Own'd of Heaven!

Say, is my erring youth forgiven, By falsehood's arts from duty driven,

Who rebel falchion drew, Yet ever to thy deeds of fame, Even while I strove against thy claim,

Paid homage just and true?"—
"Alas! dear youth, the unhappy time,"

Answer'd the Bruce, "must bear the crime,

Since, guiltier far than you, Even I"—he paused; for Falkirk's woes, Upon his conscious soul arose. The Chieftain to his breast he press'd, And in a sigh conceal'd the rest.

IX.

They proffer'd aid, by arms and might, To repossess him in his right; But well their counsels must be weigh'd, Ere banners raised and musters made, For English hire and Lorn's intrigues Bound many chiefs in southern leagues. In answer, Bruce his purpose bold To his new vassals frankly told :-"The winter worn in exile o'er, I long'd for Carrick's kindred shore. I thought up in my native Ayr, And long'd to see the burly fare That Clifford makes, whose lordly call Now echoes through my father's hall. But first my course to Arran led. Where valiant Lennox gathers head, And on the sea, by tempest to-sid, Our barks dispersed, our purpose cross d, Mine own, a hostile sail to shan, Far from her destined course had run, When that wise will, which masters ours, Compell'd us to your friendly towers.'

x.

Then Torouil spoke:—"The time craves speed!

We must not linger in our deed,
But instrat pray our Sovereign Liege.
To shun the perils of a siege.
The vengeful Lore, with all his powers,
Lies but too near Artornish towers.
And England's light-arm'd vessels ride,
Not distant far, the waves of Clyde,
Prompt at these tillings to unmoor,
And sweep each strait, and guard each
shore.

Then, till this fresh alarm pass by, Secret and safe my Liege must lie In the far bounds of friendly Skye, Torquil thy pilot and thy guide."— "Not so, brave Chieftain," Ronalderich: "Myself will on my Sovereign wait. And raise in arms the men of Sleate, Whilst thou, renown'd where chie debate.

Shalt sway their souls by council sage. And awe them by thy locks of age."

"And if my words in weight shall fa.

This ponderous sword shall turn t scale."

XI.

"The scheme," said Bruce, "conte me well; Mcantime, 'twere best that Isabel, For safety, with my bark and crew, Again to friendly Erin drew. There Edward, too, shall with her we In need to cheer her and defend, And muster up each scatter'd friend.' Here seem'd it as Lord Ronald's ea Would other counsel gladlier hear; But, all achieved as soon as plann'd, Both barks, in secret arm'd and man

On different voyage forth they ply, This for the coast of winged Skye, And that for Erin's shore.

From out the haven bore:

XII.

With Bruce and Ronald bides the tale.
To favouring winds they gave the sai
Till Mull's dark headlands scarce the knew,

And Ardnamurchan's hills were blue But then the squalls blew close and ha And, fain to strike the galley's yard.

And take them to the oar.
With these rude seas, in weary plight
They strove the livelong day and mg
Nor till the dawning had a sight
Of Skye's romantic shore.

Where Coolin stoops him to the we-They saw upon his shiver'd crest

The sun's arising gleam;
But such the labour and delay,
Fre they were moor'd in Scavigh ba;
For calmer Heaven compell'd to state
He shot a western beam.

Then Ronald said, "If true mine e These are the savage wilds that lie North of Strathnardill and Dunskye

No human foot comes here.

se adverse breezes blow, ege love hunter's bow, hat on land we go, a mountain-deer? shall with us wend; ly can he bend, et a herd, may send

all mend our cheer."

: launch'd and leapt to neir skiff and train, stream with headlong

bow and bolts in hand,

down its bed of rock, with the main.

XIII.
oute they silent made,
o stalk for mountain-deer,

rry! what a scene is here! nany a mountain-strand, my native land, a my lot to tread nore than pleasure led; vaste I've wander'd o'er,

y halidome, e, so wild as this, in barrenness, andering footsteps press, I happ'd to roam."

a crag, cross'd many a

XIV.

the Monarch spake; human eye has known n as that dread lake. irk ledge of barren stone. neval earthquake's sway ange and shatter'd way ne rude bosom of the hill. naked precipice, nd dark abyss, e outrage still. n, but this, can show Nature's genial glow; ore green mosses grow, s bud in deep Glencroe, on Cruchan-Ben; ve. around, below, un or in glen,

Nor tree, nor shrub, nor plant, nor flower, Nor aught of vegetative power,

The weary eye may ken.

For all is rocks at random thrown,

Black waves, bare crags, and banks of

stone.

As if were here denied The summer sun, the spring's sweet dew, That clothe with many a varied hue The bleakest mountain-side.

XV.

And wilder, forward as they wound,
Were the proud cliffs and lake profound.
Huge terraces of granite black
Afforded rude and cumber'd track;
For from the mountain hoar,
Hurl'd headiong in some night of fear,
When yell'd the wolf and fled the deer,
Loose crags had toppled o'er;

Loose crags had toppled o'er; And some, chance poised and balanced, lay,

So that a stripling arm might sway
A mass no host could raise,
In Nature's rage at random thrown,
Yet trembling like the Drud's stone
On its precarious base.

On its precarious base.

The evening mists, with ceaseless change,
Now clothed the mountains' lofty range,

Now left their foreheads bare,
And round the skirts their mantle furl'd,
Or on the sable waters curl'd,
Or on the eddying breezes whirl'd,
Dispersed in middle air.
And oft, condensed, at once they lower,
When, brief and fierce, the mountain

shower
Pours like a torrent down,
And when return the sun's glad beams,
Whiten'd with foam a thousand streams

Leap from the mountain's crown.

XVI.

"This lake," said Bruce, "whose barriers drear

Are precipices sharp and sheer, Yielding no track for goat or deer, Save the black shelves we tread,

How term you its dark waves? and how Yon northern mountain's pathless brow, And yonder peak of dread, That to the evening sun uplifts
The griesly gulfs and slaty rifts,
Which seam its shiver'd head?"—
"Coriskin call the dark lake's name,
Coolin the ridge, as bards proclaim,
From old Cuchullin, chief of fame.
But bards, familiar in our isles
Rather with Nature's frowns than smiles,
Full oft their careless humours please
By sportive names from scenes like these.
I would old Torquil were to show
His maidens with their breasts of snow,
Or that my noble Liege were nigh
To hear his Nurse sing lullaby!
(The Maids—tall cliffs with breakers

white,
The Nurse—a torrent's roaring might,)
Or that your eye could see the mood
Of Corryvrekin's whirlpool rude,
When dons the Hag her whiten'd hood—
'Tis thus our islessmen's fancy frames,
For scenes so stern, fantastic names."

XVIL

Answer'd the Bruce, "And musing mind
Might here a graver moral find.
These mighty cliffs, that heave on high Their naked brows to middle sky, Indifferent to the sun or snow,
Where nought can fade, and nought can blow,

May they not mark a Monarch's fate, — Raised high 'mid storms of strife and state,

Beyond life's lowlier pleasures placed, His soul a rock, his heart a waste? O'er hope and love and fear aloft High rears his crowned head—But soft! Look, underneath yon jutting crag Are hunters and a slaughter'd stag. Who may they be? But late you said No steps these desert regions tread?"—

XVIII.

"So said I—and believed in sooth,"
Ronald replied, "I spoke the truth.
Yet now I spy, by yonder stone,
Five men—they mark us, and come on;
And by their badge on bonnet borne,
I guess them of the land of Lorn,

Foes to my Liege."—" So I've faced worse odds than t —But the poor page can li Then be our battle thus at If our free passage they co Cope thou with two, I' rest."—

"Not so, my Liege—for,
This sword shall meet the
Mystrength, my skill in arm
And less the loss should R
But islesmen soon to soldis
Allan has sword as well as
And were my Monarch's o
Two shafts should make
even."—

"No! not to save my life
"Enough of blood rests or
Too rashly spill'd—we soor
Whether they come as fries

XIX.

Nigh came the strangers

Still less they pleased the M
Men were they all of evil r
Down-look'd, unwilling to
They moved with half-reso
And bent on earth each gle
The foremost two were fair
With brogue and bonnet, tre
And bore the arms of mou
Daggers and broadsword
spears.

The three, that lagg'd small: Seem'd serfs of more degra Goat-skins or deer-hides o' Made a rude fence against Their arms and feet and hea Matted their beards, unsho For arms, the caitiffs bore: A club, an axe, a rusty bra

XX.

Onward still mute, they kept
"Tell who ye be, or else st
Said Bruce; "In deserts
meet,

Men pass not as in peacefu Still, at his stern command And proffer'd greeting brie d courtesy so ill, 'd of fear, and not of will. erers we are, as you may be; her driven by wind and sea, you list to taste our cheer, re with you this fallow deer."m the sea, where lies your ark ?"thom deep in ocean dark! l yesternight: but we are men, tle sense of peril ken. les come down—the day is shut— 1 go with us to our hut?"essel waits us in the bay; for your proffer—have good-ay." at your galley, then, which rode from shore when evening low'd ?"-"-" Then spare your needless ill she now be sought in vain. her from the mountain head, vith St George's blazon red ern vessel bore in sight, urs raised sail, and took to ight."-

XXI.

by the rood, unwelcome news!" ith Lord Ronald communed ruce; sts there light enough to show ieir tale be true or no. 1 seem bred of churlish kind. low nuts have hardest rind; go with them—food and fire Itering roof our wants require. rd'gainst treachery will we keep, itch by turns our comrades llows, thanks; your guests we'll ll will pay the courtesy. ad us where your lodging lies, soft! we mix not companies .the path o'er crag and stone,

XXIL

ach'd the dreary cabin, made against a rock display'd,

will follow you;—lead on."

And there, on entering, found A slender boy, whose form and mien Ill suited with such savage scene, In cap and cloak of velvet green, Low seated on the ground. His garb was such as minstrels wear, Dark was his hue, and dark his hair, His youthful cheek was marr'd by care, His eyes in sorrow drown'd. "Whence this poor boy?"—As Ronald

spoke,
The voice his trance of anguish broke;
As if awaked from ghastly dream,

He raised his head with start and scream, And wildly gazed around; Then to the wall his face he turn'd, And his dark neck with blushes burn'd.

XXIII.

"Whose is the boy?" again he said.

"By chance of war our captive made;
He may be yours, if you should hold
That music has more charms than gold;
For, though from earliest childhood mute,
The lad can deftly touch the lute,

And on the rote and viol play,
And well can drive the time away
For those who love such glee;
For me, the favouring breeze, when loud
It pipes upon the galley's shroud,
Maker blither melvdy."

Makes blither melody."—
"Hath he, then, sense of spoken sound?"—

"Aye; so his mother bade us know, A crone in our late shipwreck drown'd,

And hence the silly stripling's woe. More of the youth I cannot say, Our captive but since yesterday; When wind and weather wax'd so grim, We little listed think of him.—
But why waste time in idle words? Sit to your cheer—unbelt your swords." Sudden the captive turn'd his head, And one quick glance to Ronald sped. It was a keen and warning look, And well the Chief the signal took.

XXIV.

"Kind host," he said, "our needs require A separate board and separate fire; For know, that on a pilgrimage Wend I, my comrade, and this page.

And, sworn to vigil and to fast, Long as this hallow'd task shall last, We never doff the plaid or sword, Or feast us at a stranger's board; And never share one common sleep, But one must still his vigil keep. Thus, for our separate use, good friend, We'll hold this hut's remoter end."-"A churlish vow," the elder said, "And hard, methinks, to be obey'd. How say you, if, to wreak the scorn That pays our kindness harsh return, We should refuse to share our meal?" "Then say we, that our swords are steel! And our vow binds us not to fast, Where gold or force may buy repast."-Their host's dark brow grew keen and fell.

His teeth are clench'd, his features swell; Yet sunk the felon's moody ire Before Lord Ronald's glance of fire, Nor could his craven courage brook The Monarch's calm and dauntless look. With laugh constrain'd—" Let every man Follow the fashion of his clan! Each to his separate quarters keep, And feed or fast, or wake or sleep."

XXV.

Their fire at separate distance burns, By turns they cat, keep guard by turns; For evil seem'd that old man's eve, Dark and designing, fierce yet shy. Still he avoided forward look, But slow, and circumspectly took A circling, never-ceasing glance, By doubt and cunning mark'd at once, Which shot a mischief-boding ray, From under evebrows shagg'd and gray. The younger, too, who seem'd his son, Had that dark look the timid shun; The half-clad serfs behind them sate, And scowl'd a glare twixt fear and hate-Till all, as darkness onward crept, Couch'd down, and seem'd to sleep, or slept.

Nor he, that boy, whose powerless tongue Must trust his eyes to wail his wrong, A longer watch of sorrow made, But stretch'd his limbs to slumber laid.

XXVL

Not in his dangerous host confides The King, but wary watch provides. Ronald keeps ward till midnight pas Then wakes the King, young Allan h Thus rank'd, to give the youthful pa The rest required by tender age What is Lord Ronald's wakeful thou To chase the languor toil had brought (For deem not that he deign'd to the Much care upon such coward foe,)-He thinks of lovely Isabel, When at her foeman's feet she fell, Nor less when, placed in princely se She glanced on him with favouring en At Woodstocke when he won the pri Nor, fair in joy, in sorrow fair, In pride of place as 'mid despair, Must she alone engross his care. His thoughts to his betrothed bride. To Edith, turn—O how decide, When here his love and heart are gin And there his faith stands plight

Heaven!
No drowsy ward 'tis his to keep,
For seldom lovers long for sleep.
Till sung his midnight hymn the owl,
Answer'd the dog-fox with his howl.
Then waked the King—at his request
Lord Ronald stretch'd himself to rest

XXVII.

What spell was good King Robert's, star To drive the weary night away? His was the patriot's burning though Of Freedom's battle bravely fought, Of castles storm'd, of cities freed, Of deep design and daring deed, Of England's roses reft and torn, And Scotland's cross in triumph wo of rout and rally, war and truce, — As heroes think, so thought the Bru No marvel, 'mid such musings high, Sleep shunn'd the Monarch's though

Now over Coolin's eastern head The greyish light begins to spread, The otter to his cavern drew, And clanour'd shrill the wakening m Then watch'd the Page—to needful r The King resigned his anxious breas

XXVIII.

s eyes was harder task, watch their safeties ask. 'd the fire, and gave to shine ering light the splinter'd pine; ed a while, where silent laid ts were shrouded by the plaid. fear waked in his mind, is bred of martial kind, manhood he arrive, h the boldest knight alive. ight he of his mother's tower, sisters' greenwood bower, e the Easter-gambols pass, an Joseph's lengthen'd mass. efore his weary eye olong'd the blazes dieroused him-on the lake rth, where now the twilightold dawn began to wake. i's cliffs the mist lay furl'd, ing breeze the lake had curl'd, dark waves, heaved to the d, seless plash kiss'd cliff or lumbrous sound-he turn'd t which his youth had burn'd, i's path by demon cross'd, lv elf or yelling ghost, d witch's baneful cot, naid's alabaster grot, es her limbs in sunless well trathaird's enchanted cell. fancy rapt he flies, is sight the vaults arise; dark walls he sees no more, s on the marble floor, his head the dazzling spars e a firmament of stars! hears he not the sea-nymph in that thrilling shriek !-oo late, with Allan's dream he captive's warning scream. he ground he strives to start, dagger finds his heart! he casts his dizzy eyes, . . . his master's name, . . . and

XXIX.

Not so awoke the King! his hand Snatch'd from the flame a knotted brand, The nearest weapon of his wrath; With this he cross'd the murderer's path, And venged young Allan well! The spatter'd brain and bubbling blood

The spatter'd brain and bubbling blood Hiss'd on the half-extinguish'd wood,

The miscreant gash'd and fell!

The miscreant gasp'd and fell!
Nor rose in peace the Island Lord;
One caitiff died upon his sword,
And one beneath his grasp lies prone,
In mortal grapple overthrown.
But while Lord Ronald's dagger drank
The life-blood from his panting flank,
The Father-ruffian of the band
Behind him rears a coward hand!
—O for a moment's aid.

Till Bruce, who deals no double blow, Dash to the earth another foe,

Above his comrade laid!—
And it is gain'd—the captive sprung
On the raised arm, and closely clung,
And, ere he shook him loose,

The master'd felon press'd the ground,
And gasp'd beneath a mortal wound,
While o'er him stands the Bruce.

XXX.

"Miscreant! while lasts thy flitting spark,

Give me to know the purpose dark, That arm'd thy hand with murderous knife,

Against offenceless stranger's life?"—

"No stranger thou!" with accent fell,

Murmur'd the wretch; "I know thee

well;

And know thee for the foeman sworn Of my high Chief, the mighty Lorn."—
"Speak yet again, and speak the truth For thy soul's sake!—from whence this youth?

His country, birth, and name declare, And thus one evil deed repair."—

"Vex me no more!...my blood runs cold...

No more I know than I have told.

We found him in a bark we sought

With different purpose . . . and
thought"

Fate cut him short'; in blood and broil, As he had lived, died Cormac Doil.

XXXI.

Then resting on his bloody blade,
The valiant Bruce to Ronald said,—
"Now shame upon us both!—that boy
Lifts his mute face to heaven,
And clasps his hands, to testify

And clasps his hands, to testify His gratitude to God on high,

For strange deliverance given. His speechless gesture thanks hath paid, Which our free tongues have left unsaid!"

He raised the youth with kindly word, But mark'd him shudder at the sword: He cleansed it from its hue of death, And plunged the weapon in its sheath. "Alas, poor child! unfitting part

Fate doom'd, when with so soft a heart, And form so slight as thine, She made thee first a pirate's slave,

Then, in his stead, a patron gave
Of wayward lot like mine;
A landless prince, whose wandering life
Is but one scene of blood and strife—
Yet scant of friends the Bruce shall be,
But he'll find resting-place for thee.—

Come, noble Ronald! o'er the Enough thy generous grief is p And well has Alhan's fate been Come, wend we hence—the broke.

Seek we our bark—I trust the Was false, that she had hoisted

XXXII.

Yet, ere they left that charnel-The Island Lord bade sad fare To Allan: -- "Who shall tell ti He said, "in halls of Donagai Oh, who his widow'd mother ! That, ere his bloom, her faires Rest thee, poor youth! and trus For mass and knell and funera While o'er those caitiffs, where The wolf shall snarl, the raven And now the eastern mountain On the dark lake threw lustre Bright gleams of gold and purp Ravine and precipice and peak (So earthly power at distance s Reveals his splendour, hides hi O'er sheets of granite, dark and Rent and unequal, lay the road In sad discourse the warriors w And the mute captive moves be

CANTO FOURTH.

I.

STRANGER! if e'er thine ardent step hath traced The northern realms of ancient Caledon, Where the proud Queen of Wilderness hath placed, By lake and cataract, her lonely throne; Su lake and cataract, her lonely throne; Su lime but sad delight thy soul hath known, Gazing on pathless glen and mountain high, Listing where from the cliffs the torrents thrown Mingle their echoes with the eagle's cry. And with the sounding lake, and with the moaning sky.

Yes! 'twas sublime, but sad.—The loneliness Loaded thy heart, the desert tired thine eye; And strange and awful fears began to press Thy bosom with a stern solemnity.
Then hast thou wish'd some woodman's cottage nigh, Something that show'd of life, though low and mean; Glad sight, its curling wreath of smoke to spy, Glad sound, its cock's blithe carol would have been, Or children whooping wild beneath the willows green.

Such are the scenes, where savage grandeur wakes An awful thrill that softens into sighs; Such feelings rouse them by dim Rannoch's lakes, In dark Glencoe such gloomy raptures rise: Or farther, where, beneath the northern skies, Chides wild Loch-Eribol his caverns hoar—But, be the minstrel judge, they yield the prize Of desert dignity to that dread shore, That sees grim Coolin rise, and hears Coriskin roar.

such wild scenes the champion ass'd, old halloc and bugle-blast the breeze came loud and fast. "said the Bruce, "rung Edward's orn! in have caused such brief return?; brave Ronald,—see him dartick and stone like hunted hart, ate, as is the use, or sport, of Edward Bruce. Tarks us, and his eager cry like news ere he be nigh."

dward shouts, "What make ye g upon the mountain-deer, ien Scotland wants her King? from Lennox cross'd our track, er in speed I hurried back, ese joyful news to bringart stirs in Teviotdale, ouglas wakes his native vale; rm-toss'd fleet hath won its way ttle loss to Brodick-Bay, nnox, with a gallant band, out thy coming and command them o'er to Carrick strand. re blithe news !- but mark the :lose! I, the deadliest of our foes, i his host he northward pass'd,

riv.

sod the Bruce—his steady cheek
tle wont his joy to speak,
t then his colour rose:—
Scotland! shortly shalt thou see,
iod's high will, thy children free,
id vengeance on thy foes!

n the borders breathed his last."

Yet to no sense of selfish wrongs,
Bear witness with me, Heaven, belongs
My joy o'er Edward's bier;
I took my knighthood at his hand,
And lordship held of him, and land,
And well may vouch it here,
That blot the story from his neces

That, blot the story from his page, Of Scotland ruin'd in his rage, You read a monarch brave and sage, And to his people dear."—

"Let London's burghers mourn her Lord, And Croydon monks his praise record,"

The eager Edward said;
"Eternal as his own, my hate
Surmounts the bounds of mortal fate,
And dies not with the dead!
Such hate was his on Solway's strand,
When vengeance clench'd his palsied
hand,

That pointed yet to Scotland's land, As his last accents pray'd Disgrace and curse upon his heir, If he one Scottish head should spare, Till stretch'd upon the bloody lair

Each rebel corpse was laid! Such hate was his, when his last breath Renounced the peaceful house of death, And bade his bones to Scotland's coast Be borne by his remorseless host, As if his dead and stony eye Could still enjoy her misery! Such hate was his—dark, deadly, long; Mine,—as enduring, deep, and strong!"—

v.

"Let women, Edward, war with words, With curses monks, but men with swords: Nor doubt of living foes, to sate Deepest revenge and deadliest hate. Now, to the sea! Behold the beach, And see the galleys' pendants stretch

Their fluttering length down favouring gale!

Aboard, aboard! and hoist the sail, Hold we our way for Arran first, Where meet in arms our friends dis-

persed;
Lennox the loyal, De la Haye,
And Boyd the bold in battle fray.
I long the hardy band to head,
And see once more my standard

spread. —
Does noble Ronald share our course,
Or stay to raise his island force?"—
"Come weal, come woe, by Bruce's side,"
Replied the Chief, "will Ronald bide.
And since two galleys yonder ride,
Be mine, so please my liege, dismiss'd
To wake to arms the clans of Uist,
And all who hear the Minche's roar,
On the Long Island's lonely shore.
The nearer Isles, with slight delay,
Ourselves may summon in our way;
And soon on Arran's shore shall meet,
With Torquil's aid, a gallant fleet,
If aught avails their Chieftain's hest
Among the islesmen of the west."

VI.

Thus was their venturous council said. But, ere their sails the galleys spread, Coriskin dark and Coolin high Echoed the dirge's doleful cry. Along that sable lake pass'd slow,—Fit scene for such a sight of woe,—The sorrowing islesmen, as they bore The murder'd Allan to the shore. At every pause, with dismal shout, Their coronach of grief rung out, And ever, when they moved again, The pipes resumed their clamorous strain,

And, with the pibroch's shrilling wail, Mourn'd the young heir of Donagaile. Round and around, from cliff and cave, His answer stern old Coolin gave, Till high upon his misty side Languish'd the mournful notes, and died. For never sounds, by mortal made, Attain'd his high and haggard head, That echoes but the tempest's moan, Or the deep thunder's rending groan.

VIL

Merrily, merrily bounds the hark, She bounds before the gale,

The mountain breeze from Ben-na-Is joyous in her sail! With fluttering sound like lau

hoarse,

The cords and canvass strain, The waves, divided by her force. In rippling eddies chased her coun As if they laugh'd again.

Not down the breeze more ble

Skimming the wave, the light sead

Than the gay galley bore Her course upon that favouring and And Coolin's crest has sunk behind And Slapin's cavern'd shore.

'Twas then that warlike signals will Dunscaith's dark towers and Ess lake,

And soon, from Cavilgarrigh's lead Thick wreaths of eddying smoke

A summons these of war and write To the brave clans of Sleat and Se

And, ready at the sight, Each warrior to his weapons spread And targe upon his shoulder flug.

Impatient for the fight.

Mac-Kinnon's chief, in warfare gray,
Had charge to muster their array,
And guide their barks to Brodiek-Br

VIII.

Signal of Roland's high command, A beacon gleam'd o'er sea and land, From Canna's tower, that, steep

Like falcon-nest o'erhangs the bay. Seek not the giddy crag to climb. To view the turret scathed by time. It is a task of doubt and fear

To aught but goat or mountain-der But rest thee on the silver back. And let the aged herdsman teach His tale of former day;

His cur's wild clamour he shall ch And for thy seat by ocean's side, His varied plaid display: ow with their Chieftain

nes, a foreign dame turret gray. .ord's suspicious mind. : a jail confined l fair a thrall! moon on ocean slept, y sate and wept castle-wall, eye to southern climes, rchance of happier times, r lute by fits, and sung her native tongue. on the cliff and bay the moonbeams play, breeze is mute, Hebridean's ear pleasure mix'd with fear, t cliff he seems to hear ur of a lute. of a captive lone, her woes in tongue ale-but all too long : staid the song-1ay pass them by, tower in ruins gray, pless tenant pay

IX.

e of a sigh!

y bounds the bark road ocean driven, onin's mountains dark nan's hand hath given. ountains dark have sent ers to the shore, shen bow unbent, his pastime o'er, and Lord's command, ear took warrior's brand. lext a warning light warriors to the fight; ce, ere stern MacLeodk shores in vengeance

in the ocean-cave; victims gave.
ntless in his wrath,
ath blockades the path;

In dense and stifling volumes roll'd,
The vapour fill'd the cavern'd hold!
The warrior-threat, the infant's plain,
The mother's screams, were heard in vain;
The wengeful Chief maintains his fires,
Till in the vault a tribe expires!
The bones which strew that cavern's
gloom,
Too well attest their dismal doom.

X.

Merrily, merrily goes the bark
On a breeze from the northward
free,
So shoots through the morning sky the

lark,
Or the swan through the summer sea.
shores of Mull on the eastward lay,

The shores of Mull on the eastward lay, And Ulva dark, and Colonsay, And all the group of islets gay That guard famed Staffa round.

That guard famed Staffa round Then all unknown its columns rose, Where dark and undisturb'd repose

The cormorant had found, And the shy seal had quiet home, And welter'd in that wondrous dome, Where, as to shame the temples deck'd By skill of earthly architect, Nature herself, it seem'd, would raise A Minster to her Maker's praise! Not for a meaner use ascend Her columns, or her arches bend; Nor of a theme less solemn tells That mighty surge that ebbs and swells, And still, between each awful pause, From the high vault an answer draws, In varied tone prolong'd and high, That mocks the organ's melody. Nor doth its entrance front in vain To old Iona's holy fane, That Nature's voice might seem to say, "Well hast thou done, frail Child of

clay!
Thy humble powers that stately shrine
Task'd high and hard—but witness
mine!"

XI.

Merrily, merrily goes the bark—
Before the gale she bounds;
So darts the dolphin from the shark,
Or the deer before the hounds.

They left Loch-Tua on their lee, And they waken'd the men of the wild Tiree,

And the Chief of the sandy Coll; They paused not at Columba's isle, Though peal'd the bells from the holy vile

With long and measured toll;
No time for matin or for mass,
And the sounds of the holy summons
pass

Away in the billows' roll.
Lochbuie's fierce and warlike Lord
Their signal saw, and grasp'd his sword,
And verdant llav call'd her host,
And the clans of Jura's rugged coast
Lord Ronald's call obey,

And Scarba's isle, whose tortured shore Still rings to Corrievreken's roar, And lonely Colonsay;

-Scenes sung by him who sings no more!

His bright and brief career is o'er,
And mute his tuneful strains;
Quench'd is his lamp of varied lore,
That loved the light of song to pour;
A distant and a deadly shore

Has LEYDEN'S cold remains!

XII.

Ever the breeze blows merrily, But the galley ploughs no more the sea. Lest, rounding wild Cantyre, they meet The southern foeman's watchful fleet.

They held unwonted way;— Up Tarbat's western lake they bore, Then dragg'd their bark the isthmus o'ei, As far as Kilmaconnel's shore,

Upon the eastern bay.

It was a wondrous sight to see
Topmast and pennon glitter free,
High raised above the greenwood tree,
As on dry land the galley moves,
By cliff and copse and alder groves.
Deep import from that selcouth sign,
Did many a mountain Seer divine,
For ancient legends told the Gael,
That when a royal bark should sail

O'er Kilmaconnel moss,
Old Albyn should in fight prevail,
And every foe should faint and quail
Before her silver Cross.

XIII.

Now launch'd once more, the inland at They furrow with fair augury,

And steer for Arran's isle; The sun, ere yet he sunk behind Ben-Ghoil," the Mountain of the Wind, Gave his grim peaks a greeting kind,

And bade Loch Ranza smile. Thither their destined course they des It seem'd the isle her monarch knes, So brilliant was the landward view,

The ocean so serene;
Each puny wave in diamonds rolld

O'er the calm deep, where hues of go With azure strove and green. The hill, the vale, the tree, the town. Glow'd with the tints of evening's hor

The beech was silver sheen.
The wind breathed soft as lover's signand, oft renew'd, seem'd oft to die.
With breathless plause between.
O who, with speech of war and wee
Would wish to break the soft repose
Of such enchanting scene!

XIV.

Is it of war Lord Ronald speaks? The blush that dyes his manly chek The timid look, and downcast eye. And faltering voice the theme den. And good King Robert's brow

press'd. He ponder'd o'er some high reque As doubtful to approve;

Yet in his eye and lip the while, Dwelt the half-pitying glance: smile,

Which manhood's graver mood guile,

When lovers talk of love. Anxious his suit Lord Ronald pled: —"And for my bride betrothed," said.

said,
"My Liege has heard the rumour spr
Of Edith from Artornish fled.
Too hard her fate—1 claim no right
To blame her for her hasty flight;
Be joy and happiness her lot!—
But she hath fled the bridal-knot,

And Lorn recall'd his promised plig In the assembled chieftains' sightfulfil our fathers' band, i all I could—my hand epulsed with scorn; our I should ill assert, ie the feelings of my heart, ld play a suitor's part to pleasure Lorn."—

ĸv.

rd," the Royal Bruce replied, tion must the Church decide; t hard, since rumours state Clifford for her mate, , which she hath broke, uld still be binding yoke. sister Isabelof woman who can tell? Champion of the Rock, n the tourney shock, unknown, to whom the prize -had favour in her eyes; ir brother Nigel's fate, nouse and hapless state, lly joy and hope estranged, hapless mourner changed. ' here smiled the noble King, may other musings bring. we know-yon mountains

onvent of Saint Bride; by Edward, she must stay, Il give more prosperous day; will I bear thy suit, ine advocate be mute."

y tałk'd in earnest mood, iless boy beside them stood. his head against the mast, sobs came thick and fast, t would not be repress'd, to burst his youthful breast. against his forehead held, 'ce his tears repell'd, i his fingers, long and slight, the drops of crystal bright. no walk'd the deck apart, this conflict of the heart. as brave, with bluntness kind o cheer the sorrower's mind; : slender hand he drew poor eyes that stream'd with As in his hold the stripling strove,—
('Twas a rough grasp, though meant in
love,)

Away his tears the warrior swept,
And bade shame on him that he wept.
"I would to heaven, thy helpless tongue
Could tell me who hath wrought thee

wrong!
For, were he of our crew the best,
The insult went not unredress'd.
Come, cheer thee; thou art now of age
To be a warrior's gallant page;
Thou shalt be mine!—a palfrey fair
O'er hill and holt my boy shall bear,
To hold my bow in hunting grove,
Or speed on errand to my love;
For well I wot thou wilt not tell
The temple where my wishes dwell."

XVII

Bruce interposed,—"Gay Edward, no, This is no youth to hold thy bow, To fill thy goblet, or to bear Thy message light to lighter fair. Thou art a patron all too wild And thoughtless, for this orphan child. See'st thou not how apart he steals, Keeps lonely couch, and lonely meals? Fitter by far in yon calm cell To tend our sister Isabel, With father Augustine to share The peaceful change of convent prayer, Than wander wild adventures through, With such a reckless guide as you."—"Thanks, brother!" Edward answer'd

"For the high laud thy words convey! But we may learn some future day, If thou or I can this poor boy Protect the best, or best employ. Meanwhile, our vessel nears the strand; Launch we the boat, and seek the land."

XVIII.

To land King Robert lightly sprung,
And thrice aloud his bugle rung
With note prolong'd and varied strain,
Till bold Ben-Ghoil replied again.
Good Douglas then, and De la Haye,
Had in a glen a hart at bay,
And Lennox cheer'd the laggard hounds,
When waked that horn the greenwood
bounds.

"It is the foe!" cried Boyd, who came In breathless haste with eye of flame,—
"It is the foe!—Each valiant lord Fling by his bow, and grasp his word!"—
"Not so," replied the good Lord James,
"That blast no English bugle claims.
Oft have I heard it fire the fight, Cheer the pursuit, or stop the flight. Dead were my heart, and deaf mine ear, If Bruce should call, nor Douglas hear! Each to Loch Ranza's margin spring; That blast was winded by the King!"

XIX.

Fast to their mates the tidings spread,
And fast to shore the warriors sped.
Bursting from glen and greenwood tree,
High waked their loyal jubilee!
Around the royal Bruce they crowd,
And clasp'd his hands, and wept aloud.
Veterans of early fields were there,
Whose helmets press'd their hoary hair,
Whose swords and axes bore a stain
From life-blood of the red-hair'd Dane;
And boys, whose hands scarce brook'd
to wield

The heavy sword or bossy shield.
Men too were there, that bore the scars
Impress'd in Albyn's woeful wars,
At Falkirk's fierce and fatal fight,
Teyndrum's dread rout, and Methyen's
flight;

The might of Douglas there was seen, There Lennox with his graceful mien; Kirkpatrick, Closeburn's dreaded Knight; The Lindsay, fiery, fierce, and light; The Heir of murder'd De la Haye, And Boyd the grave, and Seton gay. Around their King regain'd they press'd, Wept, shouted, clasp'd him to their breast, And young and old, and serf and lord, And he in many a peril tried, Alike resolved the brunt to bide, And live or die by Bruce's side!

XX.

Oh, War! thou hast thy fierce delight, Thy gleams of joy, intensely bright! Such gleams, as from thy polish'd shield Fly dazzling o'er the battle-field! Such transports wake, severe and high Amid the pealing conquest-cry; Scarce less, when, after battle lost, Muster the remnants of a host, And as each comrade's name they tell, Who in the well-fought conflict fell, Knitting stern brow o'er flashing eye, Vow to avenge them or to die:—Warriors!—and where are warrior.

found, If not on martial Britain's ground? And who, when waked with note of fire Love more than they the British lyre!-Know ye not, -hearts to honour dear! That joy, deep-thrilling, stern, sever, At which the heartstrings vibrate high, And wake the fountains of the eye! And blame ye, then, the Bruce, if trace Of tear is on his manly face, When, scanty relics of the train That hail'd at Scone his early reign, This patriot band around him hung. And to his knees and bosom clung! Blame ye the Bruce?—His brothe blamed,

But shared the weakness, while ashaned With haughty laugh his head he tum'd And dash'd away the tear he scorn'd.

XXI.

'Tis morning, and the Convent bell Long time had ceased its matin knell, Within thy walls, Saint Bride! An aged Sister sought the cell Assign'd to Lady Isabel, And hurriedly she cried,

And hurriedly she cried,
"Haste, gentle Lady, haste!—there wai
A noble stranger at the gates;
Saint Bride's poor vol'ress ne'er hasse
A Knight of such a princely mien;
His errand, as he bade me tell,
Is with the Lady Isabel."
The princess rose,—for on her knee
Low bent she told her rosary,—
"Let him by thee his purpose teach;
I may not give a stranger speech."—
"Saint Bride forcfend, thou royal Maid
The portress cross'd herself, and said,
"Not to be Prioress might I

Debate his will, his suit deny."—
"Has earthly show, then, simple foo
Power o'er a sister of thy rule?

u, like the worldly train,
y splendours light and

XXII.

! in old eyes like mine, no glitter, gems no shine; is rank attendants vain, il page is all his train. n, the eye, the word, of that stranger Lord; manly, bold, and tall, castle's battled wall, d in such just degrees, rength seems lightsome ease. tendrils of the vine pon his forehead twine, .ve where some touch of gray ne youthful hue away. d war their rougher trace 1 that majestic face;dignity of eye! suppliant, would I fly, I danger, wrongs, and grief, y, redress, relief-, if guilty, would I dread the doom that spoke me nough," the Princess cried, ind's hope, her joy, her pride! front was ne'er assign'd ry o'er the common mindy high designs to aid, O Heaven! how long dea, haste, to introduce brother, Royal Bruce!"

XXIII.

ke friends who part in pain, n doubtful hope again.

1bdued that fitful swell,

1survey'd the humble cell;—

1 thine, poor Isabel!—

1 couch, and naked wall,

1 fstate, and bed of pall;

2 obes and jewels rare,

3 beads and zone of hair;

1 trumpet's sprightly call

3 banquet, grove or hall,

7 rim voice divides thy care,

3 of penitence and prayer!—

O ill for thee, my royal claim From the First David's sainted name! O woe for thee, that while he sought His right, thy brother feebly fought!"—

XXIV.

"Now lay these vain regrets aside,
And be the unshaken Bruce!" she cried.
"For more I glory to have shared
The woes thy venturous spirit dared,
When raising first thy valiant band
In rescue of thy native land,
Than had fair Fortune set me down
The partner of an empire's crown.
And grieve not that on Pleasure's stream
No more I drive in giddy dream,
For Heaven the erring pilot knew,
And from the gulf the vessel drew,
Tried me with judgments stern and
great,

My house's ruin, thy defeat, Poor Nigel's death, till, tamed, I own, My hopes are fix'd on Heaven alone; Nor e'er shall earthly prospects win My heart to this vain world of sin."—

XXV.

"Nay, Isabel, for such stern choice, First wilt thou wait thy brother's voice; Then ponder if in convent scene No softer thoughts might intervene-Say they were of that unknown Knight, Victor in Woodstock's tourney-fight-Nay, if his name such blush you owe, Victorious o'er a fairer foe!" Truly his penetrating eye Hath caught that blush's passing dye, -Like the last beam of evening thrown On a white cloud, - just seen and gone. Soon with calm cheek and steady eye, The Princess made composed reply:— "I guess my brother's meaning well; For not so silent is the cell, But we have heard the islesmen all Arm in thy cause at Ronald's call, And mine eye proves that Knight un-

And the brave Island Lord are one.—
Had then his suit been earlier made,
In his own name, with thee to aid,
(But that his plighted faith forbade,)
I know not... But thy page so near?—
This is no tale for menial's eax."

VVVI

Still stood that page, as far apart
As the small cell would space afford;
With dizzy eye and bursting heart,

He leant his weight on Bruce's sword, The monarch's mantle too he bore, And drew the fold his visage o'er. "Fear not for him-in murderous strife," Said Bruce, "his warning saved my life; Full seldom parts he from my side, And in his silence I confide, Since he can tell no tale again, He is a boy of gentle strain, And I have purposed he shall dwell In Augustine the chaplain's cell, And wait on thee, my Isabel. Mind not his tears; I've seen them flow, As in the thaw dissolves the snow. Tis a kind youth, but fanciful, Unfit against the ti-le to pull, And those that with the Bruce would sail, Must learn to strive with stream and gale. But forward, gentle Isabel -My answer for Lord Ronald tell."-

XXVII.

"This answer be to Ronald given—
The heart he asks is fix'd on heaven.
My love was like a summer flower,
That wither'd in the wintry hour,
Born but of vanity and pride,
And with these sunny visions died.
If further press his suit—then say,
He should his plighted troth obey,
Troth plighted both with ring and word,
And sworn on crucifix and sword.—
Oh, shame thee, Robert! I have seen
Thou hast a woman's guardian been!
Even in extremity's dread hour,
When press'd on thee the Southern
power,

And safety, to all human sight, Was only found in rapid flight, Thou heard it a wretched female plain In agony of travail-pain, And thou didst bid thy little band Upon the instant turn and stand, And dare the worst the foe might do, Rather than, like a knight untrue, Leave to pursuers merciless A woman in her last distress.—

And wilt thou now deny thine aid To an oppress'd and injured maid, Even plead for Ronald's perfidy, And press his fickle faith on me?—So witness Heaven, as true I vow, Ilad I those earthly feelings now, Which could my former bosom move Ere taught to set its hopes above, I'd spurn each proffer he could bring. Till at my feet he laid the ring, Till at my feet he laid the ring, And fair acquittal of his oath, By her who brooks his perjured scon The ill-requited Maid of Lorn!"

XXVIII.

With sudden impulse forward sprung The page, and on her neck he hung. Then, recollected instantly, His head he stoop'd, and bent his kn Kiss'd twice the hand of Isabel, Arose, and sudden left the cell.— The Princess, loosen'd from his hold Blush'd angry at his bearing bold;

But good King Robert cried,
"Chafe not—by signs he speaks
mind,

He heard the plan my care design'd, Nor could his transports hide. -But, sister, now bethink thee well: No easy choice the convent cell; Trust, I shall play no tyrant part, Either to force thy hand or heart, Or suffer that Lord Ronald scorn, Or wrong for thee, the Maid of Lor But think,—not long the time has be That thou wert wont to sigh unseen. And would'st the ditties best approve That told some lay of hapless love. Now are thy wishes in thy power, And thou art bent on cloister bower O! if our Edward knew the change, How would his busy satire range, With many a sarcasm varied still On woman's wish, and woman's will!

"Brother, I well believe," she said,
"Even so would Edward's part be play
Kindly in heart, in word severe,
A foe to thought, and grief, and fear
He holds his humour uncontroll'd;
But thou art of another montd.

to Ronald, as I say, refore my feet he lay g which bound the faith he wore, a freely yielded o'er, so his suit to me no more. I promise, even if now a bsolved of spousal vow, rould change my purpose made, er me in holy shade.—

for little space, farewell!

XXX.

the world," King Robert said, had left the royal maid, the world by lot severe, a gem lies buried here, misfortune's cruel frost, s of fair affection lost!—thave I with love to do? her cares my lot pursue.

-Pent in this isle we may not lie, Nor would it long our wants supply. Right opposite, the mainland towers Of my own Turnberry court our powers--Might not my father's beadsman hoar, Cuthbert, who dwells upon the shore, Kindle a signal-flame, to show The time propitious for the blow? It shall be so—some friend shall bear Our mandate with despatch and care: -Edward shall find the messenger. That fortress ours, the island fleet May on the coast of Carrick meet.-O Scotland! shall it e'er be mine To wreak thy wrongs in battle-line, To raise my victor-head, and see Thy hills, thy dales, thy people free, -That glance of bliss is all I crave, Betwixt my labours and my grave!" Then down the hill he slowly went, Oft pausing on the steep descent, And reach'd the spot where his bold train Held rustic camp upon the plain.

CANTO FIFTH.

I.

ON fair Loch-Ranza stream'd the early day,
Thin wreaths of cottage-smoke are upward curl'd
From the lone hamlet, which her inland bay
And circling mountains sever from the world.
And there the fisherman his sail unfurl'd,
The goat-herd drove his kids to steep Ben-Ghoil,
Before the hut the dame her spindle twirl'd,
Courting the sunbeam as she plied her toil,—
For, wake where'er he may, Man wakes to care and coil,

But other duties call'd each convent maid, Roused by the summons of the moss-grown bell; Sung were the matins, and the mass was said, And every sister sought her separate cell, Such was the rule, her rosary to tell. And Isabel has knelt in lonely prayer; The sunbeam, through the narrow lattice, fell Upon the snowy neck and long dark hair, As stop'd her gentle head in meek devotion there.

ıτ

She raised her eyes, that duty done, When glanced upon the pavement-stone, Gemm'd and enchased, a golden ring, Bound to a scroll with silken string, With few brief words inscribed to tell, "This for the Lady Isabel." Within, the writing farther bore, -"'Twas with this ring his plight he swore, With this his promise I restore; To her who can the heart command, Well may I yield the plighted hand. And O! for better fortune born, Grudge not a passing sigh to mourn Her who was Edith once of Lorn!" One single flash of glad surprise Just glanced from Isabel's dark eyes, But vanish'd in the blush of shame, That, as its penance, instant came. "O thought unworthy of my race! Selfish, ungenerous, mean, and base, A moment's throb of joy to own, That rose upon her hopes o'erthrown !-Thou pledge of vows too well believed, Of man ingrate and maid deceived, Think not thy lustre here shall gain Another heart to hope in vain ! For thou shalt rest, thou tempting gaud, Where worldly thoughts are overawed, And worldly splendours sink debased," Then by the cross the ring she placed.

III.

Next rose the thought,—its owner far, How came it here through bolt and bar?— But the dim lattice is ajar.— She looks abroad,—the morning dew A light short step had brush'd anew,

And there were footprints seen On the carved buttress rising still, Till on the mossy window-sill

Their track effaced the green.
The ivy twigs were torn and fray'd,
As if some climber's steps to aid. –
But who the hardy messenger,
Whose venturous path these signs
infer?—

Strange doubts are mine!—Mona, draw

-Nought 'scapes old Mona's curious eye-

What strangers, gentle mother, say, Have sought these holy walls to-day?"
"None, Lady, none of note or name; Only your brother's foot-page came, At peep of dawn—I pray'd him pass To chapel where they said the mass; But like an arrow he shot by, And tears seem'd bursting from his eye."

The truth at once on Isabel. As darted by a sunbeam fell: "'Tis Edith's self!—her speechless we Her form, her looks, the secret show! -Instant, good Mona, to the bay, And to my royal brother say I do conjure him seek my cell, With that mute page he loves so well "-"What! know'st thou not his warlike too At break of day has left our coast! My old eyes saw them from the tower. At eve they couch'd in green wood bower At dawn a bugle signal, made By their bold Lord, their ranks array'd Up sprung the spears through bush and tree

No time for benedicite!
Like deer, that, rousing from their lair.
Just shake the dewdrops from their hair.
And toss their armed crests aloft,
Such matins theirs!"—" Good mother.
soft—

Where does my brother bend his way?"—
"As I have heard, for Brodick-Bay,
Across the isle—of barks a score
Lie there, 'tis said, to waft them o'et,
On sudden news, to Carrick-shore."—
"If such their purpose, deep the need,'
Said anxious Isabel, "of speed!
Call Father Augustine, good dame."—
The nun obey'd, the Father came.

"Kind Father, hie without delay,
Across the hills to Brodick-Bay.
This message to the Bruce be given:
I pray him, by his hopes of Heaven,
That, till he speak with me, he stay!
Or, if his haste brook no delay,
That he deliver, on my suit,
Into thy charge that stripling mute.
Thus prays his sister Isabel,
For causes more than she may tell—

d Father! and take heed, nd death are on thy speed." he good old priest did on, iked staff and sandall'd shoon, a palmer bent by eld, and moor his journey held.

VI.

dull the foot of age, d was the pilgrimage; vas there beside, whose care 1 important message bear. rchen copse he wander'd slow, d sapless, thin and low; mountain stream he pass'd. all cliffs in tumult cast. foam their waters dun, ling in the summer sun. grey head the wild curlew fearless circle flew. is he pass'd, where fractures ry eye and ample stride; his brow beside the stone. 1ids erst heard victims groan, cairns upon the wild, a heathen hero piled, ed a timid prayer for those ere Shiloh's sun arose. cfarlane's Cross he staid, his hours within the shade, stream his thirst allay'd. ward journeying slowly still, closed he reach'd the hill, ing through the woodland k's gothic towers were seen, tings, late their English lord, id won them by the sword. at sunk behind the isle,

VII.

the beams of light decay, le all in Brodick Bay. s followers crowd the shore, and barges some unmoor, the sail, some seize the oar; oft turn'd where glimmer'd far it have seem'd an early star s blue arch, save that its light flickering, fierce, and bright.

d them with a parting smile.

Far distant in the south, the ray Shone pale and retiring day, But as Carrick shore, Dim see n outline faintly blue, The shades of evening closer drew, It kindled more and more. The monk's slow steps now press the sands, And now amid a scene he stands, Full strange to churchman's eye; Warriors, who, arming for the fight, Rivet and clasp their harness light, And twinkling spears, and axes bright, And helmets flashing high. Oft, too, with unaccustom'd ears, A language much unmeet he hears, While, hastening all on board, As stormy as the swelling surge That mix'd its roar, the leaders urge Their followers to the ocean verge, With many a haughty word.

VIII.

Through that wild throng the Father pass'd, And reach'd the Royal Bruce at last. He leant against a stranded boat, That the approaching tide must float, And counted every rippling wave, As higher yet her sides they lave, And oft the distant fire he eyed, And closer yet his hauberk tied, And loosen'd in his sheath his brand. Edward and Lennox were at hand, Douglas and Ronald had the care The soldiers to the barks to share. The Monk approach'd and homage paid; "And art thou come," King Robert said, "So far to bless us ere we part?"--" My Liege, and with a loyal heart!-But other charge I have to tell,"-And spoke the hest of Isabel. -"Now by Saint Giles," the Monarch cried, "This moves me much !- this morning tide, I sent the stripling to Saint Bride, With my commandment there to bide." -"Thither he came the portress show'd, But there, my Liege, made brief abode."-

W

"'Twas I," said Edward, "found employ Of nobler import for the bo Deep pondering in my anxious mind, A fitting messenger to find, To bear thy written mandate o'er To Cuthbert on the Carrick shore, I chanced, at early dawn, to pass The chapel gate to snatch a mass. I found the stripling on a tomb Low-seated, weeping for the doom That gave his youth to convent gloom, I told my purpose, and his eyes Flash'd joyful at the glad surprise. He bounded to the skiff, the sail Was spread before a prosperous gale, And well my charge he hath obeyed; For, see! the ruddy signal made, That Clifford, with his merry-men all, Guards carelessly our father's hall."-

X.

"O wild of thought, and hard of heart !" Answer'd the Monarch, "on a part Of such deep danger to employ A mute, an orphan, and a boy! Unfit for flight, unfit for strife, Without a tongue to plead for life! Now, were my right restored by Heaven, Edward, my crown I would have given, Ere, thrust on such adventure wild, I perill'd thus the helpless child."-Offended half, and half submiss,-"Brother and Liege, of blame like this," Edward replied, "I little dream'd. A stranger messenger, I deem'd, Might safest seek the beadsman's cell, Where all thy squires are known so well. Noteless his presence, sharp his sense, His imperfection his defence. If seen, none can his errand guess; If ta'en, his words no tale express-Methinks, too, yonder beacon's shine Might expiategreater fault than mine."-"Rash," said King Robert, "was the

deed—
But it is done. Embark with speed!—
Good Father, say to Isabel
How this unhappy chance befell;
If well we thrive on yonder shore,
Soon shall my care her page restore.

Our greeting to our sister bear, And think of us in mass and prayer,

XL

"Aye!"—said the Priest, "while is poor hand
Can chalice raise or cross command, While my old voice has accents' use, Can Angustine forget the Bruce!"
Then to his side Lord Ronald press'd And whisper'd, "Bear thou this reque That when by Bruce's side I fight, For Scotland's crown and Freedom right."

Tight,
The princess grace her knight to her
Some token of her favouring care;
It shall be shown where England to
May shrink to see it on my crest.
And for the boy—since weightier car
For Royal Bruce the times prepare,
The helpless youth is Romald's chare
His couch my plaid, his femce my tare
He ceased; for many an eager hand
Had urged the barges from the stranTheir number was a score and ten,
They bore thrice threescore chosen in
With such small force did Bruce at a
The die for death or empire cast!

XII.

Now on the darkening main afloat, Ready and mann'd rocks every beat Beneath their oars the ocean's might Wasdash'd to sparks of glimmering in Faint and more faint, as off they boo Their armour glanced against the sh And, mingled with the dashing tide. Their murmuring voices distant dist "God speed them!" said the Priest dark

On distant billows glides each bark "O Heaven! when swords for freeshine,

And monarch's right, the cause is thin Edge doubly every patriot blow! Beat down the banners of the foe! And be it to the nations known, That Victory is from God alone!" As up the hill his path he drew, He turn'd, his blessings to renew, Oft turn'd, till on the darken'd coast All traces of their course were lost;

rly bent to Brodick tower, for the evening hour.

XIII.

he fairy prospects sink, imray's isles with verdant link fair entrance of the Clyde; Is of Bute, no more descried, -and on the placid sea rs ply their task with glee, ands that knightly lances bore aid the labouring oar. aced moon shone dim and pale, ced against the whiten'd sail; at ruddy beacon-light rsman kept the helm aright, for such the King's command, it once might reach the strand, t to boat loud shout and hail nem to crowd or slacken sail. I by west the armada bore, at length the Carrick shore. id less the distance grows, more high the beacon rose; that seem'd a twinkling star, ed portentous, fierce, and far. the heaven above it glow'd, the sea beneath it flow'd, the rocks on ocean's brim, red light her islets swim; am the dazzled sea-fowl gave, from their crags on plashing to distant covert drew, -cock deem'd it day, and crew. a tall castle given to flame, the land the lustre came. od my Liege, and brother sage, ik ye of mine elfin page?"-!" the noble King replied, arn the truth whate'er betide; he beadsman and the child 'er have waked that beacon d."

XIV.

the boats approach'd the land, ard's grounded on the sand; Knight leap'd in the sea p and first on shore was he, very barge's hardy band 1 which should gain the land,

When that strange light, which, seen afar, Seem'd steady as the polar star, Now, like a prophet's fiery chair, Seem'd travelling the realms of air. Wide o'er the sky the splendour glows, As that portentous meteor rose; Helm, axe, and falchion glitter'd bright, And in the red and dusky light His comrade's face each warrior saw. Nor marvell'd it was pale with awe. Then high in air the beams were lost. And darkness sunk upon the coast. -Ronald to Heaven a prayer address'd, And Douglas cross'd his dauntless breast; "Saint James protect us!" Lennox cried, But reckless Edward spoke aside, "Deem'st thou, Kirkpatrick, in that

Red Comyn's angry spirit came,
Or would thy dauntless heart endure
Once more to make assurance sure?"—
"Hush!" said the Bruce; "we soon
shall know,

If this be sorcerer's empty show, Or stratagem of southern foe. The moon shines out—upon the sand Let every leader rank his band."

xv.

Faintly the moon's pale beams supply
That ruddy light's unnatural dye;
The dubious cold reflection lay
On the wet sands and quiet bay.
Beneath the rocks King Robert drew
His scatter'd files to order due,
Till shield compact and serried spear
In the cool light shone blue and clear.
Then down a path that sought the tide,
That speechless page was seen to glide;
He knelt him lowly on the sand,
And gave a scroll to Robert's hand.
"A torch," the Monarch cried, "What,
ho!

Now shall we Cuthbert's tidings know."
But evil news the letters bare,
The Clifford's force was strong and ware,
Augmented, too, that very morn,
By mountaineers who came with Lorn.
Long harrow'd by oppressor's hand,
Courage and faith had fled the land,
And over Carrick, dark and deep,
Had sunk dejection's iron sleep.—

Cuthbert had seen that beacon flame, Unwitting from what source it came. Doubtful of perilous event, Edward's mute messenger he sent, If Bruce deceived should venture o'er, To warn him from the fatal shore.

XVL

As round the torch the leaders crowd, Bruce read these chilling news aloud. "What council, nobles, have we now?—To ambush us in greenwood bough, And take the chance which fate maysend To bring our enterprise to end? Or shall we turn us to the main As exiles, and embark again?"—Answer'd fierce Edward, "Hap what

may; In Carrick, Carrick's Lord must stay. I would not minstrels told the tale, Wildfire or meteor made us quail. Answer'd the Douglas-"If my Liege May win yon walls by storm or siege, Then were each brave and patriot heart Kindled of new for loyal part."-Answer'd Lord Ronald, "Not for shame Would I that aged Torquil came, And found, for all our empty boast, Without a blow we fled the coast. I will not credit that this land, So famed for warlike heart and hand, The nurse of Wallace and of Bruce, Will long with tyrants hold a truce." "Prove we our fate-the brunt we'll bide!"

So Boyd and Haye and Lennox cried; So said, so vow'd, the leaders all; So Bruce resolved: "And in my hall Since the Bold Southern make their home,

The hour of payment soon shall come, When with a rough and rugged host Clifford may reckon to his cost. Meantime, through well-known bosk and dell,

I'll lead where we may shelter well."

XVII.

Nowask you whence that wondrous light, Whose fairy glow beguil'd their sight?— It ne'er was known—yet grey-hair'd eld A superstitious credence held, That never did a mortal hand Wake its broad glare on Carrick strail, Nay, and that on the self-same orgit When Bruce cross'd o'er, stall glama for light.

Yearly it gleams o'er mount and mos. And glittering wave and crimen's

But whether beam celestial, lent
By Heaven to aid the King's descent,
Or fire hell-kindled from beneath,
To lure him to defeat and death,
Or were it but some meteor strange,
Of such as oft through midnight range.
Startling the traveller late and lone,
I know not—and it ne'er was known.

XVIII.

Now up the rocky pass they drew, And Ronald, to his promise true, Still made his arm the stripling's stay, To aid him on the rugged way.

"Now cheer thee, simple Amadine! Why throbs that silly heart of thine!"—That name the pirates to their save (In Gaelic 'tis the Changeling) gave—"Dost thou not rest thee on my arm! Do not my plaid-folds hold thee warm Hath not the wild bull's treble hid. This targe for thee and me supplied! Is not Clan-Colla's sword of steel? And, trembler, canst thou terror feel! Cheer thee, and still that throbbing heast From Ronald's guard thou shalt no part."

 --O! many a shaft, at random sent, Finds mark the archer little meant! And many a word, at random spoken May soothe or wound a heart that broken!

Half sooth'd, half grieved, half terrifectore drew the page to Ronald's side A wild delirious thrill of joy Was in that hour of agony, As up the steepy pass he strove, Fear, toil, and sorrow, lost in love!

XIX.

The barrier of that iron shore, The rock's steep ledge, is now climb

And from the castle's distant wall, From tower to tower the warders call

swings over land and sea, a watchful enemy .-I the Chase, a wide domain castle's silvan reign, e scene—the axe, the plough, lull fence, have marr'd it now,) oft swept in velvet green vith many a glade between, rled alleys far invade of the brown forest shade. Il fern obscured the lawn. for the sportive fawn; d close with copsewood green, a swelling hillock seen; und was verdure meet e of the fairies' feet. holly loved the park, ee lent its shadow dark. an old oak, worn and bare, shiver'd boughs, was there. veen, the moonbeams fell id hillock, glade and dell. Monarch sigh'd to see s so loved in childhood free, that, as outlaw now, beneath the forest bough.

xx.

e moonlight Chase they sped. he band that measured tread. etreat or in advance. warriors move at once; ere the luck, if dawn em on the open lawn. traverse, brooks they cross, ne bank and o'er the moss. xhausted page's brow of toil are streaming now; faint and lengthen'd pause, step the stripling draws. p not yet!" the warrior said; me give thee ease and aid! mine arms, and little care slight as thine to bear.thou not?-capricious boy!own limbs and strength em-

is night, and pass thy care, ee with a lady fair, I shalt tune thy lute to tell Id loves fair Isabel!" Worn out, dishearten'd, and dismay'd, Here Amadine let go the plaid; His trembling limbs their aid refuse, He sunk among the midnight dews!

TYY

What may be done?—the night is gone-The Bruce's band moves swiftly on-Eternal shame, if at the brunt Lord Ronald grace not battle's front !-"See yonder oak, within whose trunk Decay a darken'd cell hath sunk; Enter, and rest thee there a space, Wrap in my plaid thy limbs, thy face. I will not be, believe me, far; But must not quit the ranks of war. Well will I mark the bosky bourne, And soon, to guard thee hence, return. Nay, weep not so, thou simple boy! But sleep in peace, and wake in joy." In silvan lodging close bestow'd, He placed the page, and onward strode With strength put forth, o'er moss and brook.

And soon the marching band o'ertook.

XXIL

Thus strangely left, long sobb'd and wept The page, till, wearied out, he slept— A rough voice waked his dream—"Nay, here,

Here by this thicket, pass'd the deer—
Beneath that oak old Ryno staid—
What have we here?—A Scottish plaid,
And in its folds a stripling laid?—
Come forth! thy name and business tell!
What, silent?—then I guess thee well,
The spy that sought old Cuthbert's cell,
Wafted from Arran yester morn—
Come, comrades, we will straight return.
Our Lord may choose the rack should
teach

To this young lurcher use of speech. Thy bow-string, till I bind him fast."—
"Nay, but he weeps and stands aghast;
Unbound we'll lead him, fear it not;
'Tis a fair stripling, though a Scot."
The hunters to the castle sped,
And there the hapless captive led.

YYIII.

Stout Clifford in the castle-court Prepared him for the morning sport; And now with Lorn held deep discourse, Now gave command for hound and horse. War-steeds and palfreys paw'd the ground,

ground,
And many a deer-dog howl'd around.
To Amadine, Lorn's well-known word
Replying to that Southern Lord,
Mix'd with this clanging din, might seem
The phantasm of a fever'd dream.
The tone upon his ringing ears
Came like the sounds which fancy hears,
When in rude waves or roaring winds
Some words of woe the muser finds,
Until more loudly and more near,
Their speech arrests the page's ear.

XXIV.

"And was she thus," said Clifford, "lost?
The priest should rue it to his cost!
What says the monk?"—"The holy Sire
Owns, that in masquer's quaint attire,
She sought his skiff, disguised, unknown
To all except to him alone.
But, says the priest, a bark from Lorn
Laid them aboard that very morn,
And pirates seized her for their prey.
He proffer'd ransom gold to pay,
And they agreed—but ere told o'er,
The winds blow loud, the billows roar;
They sever'd, and they met no more.
He deems—such tempests vex'd the
coast—

Ship, crew, and fugitive, were lost. So let it be, with the disgrace And secondal of her lofty race! Thrice better she had ne'er been born, Than brought her infamy on Lorn!"

XXV.

Lord Clifford now the captive spied:—
"Whom, Herbert, hast thou there?"
he cried.

"A spy we seized within the Chase, A hollow oak his lurking place."— "What tidings can the youth afford?"— "He plays the mute."—"Then noose a cord—

Unless brave Lorn reverse the doom For his plaid's sake."—"Clan-Colla's loom,"

Said Lorn, whose careless glances trace Rather the yesture than the face,

"Clan-Colla's dames such tartans twine Wearer nor plaid claims care of mine. Give him, if my advice you crave, His own scathed oak; and let him was In air, unless, by terror wrung, A frank confession find his tongue.—Nor shall he die without his rite; —Thou, Angus Roy, attend the sight. And give Clan-Colla's dirge thy breat As they convey him to his death."—"O brother! cruel to the last!"

Through the poor captive's bosom pass The thought, but, to his purpose true, He said not, though he sight d, "Adies!

XXVL

And will he keep his purpose still, In sight of that last closing ill, When one poor breath, one single wo May freedom, safety, life, afford? Can he resist the instinctive call, For life that bids us barter all?-Love, strong as death, his heart his steel'd, His nerves hath strung—he will not yiel Since that poor breath, that little wo May yield Lord Ronald to the sword Clan-Colla's dirge is pealing wide, The gricsly headsman's by his side; Along the greenwood Chase they be And now their march has ghastly et That old and shatter'd oak beneath, They destine for the place of death. —What thoughts are his, while all in v His eye for aid explores the plain? What thoughts, while, with a dizzy e He hears the death-prayer mutter'dne And must he die such death accurst, Or will that bosom-secret burst? Cold on his brow breaks terror's des His trembling lips are livid blue; The agony of parting life Has nought to match that momen strife!

XXVII.

But other witnesses are nigh, Who mock at fear, and death defy! Soon as the dire lament was play d, It waked the lurking ambuscade. The Island Lord look d forth, and sp The cause, and loud in fury cried,— en, they lead the page to die, me in his agony ! abye it!"-On his arm strong grasp, "They shall f the stripling's hair; ive the word, forbear. lead fifty of our force hollow water-course, thee midway on the wold, e flyers and their hold: ove the copse display'd, f the ambush made, with forty spearmen, straight nder copse approach the gate, thou hear'st the battle-din, rd, and the passage win, drawbridge-storm the port, nd guard the castle-court. ove slowly forth with me, f the forest-tree, is at his post I see."

XXVIII.

orse eager to rush on, to wait the signal blown, irce hid, by greenwood bough, with rage, stands Ronald now, grasp his sword gleams blue, dyed with deadlier hue. the Bruce, with steady eye, rk death-train moving by, il measures oft the space as and his band must trace. 1 reach their destined ground. the dirge's wailing sound, r round the direful tree and solemn company, an mistuned and mutter'd for his fate prepare. -

for his fate prepare.—
es o'er the greenwood shade?
hat marks the ambuscade!—
le Chief! I leave thee loose;
, Ronald!" said the Bruce.

ce! the Bruce!" to wellwn cry rocks and woods reply. ce! the Bruce!" in that d word of hundred deaths was heard. The astonish'd Southern gazed at first, Where the wild tempest was to burst, That waked in that presaging name. Before, behind, around it came! Half-arm'd, surprised, on every side Hemm'd in, hew'd down, they bled and died.

Deep in the ring the Bruce engaged, And fierce Clan-Colla's broadsword raged!

Full soon the few who fought were sped, Nor better was their lot who fled, And met, 'mid terror's wild career, The Douglas's redoubted spear! Two hundred yeomen on that morn The castle left, and none return.

XXX.

Not on their flight press'd Ronald's brand, A gentler duty claim'd his hand. He raised the page, where on the plain His fear had sunk him with the slain: And twice, that morn, surprise well near Betray'd the secret kept by fear; Once, when, with life returning, came To the boy's lip Lord Ronald's name, And hardly recollection drown'd The accents in a murmuring sound; And once, when scarce he could resist The Chieftain's care to loose the vest, Drawn tightly o'er his labouring breast. But then the Bruce's bugle blew, For martial work was yet to do.

XXXI.

A harder task fierce Edward waits. Ere signal given, the castle gates
His fury had assail'd;
Such was his wonted reckless mood,
Yet desperate valour oft made good,
Even by its daring, venture rude,

Where prudence might have fail'd.
Upon the bridge his strength he threw,
And struck the iron chain in two,
By which its planks arose;
The warder next his axe's edge
Struck down upon the threshold ledge,

'Twixt door and post a ghastly wedge!

The gate they may not close.

Well fought the Southern in the fray,

Clifford and Lorn fought well that day,

But stubborn Edward forced his way Against a hundred foes. Loud came the cry, "The Bruce! the Bruce!"

No hope or in defence or truce,—
Fresh combatants pour in;
Mad with success, and drunk with gore,

They drive the struggling foe before,
And ward on ward they win.
Unsparing was the vengeful sword,
And limbs were lopp'd, and life-blood

pourd,

The cry of death and conflict roar'd,
And fearful was the din!
The startling horses plunged and flung,
Clamour'd the dogs till turrets rung,
Nor sunk the fearful cry,
Till not a foeman was there found

Alive, save those who on the ground Groan'd in their agony!

XXXII.

The valiant Clifford is no more;
On Ronald's broadsword stream'd his gore.

But better hap had he of Lorn, Who, by the foeman backward borne, Yet gain'd with slender train the port, Where lay his bark beneath the fort,

And cut the cable loose. Short were his shrift in that debate, That hour of fury and of fate,

If Lorn encounter'd Bruce! Then long and loud the victor shout From turret and from tower rung out,

The rugged vaults replied;
And from the donjon tower on high,
The men of Carrick may descry
Saint Andrew's cross, in blazonry
Of silver, waving wide!

XXXIII.

The Bruce hath won his father's hall!

—" Welcome, brave friends and comrades all,

Welcome to mirth and joy!
The first, the last, is welcome here,
From lord and chieftain, prince and peer,
To this poor speechless boy.

Great God! once more my sire's about Is mine—behold the floor I trode

In tottering infancy!
And there the vaulted arch, whose some
Echoed my joyous shout and bound
In boyhood, and that rung around

To youth's unthinking glee!
O first, to thee, all-gracious Heaven,
Then to my friends, my thanks b
given!"—

He paused a space, his brow he cross'd-Then on the board his sword he toss'd Yet steaming hot; with Southern gow From hilt to point 'twas crimson'd o'n

XXXIV.

"Bring here," he said, "the mazers four, My noble fathers loved of yore. Thrice let them circle round the board The pledge, fair Scotland's rights re stored!

And he whose lip shall touch the wince Without a vow as true as mine, To hold both lands and life at nought, Until her freedom shall be bought,—Be brand of a disloyal Scot, And lasting infamy his lot! Sit, gentle friends! our hour of glee

Sit, gentle friends: our flour of gree
Is brief, we'll spend it joyously!
Blithest of all the sun's bright beams.
When betwixt storm and storm h
gleams.

Well is our country's work begun,
But more, far more, must yet be done.
Speed messengers the country through
Arouse old friends, and gather new;
Warn Lanark's knightsto gird their mail
Rouse the brave sons of Teviotdale,
Let Ettrick's archers sharp their darts,
The fairest forms, the truest hearts!
Call all, call all! from Reedswair-Path
To the wild confines of Cape-Wrath;
Wide let the news through Scotland

ring,—
The Northern Eagle claps his wing!"

 These masers were large drinking-cups or goblets.

CANTO SIXTH.

T.

O who, that shared them, ever shall forget
The emotions of the spirit-rousing time,
When breathless in the mart the couriers met,
Early and late, at evening and at prime;
When the loud cannon and the merry chime
Hail'd news on news, as field on field was won,
When Hope, long doubtful, soar'd at length sublime,
And our glad eyes, awake as day begun,
Watch'd Joy's broad banner rise, to meet the rising sun!

O these were hours, when thrilling joy repaid A long, long course of darkness, doubts, and fears! The heart-sick faintness of the hope delay'd, The waste, the woe, the bloodshed, and the tears, That track'd with terror twenty rolling years, All was forgot in that blithe jubilee! Her downcast eye even pale Affliction rears, To sigh a thankful prayer, amid the glee, That hail'd the Despot's fall, and peace and liberty!

Such news o'er Scotland's hills triumphant rode, When 'gainst the invaders turn'd the battle's scale, When Bruce's banner had victorious flow'd O'er Loudoun's mountain, and in Ury's vale; When English blood oft deluged Douglas-dale, And fiery Edward routed stout St John, When Randolph's war-cry swell'd the southern gale, And many a fortress, town, and tower, was won, And fame still sounded forth fresh deeds of glory done.

II.

tidings flew from baron's tower. isant's cot, to forest-bower, raked the solitary cell, : lone Saint Bride's recluses dwell. ss no more, fair Isabel, vot'ress of the order now, id the rule that bid thee wear eil and woollen scapulare, eft thy locks of dark-brown hair, hat stern and rigid vow, condemn the transport high, glisten'd in thy watery eye, minstrel or when palmer told resh exploit of Bruce the bold ?hose the lovely form, that share: ixious hopes, thy fears, thy prayers? No sister she of convent shade; So say these locks in lengthen'd braid, So say the blushes and the sighs, The tremors that unbidden rise, When, mingled with the Bruce's fame, The brave Lord Ronald's praises came.

III.

Believe, his father's castle won,
And his bold enterprise begun,
That Bruce's earliest cares restore
The speechless page to Arran's shore:
Nor think that long the quaint disguise
Conceal'd her from a sister's eyes;
And sister-like in love they dwell
In that lone convent's silent cell.
There Bruce's slow assent allows
Fair Isabel the veil and vows;

And there, her sex's dress regain'd, The lovely Maid of Lorn remain'd, Unnamed, unknown, while Scotland far Resounded with the din of war; And many a month, and many a day, In calm seclusion wore away.

IV.

These days, these months, to years had worn.

When tidings of high weight were borne To that lone island's shore; Of all the Scottish conquests made

By the First Edward's ruthless blade, His son retain'd no more, Northward of Tweed, but Stirling's

towers,

Beleaguer'd by King Robert's powers; And they took term of truce, If England's King should not relieve The siege ere John the Baptist's eve,

To yield them to the Bruce. England was roused—on every side Courier and post and herald hied,

To summon prince and peer, At Berwick-bounds to meet their Liege, Prepared to raise fair Stirling's siege,

With buckler, brand, and spear.
The term was nigh—they muster'd fast,
By beacon and by bugle-blast
Forth marshall'd for the field;

Forth marshall'd for the field; There rode each knight of noble name, There England's hardy archers came, The land they trode seem'd all on flame,

With banner, blade, and shield! And not famed England's powers alone, Renown'd in arms, the summons own;

For Neustria's knights obey'd, Gascogne hath lent her horsemen good, And Cambria, but of late subdued, Sent forth her mountain-multitude, And Connoght pour'd from waste and

Her hundred tribes, whose sceptre rude Dark Eth O'Connor sway'd.

V.

Right to devoted Caledon
The storm of war rolls slowly on,
With menace deep and dread;
So the dark clouds, with gathering power,

Suspend a while the threaten'd she Till every peak and summit lower

Round the pale pilgrim's hear Not with such pilgrim's startled er King Robert mark'd the tempest of Resolved the brunt to bide,

Resolved the brunt to bide, His royal summons warn'd the land That all who own'd their King's o mand

Should instant take the spear and be

To combat at his side.

O who may tell the sons of fame,
That at King Robert's bidding cam

To battle for the right!
From Cheviot to the shores of Ros
From Solway-Sands to Marshall-M

All boun'd them for the fight.
Such news the royal courier tells,
Who came to rouse dark Arran's a
But farther tidings must the ear
Of Isabel in secret hear.

These in her cloister walk, next mo Thus shared she with the Maid of Lon

VI.

"My Edith, can I tell how dear Our intercourse of hearts shicere

Hath been to Isabel?— Judge then the sorrow of my least. When I must say the words, We p

The cheerless convent-cell Was not, sweet maiden, made for Go thou where thy vocation free

On happier fortunes fell. Nor, Edith, judge thyself betray the Though Robert knows that Loral

Maid
And his poor silent Page were see.
Versed in the fickle heart of man.
Earnest and anxious hath he look
How Ronald's heart the message had the property of the charge of Sister Isabel,
To think upon thy better right,
And keep the faith his promise place.
Forgive him for thy sister's sake,
At first if vain repinings wake.

Long since that mood is gone: Now dwells he on thy juster claims. And oft his breach of faith he blam

Forgive him for thine own!"-

VII.

er to Lord Ronald's bower n as paramour "——

1 thee, too impatient maid, nal tale be said!—

King Robert would engage more his elfin page,
heart, and her own eye, penitence to try—
royal charge, and free,
h thy final purpose be,
hown to seek the cell,
id die with Isabel."

2 the maid—King Robert's

some glance of policy; ge had the Monarch ta'en, had own'd King Robert's 1; r had to England fled, in banishment was dead; ough exile, death, and flight, and land was Edith's right o'er tower and land n Ronald's faithful hand.

VIII.

d eye and blushing cheek id shame, and fear bespeak! he reasoning Edith made:-'s faith she must upbraid, such secret, dark and dear, to another's car. I she leave the peaceful cell? d she part with Isabel ?that strange attire agen?ierself 'midst martial men ?re guarded on the way?e might entreat delay. l, with secret smile, orgave the maiden's wile, to be thought to move : call of truant love.

IX.

e her not!—when zephyrs.e, strembling leaves must shake; ms the sun through April's wer, ust bloom, the violet flower;

And Love, howe'er the maiden strive, Must with reviving hope revive! A thousand soft excuses came, To plead his cause 'gainst virgin shame. Pledged by their sires in earliest youth, He had her plighted faith and truth-Then, 'twas her Liege's strict command, And she, beneath his royal hand, A ward in person and in land: And, last, she was resolved to stay Only brief space—one little day-Close hidden in her safe disguise From all, but most from Ronald's eyes-But once to see him more !--nor blame Her wish—to hear him name her name!-Then, to bear back to solitude The thought he had his falsehood rued! But Isabel, who long had seen Her pallid cheek and pensive mien, And well herself the cause might know, Though innocent, of Edith's woe, Joy'd, generous, that revolving time Gave means to expiate the crime. High glow'd her bosom as she said, "Well shall her sufferings be repaid!" Now came the parting hour—a band From Arran's mountains left the land; Their chief, Fitz-Louis, had the care The speechless Amadine to bear To Bruce, with honour, as behoved To page the monarch dearly loved.

x.

The King had deem'd the maiden bright Should reach him long before the fight, But storms and fate her course delay: It was on eve of battle-day, When o'er the Gillie's-hill she rode. The landscape like a furnace glow'd, And far as e'er the eye was borne, The lances waved like autumn-corn. In battles four beneath their eye, The forces of King Robert lie. And one below the hill was laid, Reserved for rescue and for aid; And three, advanced, form'd vaward-line, 'Twixt Bannock's brook and Ninian's shrine.

Detach'd was each, yet each so nigh As well might mutual aid supply. Beyond, the Southern host appears, A boundless wilderness of spears, Whose verge or rear the anxious eye Strove far, but strove in vain, to spy. Thick flashing in the evening beam, Glaives, lances, bills, and banners gleam; And where the heaven join'd with the hill, Was distant armour flashing still, So wide, so far, the boundless host Seem'd in the blue horizon lost.

XI.

Down from the hill the maiden pass'd, At the wild show of war aghast; And traversed first the rearward host, Reserved for aid where needed most. The men of Carrick and of Ayr, Lennox and Lanark too, were there,

And all the western land; With these the valiant of the Isles Beneath their Chieftains rank'd their files,

In many a plaided band.
There, in the centre, proudly raised,
The Bruce's royal standard blazed,
And there Lord Ronald's banner bore
A galley driven by sail and oar.
A wild, yet pleasing contrast, made
Warriors in mail and plate array'd,
With the plumed bonnet and the plaid

By these Hebrideans worn; But O! unseen for three long years, Dear was the garb of mountaineers

To the fair Maid of Lorn!
For one she look'd—but he was far
Busied amid the ranks of war—
Yet with affection's troubled eye
She mark'd his banner boldly fly,
Gave on the countless foe a glance,
And thought on battle's desperate chance.

XII.

To centre of the vaward-line
Fitz-Louis guided Amadine.
Arm'd all on foot, that host appears
A serried mass of glimmering spears.
There stood the Marchers' warlike band,
The warriors there of Lodon's land;
Ettrick and Liddell bent the yew,
A band of archers fierce, though few;
The men of Nith and Annan's vale,
And the bold Spears of Teviotdale;
The dauntless Douglas these obey,
And the young Stuart's gentle sway.

North-eastward by Saint Ninian's shrine, Beneath fierce Randolph's charge, combine

The warriors whom the hardy North
From Tay to Sutherland sent forth.
The rest of Scotland's war-array
With Edward Bruce to westward lay,
Where Bannock, with his broken ban
And deep ravine, protects their flank.
Behind them, screen'd by shelterin
wood,

The gallant Keith, Lord Marshal, stood His men-at-arms bare mace and lance. And plumes that wave, and belms the

glance.
Thus fair divided by the King,
Centre, and right, and left-ward wing,
Composed his front; nor distant far
Was strong reserve to aid the war.
And 'twas to front of this array,
Her guide and Edith made their way.

XIII.

Here must they pause; for, in advan As far as one might pitch a lance, The Monarch rode along the van, The foe's approaching force to scan, His line to marshal and to range, And ranks to square, and fronts to chang Alone he rode—from head to heel Sheathed in his ready arms of steel; Nor mounted yet on war-horse wight, But, till more near the shock of fight, Reining a palfrey low and light. A diadem of gold was set Above his bright steel basinet, And clasp'd within its glittering twin Was seen the glove of Argentine; Truncheon or leading staff he lacks, Bearing, instead, a battle-axe. He ranged his soldiers for the fight, Accoutred thus, in open sight Of either host. - Three bowshots far, Paused the deep front of England's wa And rested on their arms awhile, To close and rank their warlike file, And hold high council, if that night Should view the strife, or dawning light

XIV.

O gay, yet fearful to behold, Flashing with steel and rough with go ed o'er with bills and

and pennons waving fair, t battle-front! for there and's King and Peers: saw that Monarch ride, attled by his side, direful doom foretell!— at in knightly selle, ghtly eye was set the Plantagenet. and wandering was his

ht of shield and lance.
"hesaid," De Argentine,
ho marshals thus their

n his helmet tell / Liege: I know him

audacious traitor brave where our banners

Liege," said Argentine, orsed on steed like mine, r and knightly chance, re forth my lance."—
" the King replied, rules are set aside. rebel dare our wrath? eep him from our path!" idward's signal, soon ranks Sir Henry Boune.

nigh blood he came,

I for knightly fame.

xv.

re his Monarch's eye d of chivalry. eed, he couch'd his lance, the Bruce at once. s as rocks, that bide ie advancing tide, old fast.—Each breast l, s each gazing eye—ardly time to think, ie had time to wink, ing, like flash of flame, beed the war-horse came! iay the falcon mock, lfrey stand the shock—

But, swerving from the Knight's career, Just as they met, Bruceshunn'd the spear. Onward the baffled warrior bore His course—but soon his course was o'er!—

High in his stirrups stood the King, And gave his battle-axe the swing. Right on De Boune, the whiles he pass'd, Fell that stern dint—the first—the last!— Such strength upon the blow was put,

Such strength upon the blow was put, The helmet crash'd like hazel-nut; The axe-shaft, with its brazen clasp, Was shiver'd to the gauntlet grasp. Springs from the blow the startled horse, Drops to the plain the lifeless corse; —First of that fatal field, how soon, How sudden, fell the fierce De Boune!

One pitying glance the Monarch sped, Where on the field his foe lay dead; Then gently turn'd his palfrey's head, And, pacing back his sober way, Slowly he gain'd his own array. There round their King the leaders crowd, And blame his recklessness aloud, That risk'd'gainst each adventurous spear A life so valued and so dear. His broken weapon's shaft survey'd The King, and careless answer made,-"My loss may pay my folly's tax; I've broke my trusty battle-axe. 'Twas then Fitz-Louis, bending low, Did Isabel's commission show; Edith, disguised, at distance stands, And hides her blushes with her hands. The Monarch's brow has changed its hue, Away the gory axe he threw,

While to the seeming page he drew, Clearing war's terrors from his eye. Her hand with gentle ease he took, With such a kind protecting look,

As to a weak and timid boy Might speak, that elder brother's care And elder brother's love were there.

XVII

"Fear not," he said, "young Amadine!"
Then whisper'd, "Still that name be thine.
Fate plays her wonted fantasy,
Kind Amadine, with thee and me,

And sends thee here in doubtful hour. But soon we are beyond her power; For on this chosen battle-plain, Victor or vanquish'd, I remain. Do thou to yonder hill repair; The followers of our host are there, And all who may not weapons bear. — Fitz Louis, have him in thy care.-Joyful we meet, if all go well; If not, in Arran's holy cell Thou must take part with Isabel; For brave Lord Ronald, too, hath sworn, Not to regain the Maid of Lorn, (The bliss on earth he covets most,) Would he forsake his battle-post, Or shun the fortune that may fall To Bruce, to Scotland, and to all. -But, hark! some news these trumpets tell; Forgive my well!" haste-farewell!-fare-

And in a lower voice he said,
"Be of good cheer—farewell, sweet
maid!"—

XVIII.

"What train of dust, with trumpet-sound And glimmering spears, is wheeling round Our leftward flank?"—the Monarch cried,

To Moray's Earl who rode beside.
"Lo! round thy station pass the foes! Randolph, thy wreath hath lost a rose."
The Earl his visor closed, and said —
"My wreath shall bloom, or life shall fade.—

Follow, my household!"—And they go Like lightning on the advancing foe.
"My Liege," said noble Douglas then,
"Earl Randolph has but one to ten:
Let me go forth his band to aid!"—
"Stir not. The error he hath made,
Let him amend it as he may:
I will not weaken mine array."
Then loudly rose the conflict-cry,
And Douglas's brave heart swell'd
high,—
"My Liege," he said, "with patient ear

"Then go—but speed thee back again."—

Forth sprung the Douglas with his train:

But, when they won a rising hill,
He bade his followers hold then still—
"See, see! the routed Southern fly!
The Earl hath won the victory.
Lo! where yon steeds run masterles,
His banner towers above the press.
Rein up; our presence would impair
The fame we come too late to share.
Back to the host the Douglas rode,
And soon glad tidings are abroad,
That, Dayncourt by stout Rambold
slain.

slain,
His followers fled with loosen'd rein.—
That skirmish closed the busy day.
And couch'd in battle's prompt any,
Each army on their weapons lay.

It was a night of lovely June,

XIX.

High rode in cloudless blue the moon.

Demayet smiled beneath her ray.
Old Stirling's towers arose in light,
And, twined in links of silver bright,
Her winding river lay.
Ah! gentle planet! other sight
Shall greet thee, next returning night
Of broken arms and banners tore,
And marshes dark with human core.

Of broken arms and banners tore,
And marshes dark with human gore,
And piles of slaughter'd men and hor
And Forth that floats the frequent on
And many a wounded wretch to plai
Beneath thy silver light in vain!
But now, from England's host, the of
Thou hear'st of wassail revelry,
While from the Scottish legions pass
The murmur'd prayer, the early mass
Here, numbers had presumption giv
There, bands o'er-match'd sought
from Heaven.

XX.

On Gillie's-hill, whose height comma The battle-field, fair Edith stands, With serf and page unfit for war, To eye the conflict from afar. O! with what doubtful agony She sees the dawning tint the sky!— Now on the Ochils gleams the sun, And glistens now Demayet dun; Is it the lark that carols shrill,

Is it the bittern's early bum?

nt, but increasing still,
it's sound swells up the hill,
deep murmur of the drum.
om the Scottish host,
d bugle-sound were toss'd,
ted from the ground;
ray'd for instant fight,
, spearman, squire and
,
mp of battle bright

XXI.

ıd battalia frown'd.

, and in open view, ; ranks of England drew, like the ocean-tide, ugh west hath chafed his

roar sends challenge wide at bars his way! allant archers trode, rms behind them rode, of the phalanx broad arch held his sway. any a war-horse fumes, waves a sea of plumes, a knight in battle known, o spurs had first braced on, that fight should see them

ward's hests obey.
: attends his side,
De Valence, Pembroke's

npions from the train, i his bridle-rein. ottish foe he gazed efore his sight amazed, nner, spear, and shield; -point is downward sent, to the ground is bent. Argentine, repent! lon they have kneel'd."they bend to other powers, irdon sue than ours! in bare-foot Abbot stands, them with lifted hands! ot where they have kneel'd, ill die, or win the field."we we if they die or win! Earl the fight begin."

XXII.

Earl Gilbert waved his truncheon high, Just as the Northern ranks arose, Signal for England's archery

To halt and bend their bows. Then stepp'd each yeoman forth a pace, Glanced at the intervening space,

And raised his left hand high;
To the right ear the cords they bring—
—At once ten thousand bow-strings
ring,

Ten thousand arrows fly!
Nor paused on the devoted Scot
The ceaseless fury of their shot;
As fiercely and as fast,
Forth whistling came the grey-goo

Forth whistling came the grey-goose wing
As the wild hailstones pelt and ring
Adown December's blast.
Nor mountain targe of tough bull-hide,
Nor lowland mail, that storm may bide;
Woe, woe to Scotland's banner'd pride,
If the fell shower may last!
Upon the right, behind the wood,
Each by his steed dismounted, stood
The Scottish chivalry;—

With foot in stirrup, hand on mane,
Fierce Edward Bruce can scarce restrain
His own keen heart, his eager train,
Until the archers gain'd the plain;

Then, "Mount, ye gallants free!"
Hecried; and, vaulting from the ground,
His saddle every horseman found.
On high their glittering crests they toss,
As springs the wild-fire from the moss;
The shield hangs down on every breast,
Each ready lance is in the rest,
And loud shouts Edward Bruce,—

"Forth, Marshal! on the peasant foe! We'll tame the terrors of their bow, And cut the bow-string loose!"

XXIII.

Then spurs were dash'd in chargers' flanks,

They rush'd among the archer ranks, No spears were there the shock to let, No stakes to turn the charge were set, And how shall yeoman's armour slight, Stand the long lance and mace of might? Or what may their short swords avail, 'Gainst barbed horse and shirt of mail?

Amid their ranks the chargers sprung, High o'er their heads the weapons swung, And shriek and groan and vengeful shout Give note of triumph and of rout! Awhile, with stubborn hardihood, Their English hearts the strife made

good.
Borne down at length on every side,
Compell'd to flight they scatter wide.—
Let stags of Sherwood leap for glee,
And bound the deer of Dallom-Lee!
The broken bows of Bannock's shore
Shall in the greenwood ring no more!
RoundWakefield's merry May-pole now,
The maids may twine the summer

bough,

May northward look with longing glance,

For those that wont to lead the dance, For the blithe archers look in vain! Broken, dispersed, in flight o'erta'en, Pierced through, trod down, by thousands slain,

They cumber Bannock's bloody plain.

XXIV.

The King with scorn beheld their flight. "Arethese," he said, "our yeomen wight? Each braggart churl could boast before, Twelve Scottish lives his baldric bore! Fitter to plunder chase or park, Than make a manly foe their mark.—Forward, each gentleman and knight! Let gentle blood show generous might, And chivalry redeem the fight!"
To rightward of the wild affray, The field show'd fair and level way;

But, in mid-space, the Bruce's care Had bored the ground with many a pit, With tarf and brushwood hidden yet,

That form'd a ghastly snare. Rushing, ten thousand horsemen came, With spears in rest, and hearts on flame,

That panted for the shock! With blazing crests and banners spread, And trumpet-clang and clamour dread, The wide plain thunder'd to their tread,

As far as Stirling rock, Down! down! in headlong overthrow, Horseman and horse, the foremost go, Wild floundering on the field! Their followers wildly o'er them une;

The knightly helm and shield,
The mail, the acton, and the spear,
Strong hand, high heart, are uselesher!
Loud from the mass confused the cry
Of dying warriors swells on high,
And steeds that shrick in agony!

The first are in destruction's gorge,

They came like mountain-torrent red, That thunders o'er its rocky bed; They broke like that same torrent's ware, When swallow'd by a darksome care. Billows on billows burst and boil, Maintaining still the stern turmoil, And to their wild and tortured groan Each adds new terrors of his own!

XXV.

Too strong in courage and in might Was England yet, to yield the fight. Her noblest all are here;

Names that to fear were never known, Bold Norfolk's Earl De Brotherton,

And Oxford's famed De Vere. There Gloster plied the bloody sword, And Berkley, Grey, and Hereford, Bottetourt and Sanzavere,

Ross, Montague, and Mauley, came, And Courtenay's pride, and Percy

fame-Names known too well in Scotland'swa At Falkirk, Methven, and Dunbar, Blazed broader yet in after years, At Cressy red and fell Poitiers. Pembroke with these, and Argentine, Brought up the rearward battle-line. With caution o'er the ground they trea Slippery with blood and piled with dea Till hand to hand in battle set, The bills with spears and axes met, And, closing dark on every side, Raged the full contest far and wide. Then was the strength of Douglas trie Then proved was Randolph's genero pride,

And well did Stewart's actions grace The sire of Scotland's royal race!

Firmly they kept their ground; As firmly England onward press'd, And down went many a noble crest, And rent was many a valiant breast, And Slaughter revell'd round. XXVI.

not 'gainst foot was set,

w by blow was met;

ns of those who fell

l amid the shriller clang,

blades and harness rang,

be battle-yell.

fell, unheard, forgot,

n fierce and hardy Scot;

I that waste of life,

motives fired the strife!

Noble bled for fame,

or his country's claim;

his youthful strength to

in his lady's love; rom ruffian thirst of blood, ome, or hardihood. ern, and soldier good, e and the slave, cause the same wild road, ploody morning, trode, lark inn, the grave!

XXVII.

ife to flag begins, er loses yet nor wins. sun, thick rolls the dust, peeds the blow and thrust. on his war-sword now, h wipes his bloody brow; oil'd each Southern knight, ll mid-day in the fight. ont for air must gasp, idoes his visor-clasp, e must quit his spear, falchion, bold De Vere! Berkley fall less fast, 'embroke's bugle-blast its lively tone; ine, thy battle-word, hout was fainter heard, -men, fight on !"

XXVIII.

ne pilot's wary eye, g of the storm could spy. more, and Scotland's free! e Isles, my trust in thee as Ailsa Rock; ith Highland sword and I, with my Carrick spearmen, charge; Now, forward to the shock!" At once the spears were forward thrown,

Against the sun the broadswords

The pibroch lent its maddening tone, And loud King Robert's voice was known—

"Carrick, presson—they fail, they fail! Press on, brave sons of Innisgail,

The foe is fainting fast!
Each strike for parent, child, and wife,
For Scotland, liberty, and life,
The battle cannot last!"

XXIX.

The fresh and desperate onset bore The foes three furlongs back and more, Leaving their noblest in their gore.

Alone, De Argentine
Yet bears on high his red-cross shield,
Gathers the relics of the field,
Renews the ranks where they have reel'd,

And still makes good the line.
Brief strife, but fierce, his efforts raise
A bright but momentary blaze.
Fair Edith heard the Southern shout,
Beheld them turning from the rout,
Heard the wild call their trumpets sent,
In notes 'twist triumph and lament.
That rallying force combined anew,
Appear'd in her distracted view,
To hem the Islesmen round;

"O God! the combat they renew,
And is no rescue found!
And ye that look thus tamely on,
And see your native land o'erthrown,
O! are your hearts of flesh or stone?"

XXX.

The multitude that watch'd afar, Rejected from the ranks of war, Had not unmoved beheld the fight, When strove the Bruce for Scotland's right;

Each heart had caught the patriot spark, Old man and stripling, priest and clerk, Bondsman and serf; even female hand Stretch'd to the hatchet or the brand;

But, when mute Amadine they heard Give to their zeal his signal-word, A frenzy fired the throng;— "Portents and miracles impeach Our sloth—the dumb our duties teach—

And he that gives the mute his speech,
Can bid the weak be strong.
To us, as to our lords, are given
A native earth, a promised heaven;
To us, as to our lords, belongs
The vengeance for our nation's wrongs;

The choice, 'twixt death or freedom, warms

Our breasts as theirs—To arms! to arms!"

Toarmsthey flew,—axe, club, or spear,—

And mimic ensigns high they rear, And, like a banner'd host afar, Bear down on England's wearied war.

XXXI.

Already scatter'd o'er the plain, Reproof, command, and counsel vain, The rearward squadrons fled amain,

Or made but doubtful stay; --But when they mark'd the seeming show Of fresh and fierce and marshall'd foe,

The boldest broke array.
O give their hapless prince his due!
In vain the Royal Edward threw
His person 'mid the spears.

His person 'mid the spears, Cried, "Fight!" to terror and despair, Menaced, and wept, and tore his hair,

And cursed their caitiff fears;
Till Pembroke turn'd his bridle rein,
And forced him from the fatal plain.
With them rode Argentine, until
They gain'd the summit of the hill,
But quitted there the train:—
"In yonder field a gage I left,
I must not live of fame bereft;

I needs must turn again. Speed hence, my Liege, for on your trace The fiery Douglas takes the chase,

I know his banner well.

God send my Sovereign joy and bliss,

And many a happier field than this!

Once more, my Liege, farewell!

XXXII.

Again he faced the battle-field,— Wildly they fly, are slain, or yield. "Now then," he said, and couch'd his spear.

"My course is run, the goal is near;

One effort more, one brave career, Must close this race of mine."

Then in his stirrups rising high. He shouted loud his battle-cry, "Saint James for Argentine!"

And, of the bold pursuers, four The gallant knight from saddle bore But not unharm'd—a lance's point Has found his breastplate's loosen'd join

An axe has razed his crest; Yet still on Colonsay's fierce lord, Who press'd the chase with gory swor He rode with spear in rest,

And through his bloody tartans bore And through his gallant breast. Nail'd to the earth, the mountainers

Yet writhed him up against the spear And swung his broadsword roun

—Stirrup, steel-boot, and cuish gave w.
Beneath that blow's tremendous away
The blood gush'd from the wom
And the grim Lord of Colonsay

Hath turn'd him on the ground, And laugh'd in death-pang, that his his The mortal thrust so well repaid.

XXXIII.

Now toil'd the Bruce, the battle don To use his conquest boldly won; And gave command for horse and sp To press the Southron's scatter'd rea Nor let his broken force combine, —When the war-cry of Argentine

Fell faintly on his ear;
"Save, save his life," he cried, "Os:
The kind, the noble, and the brave!
The squadrons round free passage ga

The wounded knight drew near He raised his red-cross shield no mo Helm, cuish, and breastplate stream with gore,

Yet, as he saw the King advance, He strove even then to couch his lance

The effort was in vain!
The spur-stroke fail'd to rouse the hors
Wounded and weary, in mid course

He stumbled on the plain.

Then foremost was the generous Bro
To raise his head, his helm to loose;

"Lord Earl, the day is thine! My sovereign's charge, and adverse for Have made our meeting all too late: t this may Argentine, 1 from ancient comrade, crave stian's mass, a soldier's grave."

xxxiv.

ress'd his dying hand—its grasp replied; but, in his clasp, stiffen'd and grew cold—
O farewell!" the victor cried, ivalry the flower and pride, e arm in battle bold, arteous mien, the noble race, inless faith, the manly face!—ian's convent light their shrine, awake of De Argentine.
tter knight on death-bier laid, ever gleam'd nor mass was said!"

XXXV.

De Argentine alone, h Ninian's church these torches se the death-prayer's awful tone. llow lustre glimmer'd pale, cen plate and bloodied mail, est and shatter'd coronet, n, Earl, and Banneret; best names that England knew, in the death-prayer dismal due. : mourn not, Land of Fame! ne'er the Leopards on thy shield ed from so sad a field, ce Norman William came. thine annals justly boast es stern by Scotland lost; idge not her victory, or her freeborn rights she strove; lear to all who freedom love, none so dear as thee!

XXXVI.

to Bruce, whose curious car om Fitz-Louis tidings hear; m, a hundred voices tell igy and miracle, or the mute page had spoke."— " said Fitz-Louis, "rather say, el sent from realms of day, To burst the English yoke.

I saw his plume and bonnet drop,
When hurrying from the mountain top;
A lovely brow, dark locks that wave,
To his bright eyes new lustre gave,
A step as light upon the green,
As if his pinions waved unseen!"

"Spoke he with none?"—" With none—
one word

Burst when he saw the Island Lord Returning from the battle-field."— "What answer made the Chief?"—"He kneel'd.

Durst not look up, but mutter'd low, Some mingled sounds that none might know,

And greeted him 'twixt joy and fear, As being of superior sphere."

XXXVII.

Even upon Bannock's bloody plain, Heap'd then with thousands of the slain, 'Mid victor monarch's musings high, Mirth laugh'd in good King Robert's eye:—

"And bore he such angelic air,
Such noble front, such waving hair?
Hath Ronald kneel'd to him?" he said;
"Then must we call the church to aid—
Our will be to the Abbot known,
Ere these strange news are wider blown,
To Cambuskenneth straight ye pass,
And deck the church for solemn mass,
To pay for high deliverance given,
A nation's thanks to gracious Heaven.
Let him array, besides, such state,
As should on princes' nuptials wait.
Ourself the cause, through fortune's spite,
That once broke short that spousal rite,
Ourself will grace, with early morn,
The Bridal of the Maid of Lorn."

* "ToMr. James Ballantyne.—Dear Sir,—You have now the whole affair, excepting two or three concluding stanzas. As your taste for bride's-cake may induce you to desire to know more of the wedding, I will save you some criticism by saying, I have settled to stop short as above.—Witness my hand. "W. S."

CONCLUSION.

Go forth, my Song, upon thy venturous way;
Go boldly forth; nor yet thy master blame,
Who chose no patron for his humble lay,
And graced thy numbers with no friendly name,
Whose partial zeal might smooth thy path to fame.
There was—and O! how many sorrows crowd
Into these two brief words!—there was a claim
By generous friendship given—had fate allow'd,
It well had bid thee rank the proudest of the proud!

All angel now—yet little less than all,
While still a pilgrim in our world below!
What 'vails it us that patience to recall,
Which hid its own to soothe all other woe;
What 'vails to tell, how Virtue's purest glow
Shone yet more lovely in a form so fair:
And, least of all, what 'vails the world should know,
That one poor garland, twined to deck thy hair,
Is hung upon thy hearse, to droop and wither there!

THE BRIDAL OF TRIERMAIN:

OR,

THE VALE OF ST. JOHN.

A LOVER'S TALE.



THE BRIDAL OF TRIERMAIN.

INTRODUCTION.

ı,

COME, LUCY! while 'tis morning hour,
The woodland brook we needs must

pass;

So, ere the sun assume his power,
We shelter in our poplar bower.
Where dew lies long upon the flower,
Though vanish'd from the velvet grass.
Curbing the stream, this stony ridge
May serve us for a silvan bridge;
For here, compell'd to disunite,

Round petty isles the runnels glide, And chafing off their puny spite, The shallow murmurers waste their might,

Yielding to footstep free and light

A dry-shod pass from side to side.

II.

Nay, why this hesitating pause? And, Lucy, as thy step withdraws, Why sidelong eye the streamlet's brim? Titania's foot without a slip, Like thine, though timid, light, and slim,

From stone to stone might safely trip, Nor risk the glow-worm clasp to dip That binds her slipper's silken rim. Or trust thy lover's strength: nor fear That this same stalwart arm of mine, Which could you oak's prone trunk up-

Shall shrink beneath the burden dear Of form so slender, light, and fine.— So,—now, the danger dared at last, Look back, and smile at perils past!

111.

And now we reach the favourite glade, Paled in by copsewood, cliff, and stone, Where never harsher sounds invade, To break affection's whispering tone, Than the deep breeze that waves the shade,

Than the small brooklet's feeble moa Come! rest thee on thy wonted seat; Moss'd is the stone, the turf is gree A place where lovers best may meet Who would not that their love be see

The boughs, that dim the summer sky.
Shall hide us from each lurking spy,
That fain would spread the invidio

That fain would spread the invidio tale,

How Lucy of the lofty eye, Noble in birth, in fortunes high, She for whom lords and barons sigh, Meets her poor Arthur in the dale.

How deep that blush!—how deep th sigh!

And why does Lucy shun mine eye? Is it because that crimson draws
Its colour from some secret cause,
Some hidden movement of the breast
She would not that her Arthur guess'
O! quicker far is lovers' ken

Than the dull glance of common men And, by strange sympathy, can spell The thoughts the loved one will not te. And mine, in Lucy's blush, saw met The hues of pleasure and regret;

Pride mingled in the sigh her voice And shared with Love the crims glow;

Well pleased that thou art Arthu choice,

Yet shamed thine own is placed low:

Thou turn'st thy self-confessing chee As if to meet the breeze's cooling Then, Lucy, hear thy tutor speak, For Love, too, has his hours

schooling.

v

Too oft my anxious eye has spied That secret grief thou fain wouldst hide, The passing pang of humbled pride; Too oft, when through the splendid hall,

The load-star of each heart and eye, My fair one leads the glittering ball, Will her stol'n glance on Arthur fall,

With such a blush and such a sigh!
Thou wouldst not yield, for wealth or

rank,

The heart thy worth and beauty won,
Nor leave me on this mossy bank,
To meet a rival on a throne:
Why, then, should vain repinings rise,
That to thy lover fate denies
A nobler name, a wide domain,
A Baron's birth, a menial train,
Since Heaven assign'd him, for his part,
A lyre, a falchion, and a heart?

My sword—its master must be dumb:
But, when a soldier names my name,
Approach, my Lucy! fearless come,
Nordread to hear of Arthur's shame.
My heart—mid all yon courtly crew,
Of lordly rank and lofty line,
Is there to love and honour true,
That boasts a pulse so warm as

They praised thy diamonds' lustre rare— Match'd with thine eyes, I thought it faded;

They praised the pearls that bound thy

I only saw the locks they braided;

They talk'd of wealthy dower and l And titles of high birth the toke I thought of Lucy's heart and han Nor knew the sense of what spoken.

And yet, if rank'd in Fortune's rel I might have learn'd their choic wise,

Who rate the dower above the set And Lucy's diamonds o'er her c

VII

My lyre—it is an idle toy,
That borrows accents not its ow
Like warbler of Colombian sky,

That sings but in a mimic tone. Ne'er did it sound o'er sainted we Nor boasts it aught of Border spe Its strings no feudal slogan pour, Its heroes draw no broad claymon No shouting clans applauses raise, Because it sung their fathers' prais On Scottish moor, or English dow It ne'er was graced with fair renor Norwon,—best meed to minstrel to One favouring smile from fair CLEUCH!

By one poor streamlet sounds its t And heard by one dear maid alone

VIII.

But, if thou bid'st, these tones sha! Of errant knight, and damozelle; Of the dread knot a Wizard tied. In punishment of maiden's pride, In notes of marvel and of fear, That best may charm romantic ear

For Lucy loves,—like COLLINS, ill-starr'd name! Whose lay's requital was that tardy fame, Who bound no laurel round his living head, Should hang it o'er his monument when dead,—For Lucy loves to tread enchanted strand, And thread, like him, the maze of Fairy land; Of golden battlements to view the gleam, And slumber soft by some Elysian stream; Such lays she loves,—and, such my Lucy's choice, What other song can claim her Poet's voice?

^{*} The Mocking Bird.

THE BRIDAL OF TRIERMAIN.

CANTO FIRST.

I

WHERE is the Maiden of mortal strain, That may match with the Baron of Triermain?

She must be lovely, and constant, and kind,

Holy and pure, and humble of mind, Blithe of cheer, and gentle of mood, Courteous, and generous, and noble of blood—

Lovely as the sun's first ray,

When it breaks the clouds of an Aprilday; Constant and true as the widow'd dove, Kind as a minstrel that sings of love; Pure as the fountain in rocky cave,

Where never sunbeam kiss'd the wave; Humble as maiden that loves in vain, Holy as hermit's vesper strain;

Gentle as breeze that but whispers and dies,

Vet blithe as the light leaves that dance

Yet blithe as the light leaves that dance in its sighs; Courteous as monarch the morn he is

crown'd, Generous as spring-dews that bless the

glad ground;

Noble her blood as the currents that met In the veins of the noblest Plantagenet— Such must her form be, her mood, and her strain,

That shall match with Sir Roland of Triermain.

II.

Sir Roland de Vaux he hath laid him to sleep, His blood it was fever'd his breathing

His blood it was fever'd, his breathing was deep.

He had been pricking against the Scot, The foray was long, and the skirmish hot; His dinted helm and his buckler's plight Bore token of a stubborn fight.

All in the castle must hold them st Harpers must lull him to his rest, With the slow soft tunes he loves the be Till sleep sink down upon his breast, Like the dew on a summer hill.

ш.

It was the dawn of an autumn day; The sun was struggling with frost-

That like a silvery crape was spread Round Skiddaw's dim and distant he And faintly gleam'd each painted par Of the lordly halls of Triermain, When that Baron bold awoke.

Starting he woke, and loudly did cal Rousing his menials in bower and he While hastily he spoke.

IV.

"Hearken, my minstrels! Which of ye Touch'd his harp with that dying fall So sweet, so soft, so faint,

It seem'd an angel's whisper'd call
To an expiring saint?

And hearken, my merry-men! WI time or where

Did she pass, that maid with l heavenly brow, With her look so sweet and her eyes

fair,
And her graceful step and her angel a
And the eagle plume in her dark-bro

hair,
That pass'd from my bower e

v.

Answer'd him Richard de Bretville; Was chief of the Baron's minstrelsy, "Silent, noble chieftain, we

Have sat since midnight close,

When such lulling sounds as the brooklet sings,

Murmur'd from our melting strings, And hush'd you to repose. Had a harp-note sounded here, It had caught my watchful ear, Although it fell as faint and shy

As hashful maiden's half-form'd sigh, When she thinks her lover near." Answer'd Philip of Fasthwaite tall, He kept guard in the outer-hall,— "Since at eve our watch took post,

"Since at eve our watch took post,

Not a foot has thy portal cross'd;

Else had I heard the steps, though

And light they fell, as when earth receives, In morn of frost, the wither'd leaves, That drop when no winds blow."--

VI.

"Then come thou hither, Henry, my page, Whom I saved from the sack of Hermitage,

When that dark castle, tower, and spire, Rose to the skies a pile of fire,

And redden'd all the Nine-stane Hill.

And the shricks of death, that wildly broke

Through devouring flame and smothering smoke,

Made the warrior's heart-blood chill. The trustiest thou of all my train, My fleetest courser thou must rein, And ride to Lyulph's tower,

And from the Baron of Triermain Greet well that sage of power.

He is sprung from Druid sires.
And British bards that tuned their lyres
To Arthur's and Pendragon's praise,
And his who sleeps at Dunmailraise.
Gifted like his gifted race,
He the characters can trace,
Graven deep in elder time
Upon Hellvellyn's cliffs sublime;
Sign and sigil well doth he know.
And can bode of weal and woe,

Of kingdoms' fall, and rate of wars, From mystic dreams and course of stars. He shall tell if middle earth To that enchanting shape gave birth,

To that enchanting shape gave birth, Or if 'twas but an airy thing.

Such as fantastic slumbers bring, Framed from the rainbow's varying dy Or fading tints of western skies. For, by the blessed rood I swear, If that fair form breathe vital air, No other maiden by my side Shall ever rest De Vaux's bride:"

....

The faithful Page he mounts his see And soon he cross'd green Irthing's m Dash'd o'er Kirkoswald's verdant pl And Eden barr'd his course in vain. He pass'd red Penrith's Table Rour For feats of chivalry renown'd, Left Mayburgh's mound and stone

power, By Druids raised in magic hour, And traced the Eamont's winding v Till Ulfo's lake * beneath him lay.

VIII.

Onward he rode, the pathway still Winding betwixt the lake and hill; Till, on the fragment of a rock, Struck from its base by lightning sh-He saw the loary Sage:

The silver moss and lichen twined, With fern and deer-hair check'd lined,

A cushion fit for age;
And o'er him shook the aspin-tree,
A restless rustling canopy.
Then sprung young Henry from his s
And greeted Lyulph grave,

And then his master's tale did tell, And then for counsel crave. The Man of Years mused long and do Of time's lost treasures taking keep, And then, as rousing from a sleep,

His solemn answer gave.

IX.

"That maid is born of middle earth
And may of man be won,
Though there have alided since her h

Though there have glided since her I Five hundred years and one. But where's the Knight in all the ne That dare the adventure follow fort!

So perilous to knightly worth, In the valley of St. John?

• l'\swaler.

Listen, youth, to what I tell, And bind it on thy memory well; Nor muse that I commence the rhyme Far distant 'mid the wrecks of time. The mystic tale, by bard and sage, Is handed down from Merlin's age.

Tyulgh's Talc.

"King Arthur has ridden from merry Carlisle,

When Pentecost was o'er:
He journey'd like errant-knight the while,
And sweetly the summer sun did smile
On mountain, moss, and moor.

Above his solitary track Rose Glaramara's ridgy back, Amid whose yawning gulfs the sun Cast umber'd radiance red and dun, Though never sunbeam could discern The surface of that sable tarn, In whose black mirror you may spy The stars, while noontide lights the sky. The gallant King he skirted still The margin of that mighty hill; Rock upon rocks incumbent hung, And torrents, down the gullies flung, Join'd the rude river that brawl'd on, Recoiling now from crag and stone, Now diving deep from human ken, And raving down its darksome glen. The Monarch judged this desert wild, With such romantic ruin piled, Was theatre by Nature's hand For feat of high achievement plann'd.

XI.

"O rather he chose, that Monarch bold, On vent'rous quest to ride, In plate and mail, by wood and wold, Than, with ermine trapp'd and cloth of gold,

In princely bower to bide;
The bursting crash of a foeman's spear,
As it shiver'd against his mail,

Was merrier music to his ear
Than courtier's whisper'd tale:
And the clash of Caliburn more dear,

When on the hostile casque it rung, Than all the lays To their monarch's praise That the harpers of Reged sung. He loved better to rest by wood or rive Than in bower of his bride, Dar Guenever,

For he left that lady so lovely of chec To follow adventures of danger and fea And the frank-hearted Monarch fi

little did wot,

That she smiled, in his absence, or
brave Lancelot.

XII.

"He rode, till over down and dell The shade more broad and deeper fel And though around the mountain's her Flow'd streams of purple, and gold, as red,

Dark at the base, unblest by beam, Frown'd the black rocks, and roar'd t

With toil the King his way pursued By lonely Threlkeld's waste and wood Till on his course obliquely shone The narrow valley of SAINT JOHN, Down sloping to the western sky, Where lingering sunbeams love to lie. Right glad to feel those beams again, The King drew up his charger's rein; With gauntlet raised he screen'd his sigl As dazzled with the level light, And, from beneath his glove of mail, Scann'd at his ease the lovely vale, While 'gainst the sun his armour brig Gleam'd ruddy like the beacon's light

XIII.

"Paled in by many a lotty hill, The narrow dale lay smooth and still, And, down its verdant bosom led, A winding brooklet found its bed. But, midmost of the vale, a mound Arose with airy turrets crown'd, Buttress, and rampire's circling bound

And mighty keep and tower; Seem'd some primeval giant's hand The castle's massive walls had plann' A ponderous bulwark to withstand

Ambitious Nimrod's power. Above the moated entrance slung, The balanced drawbridge trembli

hung,
As jealous of a foe;
Wicket of oak, as iron hard,

With iron studded, clench'd, and barr'd, And prong'd portcullis, join'd to guard The gloomy pass below. But the gray walls no banners crown'd, Upon the watch-tower's airy round No warder stood his horn to sound, No guard beside the bridge was found, And, where the Gothic gateway frown'd, Glanced neither bill nor bow.

VIV

"Beneath the castle's gloomy pride, In ample round did Arthur ride Three times; nor living thing he spied, Nor heard a living sound,

Save that, awakening from her dream, The owlet now began to screain,

In concert with the rushing stream, That wash'd the battled mound. He lighted from his goodly steed, And he left him to graze on bank and

mead; And slowly he climb'd the narrow way, That reached the entrance grim and gray, And he stood the outward arch below, And his bugle-horn prepared to blow,

In summons blithe and bold, Deeming to rouse from iron sleep The guardian of this dismal Keep, Which well he guess'd the hold Of wizard stem, or goblin grim, Or pagan of gigantic limb, The tyrant of the wold.

"The ivory bugle's golden tip I wice touch'd the Monarch's manly lip, And twice Lis hand withdrew. Think not but Arthur's heart was good! His shield was cross'd by the ble sed rood,

Had a pagan host before him stood, He had charged them through and through;

Yet the silence of that ancient place Sunk on his heart, and he paused a space

Ere yet his horn he blew. But, instant as its 'larum rung, The castle gate was open flung, Portcullis rose with crashing groan Full harshly up its groove of stone; The balance-beams obey'd the blast, And down the trembling drawbridge cast;

The vaulted arch before him lay, With nought to bar the gloomy way, And onward Arthur paced, with hand On Caliburn's resistless brand.

"A hundred torches, flashing bright, Dispell'd at once the gloomy night That lour'd along the walls, And show'd the King's astonish'd sigh

The inmates of the halls. Nor wizard stern, nor goblin grim,

Nor giant huge of form and limb. Nor heathen knight, was there; But the cressets, which odours flung alor: Show'd by their yellow light and soft,

A band of damsels fair. Onward they came, like summer wave That dances to the shore;

An hundred voices welcome gave, And welcome o'er and o'er! An hundred lovely hands assail The bucklers of the monarch's mail, And busy labour'd to unhasp Rivet of steel and iron clasp. One wrapp'd him in a mantle fair, And one flung odours on his hair; His short curl'd ringlets one smooth down,

One wreath'd them with a myrtle crown A bride upon her wedding-day, Was tended ne'er by troop so gay.

XVII.

" Loud laugh'd they all,—the King,

With questions task'd the giddy train Let him entreat, or crave, or call, 'Twas one reply, -loud laugh'd they a Then o'er him mimic chains they fling Framed of the fairest flowers of spring While some their gentle force unite, Onward to drag the wondering knight Some, bolder, urge his pace with blow Dealt with the lily or the rose. Behind him were in triumph borne The warlike arms he late had worn. Four of the train combined to rear The terrors of Tintadgel's spear; Two, laughing at their lack of strengt Dragg d Caliburn in cumbrous length

One, while she aped a martial stride, Placed on her brows the helmet's pride; Then scream'd, 'twixt laughter and surprise,

To feel its depth o'erwhelm her eyes. With revel-shout, and triumph-song, Thus gaily march'd the giddy throng.

XVIII.

"Through many a gallery and hall They led, I ween, their royal thrall; At length, beneath a fair arcade Their march and song at once they staid. The eldest maiden of the band,

(The lovely maid was scarce eigh-

teen,)
Raised, with imposing air, her hand,
And reverent silence did command,

On entrance of their Queen, And they were mute.—But as a glance They steal on Arthur's countenance Bewilder'd with surprise,

Their smother'd mirth again 'gan speak, In archly dimpled chin and cheek, And laughter-lighted eyes.

XIX.

"The attributes of those high days Now only live in minstrel-lays; For Nature, now exhausted, still Was then profuse of good and ill. Strength was gigantic, valour high, And wisdom soar'd beyond the sky, And beauty had such matchless beam As lights not now a lover's dream. Yet e'en in that romantic age,

Ne'er were such charms by mortal

As Arthur's dazzled eyes engage,
When forth on that enchanted stage,
With glittering train of maid and page,
Advanced the castle's Queen!
While up the hall she slowly pass'd,
Her dark eye on the King she cast,

That flash'd expression strong:
The longer dwelt that lingering look,
Her cheek the livelier colour took,
And scarce the shame-faced King could
brook

The gaze that lasted long.
A sage, who had that look espied,
Where kindling passion strove with pride,

Had whisper'd, 'Prince, beware! From the chafed tiger rend the prey, Rush on the lion when at bay, Bar the fell dragon's blighted way, But shun that lovely snare!

XX.

"At once, that inward strife suppress The dame approach'd her warlike gue With greeting in that fair degree, Where female pride and courtesy Are blended with such passing art As awes at once and charms the hear A courtly welcome first she gave, Then of his goodness 'gan to crave

Construction fair and true Of her light maidens' idle mirth, Who drew from lonely glens their birt Nor knew to pay to stranger worth

And dignity their due;
And then she pray'd that he would re
That night her castle's honour'd gues
The Monarch meetly thanks express'
The banquet rose at her behest,
With lay and tale, and laugh and jest
Apace the evening flew.

XXI.

"The lady sate the Monarch by, Now in her turn abash'd and shy, And with indifference seem'd to hear The toys he whisper'd in her ear. Her bearing modest was and fair, Yet shadows of constraint were there, That show'd an over-cautious care

Some inward thought to hide; Oft did she pause in full reply, And oft cast down her large dark eye Oft check'd the soft voluptuous sigh,

That heav'd her bosom's pride.
Slight symptoms these, but shepher know

From the mist of morning sky;

And so the wily Monarch guess'd, That this assum'd restraint express'd More ardent passions in the breast, Than ventured to the eye.

Closer he press'd, while beakers rang
While maidens laugh'd and minste

Still closer to her ear—
But why pursue the common tale?
Or wherefore show how knights prevail
When ladies dare to hear?
Or wherefore trace, from what slight
cause
Its source one tyrant passion draws,
Till, mastering all within,
Where lives the man that has not tried,
How mirth can into folly glide,

CANTO SECOND. Inulph's Cale continued.

And folly into sin!

7

"Another day, another day,
And yet another, glides away!
The Saxon stern, the pagan Dane,
Maraud on Britain's shorts again.
Arthur, of Christendom the flower,
Lies loitering in a lady's bower:
The horn, that formen wont to fear,
Sounds but to wake the Cumbrian deer,
And Caliburn, the British pride,
Hangs useless by a lover's side.

TT.

"Another day, another day, And yet another, glides away. Heroic plans in pleasure drown'd. He thinks not of the Table Round; In lawless love dissolved his life, He thinks not of his beauteous wife: Better he loves to snatch a flower From bosom of his paramour, Than from a Saxon knight to wrest The honours of his heathen crest; Better to wreathe, 'mid tresses brown, The heron's plume her hawk struck down, Than o'er the altar give to flow The banners of a Paynim foe. Thus, week by week, and day by day, His life inglorious glides away; But she, that soothes his dream, with fear Beholds his hour of waking near.

III.

"Much force have mortal charms to stay Our peace in Virtue's toilsome way; But Guendolen's might far outshine Each maid of merely mortal line. Her mother was of human birth. Her sire a Genie of the earth, In days of old deem'd to preside O'er lovers' wiles and beauty's pride, By youths and virgins worshipp'd long With festive dance and choral song, Till, when the cross to Britain came, On heathen altars died the flame. Now, deep in Wastdale solitude, The downfall of his rights he rued, And, born of his resentment beir, He train'd to guile that lady fair, To sink in slothful sin and shame The champions of the Christian name. Well skill'd to keep vain thoughts alive And all to promise, nought to give, The timid youth had hope in store, The bold and pressing gain'd no more. As wilder'd children leave their home. After the rainbow's arch to roam, Her lovers barter'd fair esteem. Faith, fame, and honour, for a dream.

IV.

"Her sire's soft arts the soul to tame She practised thus—till Arthur came; Then, frail humanity had part, And all the mother claim'd her heart. Forgot each rule her father gave, Sunk from a princess to a slave, Too late must Guendolen deplore, He, that has all, can hope no more! Now must she see her lover strain, At every turn, her feeble chain; Watch, to new-bind each knot, and shrir To view each fast-decaying link. Art she invokes to Nature's aid, Her vest to zone, her locks to braid; Each varied pleasure heard her call, The feast, the tourney, and the ball: Her storied lore she next applies, Taxing her mind to aid her eyes; Now more than mortal wise, and ther In female softness sunk again; Now, raptured, with each wish cor plying, With feign'd reluctance now denying

With feign'd reluctance now denying Each charm she varied, to retain A varying heart—and all in vain!

V.

"Thus in the garden's narrow bound, Flank'd by some castle's Gothic round, Fain would the artist's skill provide, The limits of his realms to hide. The walks in labyrinths he twines, Shade after shade with skill combines, With many a varied flowery knot, And copse, and arbour, decks the spot, Tempting the hasty foot to stay, And linger on the lovely way—Vain art! vain hope! 'tis fruitless all! At length we reach the bounding wall, And, sick of flower and trim-dress'd tree, Long for rough glades and forest free.

VI.

"Three summer months had scantly flown, When Arthur, in embarrass'd tone, Spoke of his liegemen and his throne; Said, all too long had been his stay, And duties, which a Monarch sway, Duties, unknown to humbler men, Must tear her knight from Guendolen. -She listen'd silently the while, Her mood express'd in bitter smile; Beneath her eye must Arthur quail, And oft resume the unfinish'd tale, Confessing, by his downcast eye, The wrong he sought to justify. He ceased. A moment mute she gazed, And then her looks to heaven she raised; One palm her temples veil'd, to hide The tear that sprung in spite of pride; The other for an instant press'd The foldings of her silken vest!

VII.

"At her reproachful sign and look, The hint the Monarch's conscience took. Fager he spoke—'No, lady, no! Deem not of British Arthur so, Nor think he can deserter prove To the dear pledge of mutual love. I swear by sceptre and by sword, As belted knight and Britain's lord, That if a boy shall claim my care, That boy is born a kingdom's heir; But, if a maiden Fate allows, To choose that maid a fitting spouse,

A summer-day in lists shall strive My knights,—the bravest knights alive, And he, the best and bravest tried, Shall Arthur's daughter claim for brid Hespoke, with voice resolved and high The lady deign'd him not reply.

VIII

"At dawn of morn, ere on the brake His matins did a warbler make, Or stirr'd his wing to brush away A single dewdrop from the spray, Ere yet a sunbeam, through the mist, The castle-battlements had kiss'd, The gates revolve, the drawbridge fall And Arthur sallies from the walls. Doff'd his soft garb of Persia's loom, And steel from spur to helmet-plume, His Lybian steed full proudly trode, And joyful neigh'd beneath his load. The Monarch gave a passing sigh To penitence and pleasures by, When, lo! to his astonish'd ken Appear'd the form of Guendolen.

ΙX

"Beyond the outmost wall she stood, Attired like huntress of the wood: Sandall'd her feet, her ankles bare, And eagle-plumage deck'd her hair; Firm was her look, her bearing bold, And in her hand a cup of gold.
'Thou goest!' she said, 'and ne'er aga Must we two meet, in joy or pain. Full fain would I this hour delay, Though weak the wish—yet wilt the stay?

-No! thou look'st forward. Still a tend, -Part we like lover and like friend.'

Part we like lover and like friend.'
She raised the cup—'Not this the jui
The sluggish vines of earth produce;
Pledge we, at parting, in the draught
Which Genii love!'—she said ar
quaff'd;

And strange unwonted lustres fly From her flush'd cheek and sparkling ey

x.

"The courteous Monarch bent him lo And, stooping down from saddlebow, Lifted the cup, in act to drink.

A drop escaped the goble's brink.

Intense as liquid fire from hell,
Upon the charger's neck it fell.
Screaming with agony and fright,
He bolted twenty feet upright—
—The peasant still can show the dint,
Where his hoofs lighted on the ffint.—
From Arthur's hand the goblet flew,
Scattering a shower of fiery dew,
That burn'd and blighted where it fell!
The frantic steed rash'd up the dell,
As whistles from the bow the reed;
Nor bit nor rein could check his speed,
Until he gain'd the hill;

Then breath and sinew fail'd apace, And, reeling from the desperate race,

He stood, exhausted, still.
The Monarch, breathless and amazed,
Back on the fatal eastle gazed——
Nor tower nor donjon could be spy,
Darkening against the morning sky;
But, on the spot where once they frown'd,
The lonely streamlet brawl'd around
A tufted knoll, where dimly shone
Fragments of rock and rifted stone.
Musing on this strange hap the while,
The king wends back to fair Carlisle;
And cares, that cumber royal sway,
Wore memory of the past away.

XI.

"Full fifteen years, and more, were sped, Each brought new wreaths to Arthur's head.

Twelve bloody fields, with glory fought, The Saxons to subjection brought: Rython, the mighty giant, slain By his good brand, relieved Bretagne: The Pictish Gillamore in fight, And Roman Lucius, own'd his might; And wide were through the world renown'd

The glories of his Table Round. Each knight, who sought adventurous

To the bold court of Britain came, And all who suffer'd causeless wrong, From tyrant proud, or faitour strong, Sought Arthur's presence to complain, Nor there for aid implored in vain.

XII

"For this the King, with pomp and pride, Held solemn court at Whitsuntide, And summon'd Prince and Peer, All who owed homage for their land. Or who craved knighthood from k hand.

Or who had succour to demand,

To come from far and near. At such high tide, were glee and gam Mingled with feats of martial fame, For many a stranger champion came,

In lists to break a spear; And not a knight of Arthur's host, Save that he trode some foreign coast, But at this feast of Pentecost

Before him must appear.

Ah, Minstrels! when the Table Ross
Arose, with all its warriors crown'd,
There was a theme for bards to sound

In triumph to their string! Five hundred years are past and gene But time shall draw his dying groan, Ere he behold the British throne

Begirt with such a ring!

XIII.

"The heralds named the appointed spe As Caerleon or Camelot,

Or Carlisle fair and free. At Penrith, now, the feast was set. And in fair Eamont's vale were met

The flower of Chivalry. There Galaad sate with manly grace, Yet maiden meckness in his face; There Morolt of the iron mace.

And love-lorn Tristrem there: And Dinadam with lively glance, And Lanval with the fairy lance, And Mordred with his look askance, Brunor and Bevidere.

Why should I tell of numbers more! Sir Cay, Sir Bannier, and Sir Bore,

Sir Carodac the keen, The gentle Gawain's courteous lore, Hector de Mares and Pellinore, And Lancelot, that ever more

Look'd stol'n-wise on the Queen

XIV.

"When wine and mirth did most about And harpers play'd their blythest rout A shrilly trumpet shook the ground,

And marshals clear'd the ring; A maiden, on a palitey white,

band of damsels bright, ugh the circle, to alight meel before the King. th strong emotion, saw ul boldness check'd by awe, like huntress of the wold, and baldric trapp'd with gold, il'd feet, her ankles bare gle-plume that deck'd her hair. er veil she backward flungas from his seat he sprung, st cried, 'Guendolen! 1 face more frank and wild, e woman and the child, s of magic beauty smiled of the race of men; : forehead's haughty grace, of Britain's royal race, agon's, you might ken.

XV.

, yet gracefully she said—
nce! behold an orphan maid,
arted mother's name,
vow'd protection claim!
vas sworn in desert lone,
p valley of St. John.'
e King the suppliant raised,
her brow, her beauty praised;
se said, should well be kept,
sea the sun was dipp'd,—
cious, glanced upon his queen:
nruffled at the scene
frailty, construed mild,
on Lancelot and smiled.

XVI.

ı a royal bride,'

! each knight of gallant crestickler, spear, and brand!
-day shall bear him best,
n my Gyneth's hand.
ir's daughter, when a bride,
ing a noble dower;
trath-Clyde and Reged wide,
risle town and tower.'
t you hear each valiant knight,
and squire that cried,
armour bright, and my courser
ht:
.ch day that a warrior's might

Then cloaks and caps of maintenance In haste aside they fling; The helmets glance, and gleams the lance, And the steel-weaved hauberks ring Small care had they of their peaceful array They might gather it that wolde: For brake and bramble glitter'd gay, With pearls and cloth of gold. XVII. "Within trumpet sound of the Table Round Were fifty champions free, And they all arise to fight that prize,— They all arise but three. Nor love's fond troth, nor wedlock's oath, One gallant could withhold, For priests will allow of a broken vow, For penance or for gold. But sigh and glance from ladies bright Among the troop were thrown, To plead their right, and true-love plight, And 'plain of honour flown. The knights they busied them so fast, With buckling spur and belt, That sigh and look, by ladies cast, Were neither seen nor felt. From pleading, or upbraiding glance, Each gallant turns aside, And only thought, 'If speeds my lance, A queen becomes my bride! She has fair Strath-Clyde, and Reged wide, And Carlisle tower and town; She is the loveliest maid, beside,

"The champions, arm'd in martial sort,
Have throng'd into the list,
And but three knights of Arthur's court
Are from the tourney miss'd.
And still these lovers' fame survives
For faith so constant shown, —
There were two who loved their neighbours' wives,
And one who loved his own.

And one who loved his own.
The first was Lancelot de Lac,
The second Tristrem bold,
The third was valiant Carodac,
Who won the cup of gold,

That ever heir'd a crown.'
So in haste their coursers they bestride.

And strike their visors down.

What time, of all King Arthur's crew, (Thereof came jeer and laugh,) He, as the mate of lady true,

Alone the cup could quaff.

Though envy's tongue would fain surmise, That, but for very shame,

Sir Carodac, to fight that prize,
Had given both cup and dame;
Yet, since but one of that fair court
Was true to wedlock's shrine,

Brand him who will with base report, He shall be free from mine.

XIX.

"Now caracol'd the steeds in air,
Now plumes and pennons wanton'd fair,
As all around the lists so wide
In panoply the champions ride.
King Arthur saw, with startled eye,
The flower of chivalry march by,
The bulwark of the Christian creed,
The kingdom's shield in hour of need.
Too late he thought him of the woe
Might from their civil conflict flow;
For well he knew they would not part
Till cold was many a gallant heart.
His hasty vow he 'gan to rue,
And Gyneth then apart he drew;
To her his leading-staff resign'd,
But added caution grave and kind.

XX.

"'Thou see'st, my child, as promisebound,

I bid the trump for tourney sound. Take thou my warder, as the queen And umpire of the martial scene; But mark thou this: - as Beauty bright Is polar star to valiant knight, As at her word his sword he draws, His fairest guerdon her applause, So gentle maid should never ask Of knighthood vain and dangerous task; And Beauty's eyes should ever be Like the twin stars that soothe the sea, And Beauty's breath shall whisper peace, And bid the storm of battle cease. I tell thee this, lest all too far These knights urge tourney into war, Blithe at the trumpet let them go, And fairly counter blow for blow ;-

No striplings these, who succour need For a razed helm or falling steed. But, Gyneth, when the strile grows war. And threatens death or deadly harm, Thy sire entreats, thy king communication of the warder from thy hand Trust thou thy father with thy fate, Doubt not he choose thee fitting min Nor be it said, through Gyneth's price A rose of Arthur's chaplet died."

XXI.

"A proud and discontented glow O'ershadow'd Gyneth's brow of snow

She put the warder by:—
'Reserve thy boon, my liege,' she sa
'Thus chaffer'd down and limited,
Debased and narrow'd for a maid

Of less degree than I. No petty chief, but holds his heir At a more honour'd price and rare

Than Britain's King holds me! Although the sun-burn'd maid, for dow Has but her father's rugged tower,

His barren hill and lee.'
King Arthur swore, 'By crown a

sword,
As belted knight and Britain's lord,
That a whole summer's day should str
His knights, the bravest knights alive!'
'Recall thine oath! and to her glen
Poor Gyneth can return agen;
Not on thy daughter will the stain,
That soils thy sword and crown, rema
But think not she will e'er be bride
Save to the bravest, proved and tried
Pendragon's daughter will not fear

For clashing sword or splinter'd spen Nor shrink though blood show flow;

And all too well sad Guendolen Hath taught the faithlessness of men. That child of hers should pity, when Their meed they undergo,

XXIL

"He frown'd and sigh'd, the Monar bold:-

⁴ I give—what I may not withhold; For, not for danger, dread, or death, Must British Arthur break his faith. e I mark, thy mother's art ught thee this relentless part. her not, for she had wrong, to these my faults belong. en, the warder as thou wilt; it me, that, if life be spilt, ur's love, in Arthur's grace, shall lose a daughter's place.' at he turn'd his head aside, ok'd to gaze upon her pride, h the truncheon raised, she sate itress of mortal fate: ok'd to mark, in ranks disposed, e bold champions stood opposed, ill the trumpet-flourish fell is ear like passing bell! at from sight of martial fray tain's hero turn away.

XXIII.

yneth heard the clangour high, s the hawk the partridge cry. ne her not! the blood was hers, the trumpet's summons stirs !n the gentlest female eye ne brave strife of chivalry vhile untroubled view; accomplish'd was each knight, e and to defend in fight, eeting was a goodly sight, ile plate and mail held true. ts with painted plumes were ne wind at random thrown, and breastplate bloodless shone, d their feather'd crests alone ould this encounter rue. er, as the combat grows, mpet's cheery voice arose, k's shrill song the flourish flows, vhile the gale of April blows : merry greenwood through. XXIV.

on to earnest grew their game, irs drew blood, the swords struck ame, orse and man, to ground there ights, who shall rise no more! is the pride the war that graced, lds were cleft, and crests defaced,

And steel coats riven, and helms unbraced,

And pennons stream'd with gore. Gone, too, were fence and fair array, And desperate strength made deadly way At random through the bloody fray, And blows were dealt with headlong

sway, Unheeding where they fell; And now the trumpet's clamours seem Like the shrill sea-bird's wailing scream. Heard o'er the whirpool's gulfing stream, The sinking seaman's knell!

XXV.

"Seem'd in this dismal hour, that Fate Would Camlan's ruin antedate. And spare dark Mordred's crime;

Already gasping on the ground Lie twenty of the Table Round,

Of chivalry the prime. Arthur, in anguish, tore away From head and beard his tresses gray, And she, proud Gyneth, felt dismay,

And quaked with ruth and fear; But still she deem'd her mother's shade Hung o'er the tumult, and forbade The sign that had the slaughter staid,

And chid the rising tear. Then Brunor, Taulas, Mador, fell, Helias the White, and Lionel,

And many a champion more: Rochemont and Dinadam are down. And Ferrand of the Forest Brown

Lies gasping in his gore. Vanoc, by mighty Morolt press'd Even to the confines of the list, Young Vanoc of the beardless face, (Fame spoke the youth of Merlin's race.) O'erpower'd at Gyneth's footstool bled, His heart's-blood dyed her sandals red. But then the sky was overcast, Then howl'd at once a whirlwind's blast,

And, rent by sudden throes, Yawn'd in mid lists the quaking earth, And from the gulf,—tremendous birth !-The form of Merlin rose.

XXVI.

"Sternly the Wizard Prophet eyed The dreary lists with slaughter dyed,

And sternly raised his hand :-'Madmen,' he said, 'your strife forbear! And thou, fair cause of mischief, hear The doom thy fates demand! Long shall close in stony sleep Eves for ruth that would not weep; Iron lethargy shall seal Heart that pity scorn'd to feel. Yet, because thy mother's art Warp'd thine unsuspicious heart, And for love of Arthur's race, Punishment is blent with grace, Thou shalt bear thy penance lone In the valley of Saint John, And this weird * shall overtake thee; Sleep, until a knight shall wake thee, For feats of arms as far renown'd As warrior of the Table Round. Long endurance of thy slumber Well may teach the world to number All their woes from Gyneth's pride, When the Red Cross champions died."

XXVII.

"As Merlin speaks, on Gyneth's eye Slumber's load begins to lie; Fear and anger vainly strive Still to keep its light alive. Twice, with effort and with pause, O'er her brow her hand she draws; Twice her strength in vain she tries, From the fatal chair to rise; . Merlin's magic doom is spoken. Vanoe's death must now be wroken. Slow the dark-fringed eyelids fall, Curtaining each azure ball, Slowly as on summer eves Violets fold their dusky leaves. The weighty baton of command Now bears down her sinking hand, On her shoulder droops her head; Net of pearl and golden thread, Bursting, gave her locks to flow O'er her arm and breast of snow. And so lovely seem'd she there, Spell-bound in her ivory chair, That her angry sire, repenting, Craved stern Merlin for relenting, And the champions, for her sake, Would again the contest wake;

. Doom.

Till, in necromantic night, Gyneth vanish'd from their sight.

XXVIII.

"Still she bears her weird alone, In the Valley of Saint John; And her semblance oft will seem, Mingling in a champion's dream, Of her weary lot to 'plain, And crave his aid to burst her chain While her wondrous tale was new. Warriors to her rescue drew, East and west, and south and north From the Liffy, Thames, and Forth Most have sought in vain the glen, Tower nor castle could they ken; Not at every time or tide, Nor by every eye, descried. Fast and vigil must be borne, Many a night in watching worn, Ere an eye of mortal powers Can discern those magic towers. Of the persevering few, Some from hopeless task withdrew, When they read the dismal threat Graved upon the gloomy gate. Few have braved the vawning door, And those few return'd no more. In the lapse of time forgot, Wellnigh lost is Gyneth's lot; Sound her sleep as in the tomb, Till waken'd by the trump of doom."

End of Lyulph's Tale.

IIERE pause, my tale; for all too so My Lucy, comes the hour of noon. Already from thy lofty dome its courtly inmates 'gin to roam, And each, to kill the goodly day That God has granted them, his way Of lazy sauntering has sought;

Lordlings and witlings not a few Incapable of doing aught,

Yet ill at ease with nought to do Here is no longer place for me;

For, Lucy, thou wouldst blush to set Some phantom, fashionably thin,

And lounging gape, or sneering gr Steal sudden on our privacy.

With limb of lath and kerchief deh

ow should I, so humbly born, e the graceful spectre's scorn? ill, I fear, while conjuring wand glish oak is hard at hand.

II.

nt the hour be all too soon essian boot and pantaloon, rant the lounger seldom strays d the smooth and gravell'd maze, we the gods, that Fashion's train hearts of more adventurous strain. are hers, who scorn to trace rules from Nature's boundless grace, eir right paramount assert it her by pedant art, ing whate'er of vast and fair is a canvass three feet square. nicket, for their gumption fit, irnish such a happy bit. too, are hers, wont to recite own sweet lays by waxen light, i the salver's tingle drown'd, the chasse-café glides around; 1ch may hither secret stray, our an extempore: rtsman, with his boisterous hollo, ere his wiser spaniel follow, ge-struck Juliet may presume ose this bower for tiring-room; e alike must shun regard, painter, player, sportsman, bard. that skim in Fashion's sky, blue-bottle, or butterfly, have all alarms for us, can hum and all can buzz.

III.

, my Lucy, say how long ll must dread this trifling throng, oop to hide, with coward art, muine feelings of the heart! rents thir e. whose just command I rule their child's obedient hand; lardians, with contending voice, ach his individual choice. hich is Lucy's?—Can it be uny fop, trimm'd cap-a-pee, oves in the saloon to show ms that never knew a foe;

Whose sabre trails along the ground,
Whose legs in shapeless boots are
drown'd;
A new Achilles, sure,—the steel
Fled from his breast to fence his heel;
One, for the simple manly grace
That wont to deck our martial race,
Who comes in foreign trashery
Of tinkling chain and spur,
A walking haberdashery,
Of feathers, lace, and fur:
In Rowley's antiquated phrase,

IV.

Horse-milliner of modern days?

Or is it he, the wordy youth,
So early train'd for statesman's part,
Who talks of honour, faith and truth,
As themes that he has got by heart;
Whose ethics Chesterfield can teach,
Whose logic is from Single-speech;
Who scorns the meanest thought to vent,
Save in the phrase of Parliament;
Who, in a tale of cat and mouse,
Calls "order," and "divides the house,"
Who "craves permission to reply,"
Whose "noble friend is in his eye;"
Whose loving tender some have reckon'd
A motion, you should gladly second?

v

What, neither? Can there be a third, To such resistless swains preferr'd ?-O why, my Lucy, turn aside, With that quick glance of injured pride? Forgive me, love, I cannot bear That alter'd and resentful air. Were all the wealth of Russel mine, And all the rank of Howard's line, All would I give for leave to dry That dewdrop trembling in thine eye-Think not I fear such fops can wile From Lucy more than careless smile; But yet if wealth and high degree Give gilded counters currency, Must I not fear, when rank and birth Stamp the pure ore of genuine worth? Nobles there are, whose martial fires Rival the fame that raised their sires, And patriots, skill'd through storms of fate

To guide and guard the reeling state.

Such, such there are—If such should come,

Arthur must tremble and be dumb, Self-exiled seek some distant shore, And mourn till life and grief are o'er.

VI.

What sight, what signal of alarm, That Lucy clings to Arthur's arm? Or is it, that the rugged way Makes Beauty lean on lover's stay? Oh, no! for on the vale and brake, Nor sight nor sounds of danger wake, And this trim sward of velvet green, Were carpet for the Fairy Queen. That pressure slight was but to tell, That Lucy loves her Arthur well, And fain would banish from his mind Suspicious fear and doubt unkind.

VII

But wouldst thou bid the demons fly
Like mist before the dawning sky,
There is but one resistless spell—
Say, wilt thou guess, or must I tell?
'Twere hard to name, in minstrel phrase,
A landaulet and four blood-bays,
But hards agree this wizard band
Can but be bound in Northern land.
'Tis there—hay, draw not back thy
hand!—

'Tis there this slender finger round Must golden amulet be bound, Which, bless'd with many a holy prayer, Can change to rapture lovers' care, And doubt and jealousy shall die, And fears give place to ecstacy.

VIII.

Now, trust me, Lucy, all too long Has been thy lover's tale and song. O, why so silent, love, I pray? Have I not spoke the livelong day? And will not Lucy deign to say

One word her friend to bless?

I ask but one—a simple sound,
Within three little letters bound,
O, let the word be YES!

CANTO THIRD.

INTRODUCTION.

r.

Long loved, long woo'd, and lately My life's best hope, and now mine. Doth not this rude and Alpine gier Recall our favourite haunts agen? A wild resemblance we can trace. Though reft of every softer grace. As the rough warrior's brow may! A likeness to a sister fair. Full well advised our Highland ho That this wild pass on foot he creek.

Full well advised our Highland ho That this wild pass on foot be crow While round Ben-Cruach's mighty Wheel the slow steeds and line chaise.

The keen old carle, with Scottish p
He praised his glen and mountains w
An eye he bears for nature's face,
Ay, and for woman's lovely grace.
Even in such mean degree we find
The subtle Scot's observing mind;
For, nor the chariot nor the train
Could gape of vulgar wonder gain,
But when old Allan would expound
Of Beal-na-paish * the Celtic sound
His bonnet doff'd, and bow, applie
His legend to my bonny bride;
While Lucy blush'd beneath his cy
Courteous and cautious, shrewd am

II.

Enough of him.—Now, ere we lost Plunged in the vale, the distant vie Turn thee, my love! look back once To the blue lake's retiring shore. On its smooth breast the shadow a Like objects in a morning dream, What time the slumberer is aware He sleeps, and all the vision's air: Even so, on yonder liquid lawn. In hues of bright reflection drawn, Distinct the shaggy mountains he, Distinct the rocks, distinct the sky The summer-clouds so plain we not That we might count each dappled. We gaze and we admire, yet know The scene is all delusive show.

^{*} Beal-na-paish, the Vale of the Bridal

ns of bliss would Arthur draw, his Lucy's form he saw; and sicken'd as he drew, they could e'er prove true!

, turn thee now, to view e fair glen, our destined way: path that we pursue, h'd but by greener hue, s round the purple brae, oine flowers of varied dye t serve, or tapestry. he little runnels leap, of silver, down the steep, vell the brooklet's moan! t the Highland Naiad grieves, while her crown she weaves, birch, and alder leaves, vely, and so lone. illusion there; these flowers, ng brook, these lovely bowers, Lucy, all our own; thine Arthur call'd thee wife, is the prospect of his life, oath, on-winding still, ng brook and sloping hill. that mortals cannot tell ts them in the distant dell; hap, or be it harm, the pathway arm in arm.

, my Lucy, wot'st thou why ly bidding twice deny, ice you pray'd I would again he legendary strain ld knight of Triermain? yon peevish vow you swore, would sue to me no more. minstrel fit drew near. e me prize a listening ear. liest, when thou first didst pray nce of the knightly lay, ot on the happy day : made thy hand mine own? izzied with mine ecstacy, east, or present, or to be, or think on, hear, or see, Lucy, thee alone! draught my rapture was, :hemist's magic gas.

Again the summons I denied In yon fair capital of Clyde: My Harp—or let me rather choose The good old classic form-my Muse, (For Harp's an over-scutched phrase, Worn out by bards of modern days,) My Muse, then-seldom will she wake, Save by dim wood and silent lake: She is the wild and rustic Maid. Whose foot unsandall'd loves to tread Where the soft greensward is inlaid

With varied moss and thyme; And, lest the simple lily-braid, That coronets her temples, fade She hides her still in greenwood shade, To meditate her rhyme.

VI.

And now she comes! The murmur dear Of the wild brook hath caught her ear, The glade hath won her eye; She longs to join with each blithe rill That dances down the Highland hill,

Her blither melody. And now, my Lucy's way to cheer. She bids Ben-Cruach's echoes hear How closed the tale, my love whilere

Loved for its chivalry. List how she tells, in notes of flame, "Child Roland to the dark tower came!"

CANTO THIRD.

BEWCASTLE now must keep the Hold, Speir-Adam's steeds must bide in stall, Of Hartley-burn the bowmen bold Must only shoot from battled wall; And Liddesdale may buckle spur, And Teviot now may belt the brand, Taras and Ewes keep nightly stir, And Eskdale foray Cumberland. Of wasted fields and plundered flocks The Borderers bootless may complain; They lack the sword of brave De Vaux, There comes no aid from Triermain. That lord, on high adventure bound, Hath wander'd forth alone,

And day and night keeps watchful round In the valley of Saint John.

. . 2

11.

When first began his vigil bold, The moon twelve summer nights was old, And shone both fair and full;

High in the vault of cloudless blue, O'er streamlet, dale, and rock, she threw Her light composed and cool.

Stretch'd on the brown hill's heathy

breast, Sir Roland eyed the vale : Chief where, distinguish'd from the rest, Those clustering rocks uprear'd their

The dwelling of the fair distress'd, As told gray Lyulph's tale. Thus as he lay, the lamp of night

Was quivering on his armour bright, In beams that rose and fell, And danced upon his buckler's boss, That lay beside him on the moss,

As on a crystal well.

III

Ever he watch'd, and oft he deem'd, While on the mound the moonlight stream'd.

It alter'd to his eyes; Fain would he hopetherocks gan change To buttress'd walls their shapeless range, Fain think, by transmutation strange,

He saw gray turrets rise. But scarce his heart with hope throbb'd

high, Before the wild illusions fly,

Which fancy had conceived, Abetted by an anxious eye

That long'd to be deceived. It was a fond deception all, Such as, in solitary hall,

Beguiles the musing eye, When, gazing on the sinking fire, Bulwark, and battlement, and spire,

In the red gulf we spy. For, seen by moon of middle night, Or by the blaze of noontide bright, Or by the dawn of morning light,

Or evening's western flame, In every tide, at every hour, In mist, in sunshine, and in shower, The rocks remain'd the same.

Oft has he traced the charmed mou Off climb'd its crest, or paced it ros Yet nothing might explore,

Save that the crags so rudely piled At distance seen, resemblance wild

To a rough fortress bore. Yet still his watch the Warriot kee Feeds hard and spare, and seldom sle

And drinks but of the well ; Ever by day he walks the hill, And when the evening gale is chill,

He seeks a rocky cell, Like hermit poor to bid his bend, And tell his Ave and his Creed. Invoking every saint at need, For aid to burst his spell.

And now the moon her orb has hid And dwindled to a silver thread,

Dim seen in middle heaven, While o'er its curve careering fast, Before the fury of the blast

The midnight clouds are driver The brooklet raved, for on the hills The upland showers had swoln the r

And down the torrents came : Mutter'd the distant thunder dread, And frequent o'er the vale was spre

A sheet of lightning flame. De Vaux, within his mountain cave, (No human step the storm durst bra To moody meditation gave

Each faculty of soul, Till, lull'd by distant torrent sound, And the sad winds that whistled rou Upon his thoughts, in musing drow A broken slumber stole.

'Twas then was heard a heavy sound (Sound, strange and fearful there hear.

'Mongst desert hills, where, leag around,

Dwelt but the gorcock and the dee As, starting from his couch of fern, Again he heard in clangor stern, That deep and solemn swell,

e times, in measured tone, it spoke, ome proud minster's pealing clock, or city's larum-bell.
thought was Roland's first when fell,
t deep wilderness, the knell
Ipon his startled ear?
nder warrior were I loth,
ust I hold my minstrel troth,—
: was a thought of fear.

VII.

vely was the mingled thrill chased that momentary chill, or Love's keen wish was there, ager Hope, and Valour high, he proud glow of Chivalry, hat burn'd to do and dare. from the cave the Warrior rush'd, ere the mountain-voice hush'd. hat answer'd to the knell; ng and far the unwonted sound, ng in echoes round and round, Vas toss'd from fell to fell; Haramara answer flung, Frisdale-pike responsive rung, egbert heights their echoes swung, is far as Derwent's dell.

VIII.

upon trackless darkness gazed night, bedeafen'd and amazed, ill all was hush'd and still, he swoln torrent's sullen roar, he night-blast that wildly bore s course along the hill. on the northern sky there came it, as of reflected flame, nd over Legbert-head, by magic art controll'd hty meteor slowly roll'd s orb of fiery red; wouldst have thought some demon mounted on that car of fire. o do his errand dread. 1 the sloping valley's course, icket, rock, and torrent hoarse, le and Scrae, and Felland Force, + . dusky light arose :

ank of loose stones. † Waterfall.

Display'd, yet alter'd was the scene; Dark rock, and brook of silver sheen, Even the gay thicket's summer green, In bloody tincture glows.

IX.

De Vaux had mark'd the sunbeams set, At eve. upon the coronet

Of that enchanted mound, And seen but crags at random flung, That, o'er the brawling torrent hung, In desolation frown'd.

What sees he by that meteor's lour?—A banner'd Castle, keep, and tower,

Return the lurid gleam, With battled walls and buttress fast, And barbican ‡ and ballium § vast, And airy flanking towers, that cast

Their shadows on the stream.
'Tis no deceit! distinctly clear
Crenell || and parapet appear,
While o'er the pile that meteor drear
Makes momentary page:

Makes momentary pause;
Then forth its solemn path it drew,
And fainter yet and fainter grew
Those gloomy towers upon the view,
As its wild light withdraws.

X.

Forth from the cave did Roland rush, O'er crag and stream, through briar and bush;

Yet far he had not sped, Ere sunk was that portentous light Behind the hills, and utter night Was on the valley spread.

He paused perforce, and blew his horn, And, on the mountain-echoes borne, Was heard an answering sound,

A wild and lonely trumpet note,—
In middle air it seem'd to float
High o'er the battled mound;

And sounds were heard, as when a guard Of some proud castle, holding ward,

Pace forth their nightly round. The valiant Knight of Triermain Rung forth his challenge-blast again, But answer came there none;

† The outer defence of the castle gate, § Fortified court.

§ Apertures for shooting arrows.

And 'mid the mingled wind and rain, Darkling he sought the vale in vain,

Until the dawning shone; And when it dawn'd, that wondrous sight Distinctly seen by meteor light, It all had pass'd away!

And that enchanted mount once more A pile of granite fragments bore, As at the close of day.

Steel'd for the deed, De Vaux's heart Scorn'd from his vent'rous quest to part,

He walks the vale once more; But only sees, by night or day, That shatter'd pile of rocks so gray,

Hears but the torrent's roar. Till when, through hills of azure borne, The moon renew'd her silver horn, Just at the time her waning ray Had faded in the dawning day,

A summer mist arose; Adown the vale the vapours float, And cloudy undulations moat That tufted mound of mystic note,

As round its base they close, And higher now the fleecy tide Ascends its stern and shaggy side,

Until the airy billows hide The rock's majestic isle; It seem'd a veil of filmy lawn, By some fantastic fairy drawn Around enchanted pile.

The breeze came softly down the brook, And, sighing as it blew, The veil of silver mist it shook, And to De Vaux's eager look

Renew'd that wondrous view. For, though the loitering vapour braved The gentle breeze, yet oft it waved

Its mantle's dewy fold; And still, when shook that filmy screen, Were towers and bastions dimly seen, And Gothic battlements between

Their gloomy length unroll'd. Speed, speed, De Vaux, ere on thine eye Once more the fleeting vision die!

-The gallant knight can speed As prompt and light as, when the hound Is opening, and the horn is wound, Careers the hunter's steed.

Down the steep dell his course amai Hath rivall'd archer's shaft a But ere the mound he could attain,

The rocks their shapeless form regal And, mocking loud his labour vain. The mountain spirits laugh'd. Far up the echoing dell was borne Their wild unearthly shout of scorn.

XIII.

Wroth wax'd the Warrior .- "Am I ti Fool'd by the enemies of men, Like a poor hind, whose homeward w Is baunted by malicious fay? Is Triermain become your taunt, De Vaux your scorn? False fien

A weighty curtal-axe he bare; The baleful blade so bright and sour And the tough shaft of heben wood Were oft in Scottish gore imbruid. Backward his stately form he drew, And at the rocks the weapon threw, Just where one crag's projected trest Hung proudly balanced o'er the rest. Hurl'd with main force, the wmps shock

Rent a huge fragment of the rock. If by mere strength, 'twere hard to te Or if the blow dissolved some spell, But down the headlong ruin came, With cloud of dust and flash of flan Down bank, o'er bush, its course

borne, Crush'd lay the copse, the earth w

Till staid at length, the ruin dread Cumber'd the torrent's rocky bed, And bade the waters' high-swoln tide Seek other passage for its pride.

When ceased that thunder, Trierman Survey'd the mound's rude front aga And, lo! the ruin had laid bare, Hewn in the stone, a winding stair, Whose moss'd and fractured steps mig

The means the summit to ascend ; And by whose aid the brave De Van Began to scale these magic rocks,

And soon a platform woo.

three lances' length arose he Castle of Saint John! sty phantom of the air, teor-blazon'd show was there; rning splendour, full and fair, he massive fortress shone.

XV.

ttled high and proudly tower'd, d by pond'rous flankers, lower'd he portal's gloomy way. th for six hundred years and more, ength had brook'd the tempest's roar. atcheon'd emblems which it bore [ad suffer'd no decay: om the eastern battlement et had made sheer descent, down in recent ruin rent, 1 the mid torrent lay. o'er the Castle's brow sublime, s of violence or of time infelt had pass'd away. peless characters of yore, ate this stern inscription bore :-

XVL

Inscription.

ence waits the destined day. th can clear the cumber'd way. or, who hast waited long, of soul, of sinew strong, iven to thee to gaze e pile of ancient days mortal builder's hand enduring fabric plann'd; and sigil, word of power, the earth raised keep and tower. it o'er, and pace it round, art, turret, battled mound. no more! To cross the gate to tamper with thy fate; gth and fortitude were vain, it o'er-and turn again."-

XVII.

it would I," said the Warrior bold, nat my frame were bent and old, ny thin blood dropp'd slow and cold as icicle in thaw; But while my heart can feel it dance, Blithe as the sparkling wine of France, And this good arm wields sword or lance,

I mock these words of awe!"
He said; the wicket felt the sway
Of hisstrong hand, and straight gave way,
And, with rude crash and jarring bray,

The rusty bolts withdraw;
But o'er the threshold as he strode,
And forward took the vaulted road,
An unseen arm, with force amain,
The ponderous gate flung close again,

And rusted bolt and bar Spontaneous took their place once more, While the deep arch with sullen roar

Return'd their surly jar.

"Now closed is the gin and the prey within

By the Rood of Lanercost!
But he that would win the war-wolf's skin,

May rue him of his boast."
Thus muttering, on the Warrior went,
By dubious light down steep descent.

XVIII.

Unbarr'd, unlock'd, unwatch'd, a port Led to the Castle's outer court: There the main fortress, broad and tall, Spread its long range of bower and hall,

And towers of varied size, Wrought with each ornament extreme, That Gothic art, in wildest dream

Of fancy, could devise;
But full between the Warrior's way
And the main portal arch, there lay
An inner moat;

Nor bridge nor boat
Affords De Vaux the means to cross
The clear, profound, and silent fosse.
His arms aside in haste he flings,
Cuirass of steel and hauberk rings,
And down falls helm, and down the
shield,

Rough with the dints of many a field. Fair was his manly form, and fair His keen dark eye, and close curl'd hair, When, all unarm'd, save that the brand Of well-proved metal graced his hand, With nought to fence his dauntless breast But the close gipon's under-vest,

*A sort of doublet, worn beneath the armour.

Whose sullied buff the sable stains Of hauberk and of mail retains, — Roland De Vaux upon the brim Of the broad moat stood prompt to swim.

XIX.

Accounted thus he dared the tide, And soon he reach'd the farther side, And enter'd soon the Hold,

And paced a hall, whose walls so wide Were blazon'd all with feats of pride, By warrior's done of old.

In middle lists they counter'd here, While trumpets seem'd to blow; And there, in den or desert drear,

They quell'd gigantic foe, Braved the fierce griffon in his ire, Or faced the dragon's breath of fire. Strange in their arms, and strange in face, Heroes they seem'd of ancient race, Whose deeds of arms, and race, and name, Forgotten long by later fame,

Were here depicted, to appal Those of an age degenerate, Whose bold intrusion braved their fate

In this enchanted hall.

For some short space, the venturous knight

With these high marvels fed his sight, Then sought the chamber's upper end, Where three broad easy steps ascend

To an arch'd portal door, In whose broad folding leaves of state Was framed a wicket window-grate,

And ere he ventured more, The gallant Knight took earnest view The grated wicket-window through.

XX.

O, for his arms! Of martial weed Had never mortal Knight such need!— He spied a stately gallery; all Of snow-white marble was the wall,

The vaulting, and the floor; And, contrast strange! on either hand There stood array'd in sable band

Four Maids whom Afric bore; And each a Lybian tiger led, Held by as bright and frail a thread As Lucy's golden hair,

For the leash that bound these monsters dread Was but of gossamer, Each Maiden's short barbaric vest Left all unclosed the knee and breast

And limbs of shapely jet; White was their vest and turban's fo On arms and ankles rings of gold

In savage pomp were set; A quiver on their shoulders lay, And in their hand an assagay. Such and so silent stood they there,

That Roland wellnigh hoped He saw a band of statues rare, Station'd the gazer's soul to scare;

But, when the wicket oped, Each grisly beast 'gan upward draw, Roll'd his grim eye, and spread his cla Scented the air, and lick d his jaw; While these weird Maids, in Moor

A wild and dismal warning sung-

XXL

"Rash Adventurer, bear thee back! Dread the spell of Dahomay! Fear the race of Zaharak," Daughters of the burning day!

"When the whirlwind's gusts are when

Ours it is the dance to braid;
Zarah's sands in pillars reeling.
Join the measure that we tread,
When the Moon has donn'd her clost
And the stars are red to see,
Shrill when pipes the sad Siroc,
Music meet for such as we.

"Where the shatter'd columns lie, Showing Carthage once had been, If the wandering Santon's eye Our mysterious rites hath seen,—

Oft he cons the prayer of death,
To the nations preaches doom,
'Azrael's brand hath left the sheath!
Moslems, think upon the tomb!"

"Ours the scorpion, ours the snake, Ours the hydra of the fen, Ours the tiger of the brake, All that plagues the sons of men.

*Zaharak or Zaharah is the Arab name the Great Desert. e tempest's midnight wrack, lence that wastes by day the race of Zaharak! the spell of Dahomay!"

XXII.

h and strange the accents shrill those vaulted roofs among, : was ere, faint and still, the far-resounding song vet the distant echoes roll. arrior communed with his soul. ien first I took this venturous quest, wore upon the rood, · to stop, nor turn, nor rest, r evil or for good. ward path too well I ween, nder fearful ranks between; n unarm'd, 'tis bootless hope gers and with fiends to cope-I turn, what waits me there, mine dire and fell despair ?onclusion let me try, choose howe'er I list. I die. d, lies faith and knightly fame; , are perjury and shame. or death I hold my word!" 12t he drew his trusty sword, down a banner from the wall, tered thus the fearful hall.

XXIII.

h each wayward Maiden threw arthy arm, with wild halloo! er side a tiger sprung—the leftward foe he flung dy banner, to engage ingling folds the brutal rage; ht-hand monster in mid air ck so fiercely and so fair, h gullet and through spinal bone, nchant blade hath sheerly gone. It is brethren ramp'd and yell'd, slight leash their rage withheld, 'twixt their ranks, the dangerous oad

though swift, the champion strode. the gallery's bound he drew, ss'd an open portal through;

And when against pursuit he flung The gate, judge if the echoes rung! Onward his daring course he bore, While, mix'd with dying growl and roar, Wild jubilee and loud hurra Pursued him on his venturous way.

XXIV.

"Hurra, hurra! Our watch is done! We hail once more the tropic sun. Pallid beams of northern day, Farewell, farewell! Hurra, hurra!

"Five hundred years o'er this cold glen Hath the pale sun come round agen; Foot of man, till now, hath ne'er Dared to cross the Hall of Fear.

"Warrior! thou, whose dauntless heart Gives us from our ward to part, Be as strong in future trial, Where resistance is denial.

"Now for Afric's glowing sky, Zwenga wide and Atlas high, Zaharak and Dahomay!—— Mount the winds! Hurra, hurra!"

xxv.

The wizard song at distance died,
As if in ether borne astray,
While through waste halls and chambers
wide

The Knight pursued his steady way, Till to a lofty dome he came,
That flash'd with such a brilliant flame,
As if the wealth of all the world
Were there in rich confusion hurl'd.
For here the gold, in sandy heaps,
With duller earth incorporate, sleeps;
Was there in ingots piled, and there
Coin'd badge of empery it bare;
Yonder, huge bars of silver lay,
Dimm'd by the diamond's neighbouring

Like the pale moon in morning day; And in the midst four Maidens stand, The daughters of some distant land. Their hue was of the dark-red dye, That fringes oft a thunder sky; Their hands palmetto baskets bare, And cotton fillets bound their hair; Slim was their form, their mien was shy, To earth they bent the humbled eye, Folded their arms, and suppliant kneel'd, And thus their proffer'd gifts reveal'd.

XXVI.

CHORUS.

"See the treasures Merlin piled, Portion meet for Arthur's child. Bathe in Wealth's unbounded stream, Wealth that Avarice ne'er could dream!"

FIRST MAIDEN.

"See these clots of virgin gold! Sever'd from the sparry mould, Nature's mystic alchemy In the mine thus bade them lie; And their orient smile can win Kings to stoop, and saints to sin."-

SECOND MAIDEN.

"See these pearls, that long have slept; These were tears by Naiads wept For the loss of Marinel. Tritons in the silver shell Treasured them, till hard and white As the teeth of Amphitrite."—

THIRD MAIDEN.

"Does a livelier hue delight? Here are rubies blazing bright, Here the emerald's fairy green, And the topaz glows between; Here their varied hues unite, In the changeful chrysolite."—

FOURTH MAIDEN.

"Leave these gems of poorer shine, Leave them all, and look on mine! While their glories I expand, Shade thine eyebrows with thy hand. Mid-day sun and diamond's blaze Blind the rash beholder's gaze."—

CHORUS.

"Warrior, seize the splendid store; Would 'twere all our mountains bore! We should ne'er in future story, Read, Peru, thy perish'd glory!"

XXVII.

Calmly and unconcern'd, the Knight Waved aside the treasures bright"Gentle Maidens, rise, I prny!
Bar not thus my destined way.
Let these boasted brilliant mys
Braid the hair of girls and boys!
Bid your streams of gold expand
O'er proud London's thirsty land.
De Vaux of wealth saw never need,
Save to purvey him arms and steed,
And all the ore he deign'd to hourd
Inlays his helm, and bilts his swan!"
Thus gently parting from their bold,
He left, unmoved, the dome of gold.

XXVIII.

And now the morning sun was high, De Vaux was weary, faint, and dry; When, lo! a plashing sound he hear A gladsome signal that he nears

Some frolic water-run; And soon he reach'd a court-yard squa Where, dancing in the sultry air, Toss'd high aloft, a fountain fair

Was sparkling in the sun.
On right and left, a fair arcade,
In long perspective view display'd
Alleys and bowers, for sun or shade

But, full in front, a door.

Low-brow'd and dark, seem'd as it le

To the lone dwelling of the dead,

Whose memory was no more

XXIX.

Here stopp'd De Vaux an instant's space To bathe his parched lips and face, And mark'd with well-pleased en

Refracted on the fountain stream.
In rainbow hues the dazzling heam

Of that gay summer sky. His senses felt a mild control. Like that which lulls the weary soul,

From contemplation high Relaxing, when the ear receives The music that the greenwood leaves Make to the breezes' sigh.

XXX.

And oft in such a dreamy mood.

The half-shut eye can frame
Fair apparitions in the wond
As if the Nymphs of field and flood
In gay procession came:

Are these of such fantastic mould, Seen distant down the fair arcade, These Maids enlink'd in sister-fold,

These Maids enlink'd in sister-fold, Who, late at bashful distance staid, Now tripping from the greenwood shade,

Nearer the musing champion draw, And, in a pause of seeming awe, Again stand doubtful now?—

Ah, that sly pause of witching powers!
That seems to say, "To please be ours,
Be yours to tell us how."

Their hue was of the golden glow
That suns of Candahar bestow,
O'er which in slight suffusion flows
A frequent tinge of paly rose;
Their limbs were fashion'd fair and free,
In nature's justest symmetry;
And, wreathed with flowers, with odours

graced,
Their raven ringlets reach'd the waist:
In eastern pomp, its gilding pale
The hennah lent each shapely nail,
And the dark sumah gave the eye
More liquid and more lustrous dye.

In studied disarrangement, drawn The form and bosom o'er, To win the eye, or tempt the touch, For modesty show'd all too much—

The spotless veil of misty lawn,

Too much—yet promised more.

XXXI.

"Gentle Knight, a while delay,"
Thus they sung, "thy toilsome way,
While we pay the duty due
To our Master and to you.
Over Avarice, over Fear,
Love triumphant led thee here;
Warrior, list to us, for we
Are slaves to Love, are friends to thee.
Though no treasured gems have we,
To proffer on the bended knee,
Though we boast nor arm nor heart,
For the assagay or dart,
Swains allow each simple girl
Ruby lip and teeth of pearl;
Or, if dangers more you prize,
Flatterers find them in our eyes.

"Stay, then, gentle Warrior, stay, Rest till evening steal on day; Stay, O, stay!—in yonder bowers We will braid thy locks with flowers, Spread the feast and fill the wine, Charm thy ear with sounds divine, Weave our dances till delight Yield to languor, day to night. Then shall she you most approve, Sing the lays that best you love, Soft thy mossy couch shall spread, Watch thy pillow, prop thy head, Till the weary night be o'er—Gentle Warrior, wouldst thou more? Wouldst thou more, fair Warrior,—si Is slave to Love and slave to thee."

XXXII.

O, do not hold it for a crime In the bold hero of my rhyme, For Stoic look, And meet rebuke. He lack'd the heart or time; As round the band of sirens trip, He kiss'd one damsel's laughing lip, And press'd another's proffer'd hand, Spoke to them all in accents bland, But broke their magic circle through; "Kind Maids," he said, "adieu, adieu My fate, my fortune, forward lies." He said, and vanish'd from their eyes But, as he dared that darksome way, Still heard behind their lovely lay: "Fair Flower of Courtesy, depart! Go, where the feelings of the heart With the warm pulse in concord move Go, where Virtue sanctions Love!"

XXXIII.

Downward De Vaux through darl some ways And ruin'd vaults has gone. Till issue from their wilder'd maze,

Or safe retreat, seem'd none, —
And e'en the dismal path he strays
Grew worse as he went on.

For cheerful sun, for living air,
Foul vapours rise and mine-fires glare,
Whose fearful light the dangers show?
That dogg'd him on that dreadful roac
Deep pits, and lakes of waters dun,
They show'd, but show'd not how t
shun.

These scenes of desolate despair, These smothering clouds of poison'd air, How gladly had De Vaux exchanged, Though'twere to face yon tigers ranged!

Nay, soothful bards have said, So perilous his state seem'd now, He wish'd him under arbour bough

With Asia's willing maid.
When, joyful sound! at distance near
A trumpet flourish'd loud and clear,
And as it ceased, a lofty lay
Seem'd thus to chide his lagging way.

XXXIV.

"Son of Honour, theme of story, Think on the reward before ye! Danger, darkness, toil despise; 'Tis Ambition bids thee rise.

"He that would her heights ascend, Many a weary step must wend; Hand and foot and knee he tries; Thus Ambition's minions rise.

"Lag not now, though rough the way, Fortune's mood brooks no delay.; Grasp the boon that's spread before ye, Monarch's power, and Conqueror's glory!"

It ceased. Advancing on the sound, A steep ascent the Wanderer found,

And then a turret stair:
Nor climb'd he far its steepy round
Till fresher blew the air,

And next a welcome glimpse was given, That cheer'd him with the light of heaven.

At length his toil had won
A lofty hall with trophies dress'd
Where, as to greet imperial guest,
Four Maidens stood, whose crimson vest
Was bound with golden zone.

XXXV.

Of Europe seem'd the damsels all; The first a nymph of lively Gaul, Whose easy step and laughing eye Her borrow'd air of awe belie;

The next a maid of Spain,
Dark-eyed, dark-hair'd, sedate, yet bold;
White ivory skin and tress of gold,
Her shy and bashful comrade told
For daughter of Almaine.

These maidens bore a royal robe, With crown, with sceptre, and with globe Emblems of empery;

The fourth a space behind them stood And leant upon a harp, in mood

Of minstrel ecstacy.
Of merry England she, in dress
Like ancient British Draidess,
Her hair an azure fillet bound,
Her graceful vesture swept the groun

And, in her hand display'd, A crown did that fourth Maiden hold, But unadorn'd with gems and gold, Of glossy laurel made.

XXXVI.

At once to brave De Vaux knelt down These foremost Maidens three, And proffer'd sceptre, robe, and crown Liegedom and seignorie,

O'er many a region wide and fair, Destined, they said, for Arthur's heir; But homage would he none;—

"Rather," hesaid, "De Vaux would ride A Warden of the Border-side, In plate and mail, than, robed in pride

A monarch's empire own : Rather, far rather, would he be A free-born knight of England free.

Than sit on Despot's throne."
So pass'd he on, when that fourth Maid
As starting from a trance,

Upon the harp her finger laid; Her magic touch the chords obey'd, Their soul awaked at once!

SONG OF THE FOURTH MAIDEN.

"Quake to your foundations deep, Stately Towers, and Banner'd Keep Bid your vaulted echoes moun, As the dreaded step they own.

"Fiends, that wait on Merlin's spell Hear the foot-fall! mark it well! Spread your dusky wings abroad, Boune ye for your homeward road!

"It is HIS, the first who e'er Dared the dismal Hall of Fear; HIS, who hath the snares defied Spread by Fleasure, Wealth, and Pride ur foundations deep, and Turret steep! p! and totter, Tower! i's waking hour."

(XXVII.

sung, the venturous

wer, where milder light imson curtains fell; ade the hill receives, when twilight leaves estern swell. gazer to bewitch, store of rare and rich seen with eye; agic skill, I wis, ning that living is l in proper dye. leep-the timid hare ag upon his lair, er eyrie fair ne earth and sky. tured rich and rare laux's eye-glance, where, ng in the fatal chair, ing Arthur's child! ger, and dismay, had pass'd away, it fell tourney-day e slept, she smiled: the repentant Seer iany a hundred year le dreams beguiled.

XXXVIII.

naiden loveliness, ildhood and 'twixt youth, uir, that silvan dress, ankles bare, express h's tale the truth. garment's hem l made purple gem, er of command l her sleeping hand; locks dishevell'd flow earl o'er breast of snow; ie slumberer seems, x impeach'd his dreams, l void of might, ier charms from sight.

Motionless a while he stands,
Folds his arms and clasps his hands,
Trembling in his fitful joy,
Doubtful how he should destroy
Long-enduring spell;
Doubtful, too, when slowly rise
Dark-fringed lids of Gyneth's eyes,
What these eyes shall tell.—
"St George! St Mary! can it be,
That they will kindly look on me!"

XXXIX.

Gently, lo! the Warrior kneels, Soft that lovely hand he steals, Soft to kiss, and soft to clasp— But the warder leaves her grasp;

Lightning flashes, rolls the thunder!
Gyneth startles from her sleep,
Totters Tower, and trembles Keep,
Burst the Castle-walls asunder!

Fierce and frequent were the shocks,—
Melt the magic halls away;
—— But beneath their mystic rocks,
In the arms of bold De Vaux,
Safe the princess lay;

Safe and free from magic power, Blushing like the rose's flower Opening to the day;

And round the Champion's brows were bound

The crown that Druidess had wound,
Of the green laurel-bay.
And this was what remain'd of all
The wealth of each enchanted hall,
The Garland and the Dame:
But where should Warrior seek the meed,
Due to high worth for daring deed,
Except from Love and FAME!

CONCLUSION.

I.

My Lucy, when the Maid is won,
The Minstrel's task, thou know'st, is
done;

And to require of bard
That to his dregs the tale should run,
Were ordinance too hard.
Our lovers, briefly be it said,
Wedded as lovers wont to wed,
When tale or play is o'er;

Lived long and blest, loved fond and true,
And saw a numerous race renew
The honours that they bore.
Know, too, that when a pilgrim strays,
In morning mist or evening maze,
Along the mountain lone,
That fairy fortress often mocks
His gaze upon the castled rocks
Of the Valley of St. John;
But never man since brave De Vaux
The charmed portal won.
Tis now a vain illusive show,
That melts whene'er the sunbeams glow,

Or the fresh breeze hath blown.

But see, my love, where far below Our lingering wheels are moving slow, The whiles, up-gazing still, Our menials eye our steepy way, Marvelling, perchance, what whim can stay

Our steps, when eve is sinking gray, On this gigantic hill. So think the vulgar—Life and time. Ring all their joys in one dull chime Of luxury and ease;

And, O! beside these simple knaves, How many better born are slaves

To such coarse joys as these,—
Dead to the nobler sense that glows
When nature's grander scenes unclos
But, Lucy, we will love them yet,
The mountain's misty coronet,
The greenwood, and the wold;

The greenwood, and the wold; And love the more, that of their man Adventure high of other days

By ancient bards is told,
Bringing, perchance, like my poor a
Some moral truth in fiction's veil:
Nor love them less, that o'er the hill
The evening breeze, as now, cos
chill;—

My love shall wrap her warm, And, fearless of the slippery way, While safe she trips the heathy brae, Shall hang on Arthur's arm.



THE FIELD OF WATERLOO:

A POEM.

"Though Valois braved young Edward's gentle hand,
And Albert rush'd on Henry's way-worn band,
With Europe's chosen sons, in terms renown'd,
Yet not on Vere's bold archers long they look'd,
Nor Audley's squires nor Mowbray's yeomen brook'd,—
They saw their standard fall, and left their monarch bound."

AKENSIDE.

TO

HER GRACE

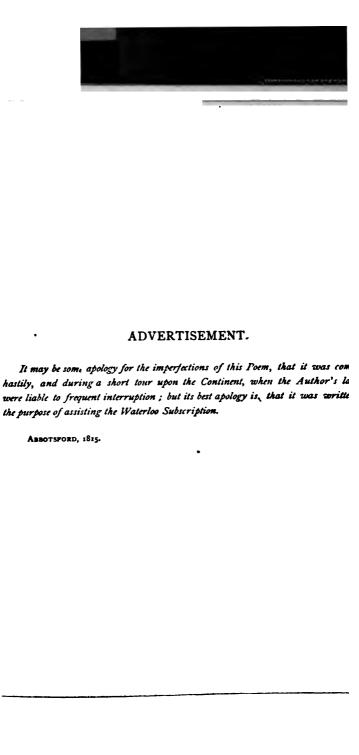
THE DUCHESS OF WELLINGTON,

Princess of Waterloo, &c. &c. &c.

THE FOLLOWING VERSES

ARE MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED BY

THE AUTHOR.



THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

ī.

FAIR Brussels, thou art far behind, Though, lingering on the morning wind, We yet may hear the hour

Peal'd over orchard and canal,

With voice prolong'd and measured fall, From proud St. Michael's tower; Thy wood, dark Soignies, holds us now, Where the tall beeches' glossy bough For many a league around,

With birch and darksome oak between, Spreads deep and far a pathless screen. Of tangled forest ground.

Stems planted close by stems defy The adventurous foot—the curious eye

For access seeks in vain; And the brown tapestry of leaves, Strew'd on the blighted ground, receives

Nor sun, nor air, nor rain. No opening glade dawns on our way,

No streamlet, glancing to the ray, Our woodland path has cross'd;

And the straight causeway which we tread.

Prolongs a line of dull arcade, Unvarying through the unvaried shade Until in distance lost.

TI.

A brighter, livelier scene succeeds; In groups the scattering wood recedes Hedge-rows, and huts, and sunny meads, And corn-fields glance between; The peasant, at his labour blithe,

Plies the hook'd staff and shorten'd scythe:-

But when these ears were green, Placed close within destruction's scope, Full little was that rustic's hope

Their ripening to have seen! And, lo, a hamlet and its fane:-Let not the gazer with disdain

Their architecture view;

For yonder rude ungraceful shrine, And disproportion'd spire, are thine, Immortal WATERLOO!

Fear not the heat, though full and hig The sun has scorch'd the autumn sky, And scarce a forest straggler now To shade us spreads a greenwood bough These fields have seen a hotter day Than e'er was fired by sunny ray. Yet one mile on—yon shatter'd hedge Crests the soft hill whose long smoot ridge

Looks on the field below, And sinks so gently on the dale, That not the folds of Beauty's veil In easier curves can flow.

Brief space from thence, the ground aga Ascending slowly from the plain,

Forms an opposing screen, Which, with its crest of upland groun-Shuts the horizon all around.

The soften'd vale between Slopes smooth and fair for courses tread:

Not the most timid maid need dread To give her snow-white palfrey head

On that wide stubble-ground; Nor wood, nor tree, nor bush, are ther Her course to intercept or scare,

Nor fosse nor fence are found, Save where, from out her shatter bowers.

Rise Hougomont's dismantled towers.

IV.

Now, see'st thou aught in this lone see Can tell of that which late hath been? A stranger might reply,

"The bare extent of stubble-plain Seems lately lighten'd of its grain; And yonder sable tracks remain Marks of the peasant's ponderous wain,

When harvest-home was nigh. On these broad spots of trampled ground, Perchance the rustics danced such round As Teniers loved to draw;

And where the earth seems scorch'd by

flame,

To dress the homely feast they came, And toil'd the kerchief'd village dame Around her fire of straw.

So deem'st thou—so each mortal deems, Of that which is from that which seems:-

But other harvest here, Than that which peasant's scythe demands,

Was gather'd in by sterner hands, With bayonet, blade, and spear. No vulgar crop was theirs to reap, No stinted harvest thin and cheap! Heroes before each fatal sweep

Fell thick as ripen'd grain; And ere the darkening of the day, Piled high as autumn shocks, there lay The ghastly harvest of the fray,

The corpses of the slain.

Ay, look again—that line, so black And trampled marks the bivouac. Yon deep-graved ruts the artillery's track,

So often lost and won; And close beside, the harden'd mud Still shows where, fetlock-deep in blood, The fierce dragoon, through battle's flood,

Dash'd the hot war-horse on. These spots of excavation tell The ravage of the bursting shell-And feel'st thou not the tainted steam, That reeks against the sultry beam,

From yonder trenched mound? The pestilential fumes declare That Carnage has replenish'd there

Her garner-house profound.

Far other harvest-home and feast, Than claims the boor from scythe released,

On these scorch'd fields were known!

Death hover'd o'er the maddening n And, in the thrilling battle-shout, Sent for the bloody banquet out A summons of his own.

Through rolling smoke the Demon's Could well each destined guest espa Well could his car in ecstasy Distinguish every tone

That fill'd the chorus of the frav-From cannon-roar and trumpet-brag From charging squadrons' wild have From the wild clang that mark'd ! way,-

Down to the dying groan, And the last sob of life's decay, When breath was all but flown.

VIII.

Feast on, stern foe of mortal life, Feast on !- but think not that a strik With such promiscuous carnage nie,

Protracted space may last; The deadly tug of war at length Must limits find in human strengt.

And cease when these are put Vain hope!—that morn's o'ercloshis Heard the wild shout of fight began

Ere he attain'd his height. And through the war-smoke, volume

high,

Still peals that unremitted cry, Though now he stoops to night For ten long hours of doubt and drea Fresh succours from the extended be Of either hill the contest fed;

Still down the slope they drew, The charge of columns paused not Nor ceased the storm of shell and she

For all that war could do Of skill and force was proved that # And turn'd not yet the doubtful fra On bloody Waterloo.

Pale Brussels! then what thoughts w

When ceaseless from the distant line Continued thunders came ! Each burgher held his breath, to he These forerunners of havoc near,

Of rapine and of flame. What ghastly sights were thine to m

When rolling through thy stately str

vounded show'd their mangled aplight
en of the unfinish'd fight,
om each anguish-laden wain
ood-drops laid thy dust like rain!
often in the distant drum
'st thou the fell Invader come,
Ruin, shouting to his band,
high her torch and gory brand!—
thee, fair City! From yon stand,
ent, still his outstretch'd hand
bints to his prey in vain,
maddening in his eager mood,
I unwont to be withstood,
e fires the fight again.

x.

On!" was still his stern exclaim: ont the battery's jaws of flame! ish on the levell'd gun ! el-clad cuirassiers, advance! Iulan forward with his lance, ard - my Chosen - charge for France, ance and Napoleon!" .nswer'd their acclaiming shout, ig the mandate which sent out pravest and their best to dare te their leader shunn'd to share. E, his country's sword and shield, the battle-front reveal'd, danger fiercest swept the field, me like a beam of light, on prompt, in sentence briefers, stand firm!" exclaimed the Chief. England shall tell the fight!"

ΧI.

ne the whirlwind—like the last cost sweep of tempest-blast—ne the whirlwind—steel-gleams broke thining through the rolling smoke; ie war was waked anew, hundred cannon-mouths roar'd loud, om their throats, with flash and cloud, ieir showers of iron threw. I their fire, in full career, on the ponderous cuirassier,

The lancer couch'd his ruthless spear, And hurrying as to havoc near,

The cohorts' eagles flew.

In one dark torrent, broad and strong,
The advancing onset roll'd along,
Forth harbinger'd by fierce acclaim,
That, from the shroud of smoke and
flame.

Peal'd wildly the imperial name.

XII.

But on the British heart were lost
The terrors of the charging host;
For not an eye the storm that view'd
Changed its proud glance of fortitude,
Nor was one forward footstep staid,
As dropp'd the dying and the dead.
Fast as their ranks the thunders tear,
Fast they renew'd each serried square;
And on the wounded and the slain
Closed their diminish'd files again,
Till from their line scarce spears' lengths
three,

Emerging from the smoke they see Helmet, and plume, and panoply,—

Then waked their fire at once! Each musketeer's revolving knell, As fast, as regularly fell, As when they practise to display Their discipline on festal day.

Then down went helm and lance, Down were the eagle banners sent, Down reeling steeds and riders went, Corslets were pierced, and pennons rent; And, to augment the fray,

Wheel'd full against their staggering flanks,

The English horsemen's foaming ranks
Forced their resistless way.
Then to the musket-knell succeeds
The clash of swords—the neigh of

steeds—
As plies the smith his clanging trade,
Against the cuirass rang the blade;
And while amid their close array
The well-served cannon rent their way,
And while amid their scatter'd band
Raged the fierce rider's bloody brand,
Recoil'd in common rout and fear,
Lancer and guard and cuirassier,
Horsemen and foot,—a mingled host
Their leaders fall'n, their standards loss.

B 8 3

O Thou, whose inauspicious aim Rei Hath wrought thy host this hour of Shr shame, Think'st thou thy broken bands will The bide But The terrors of you rushing tide? Or will thy chosen brook to feel The British shock of levell'd steel, Or dost thou turn thine eye Spu. Where coming squadrons gleam afar, Has And fresher thunders wake the war, And other standards fly?-Excl Think not that in yon columns, file Wru Thy conquering troops from Distant
Dyle—
Is Blucher yet unknown? But . Or dwells not in thy memory still Look (Heard frequent in thine hour of ill,)
What notes of hate and vengeance thrill Upor In Prussia's trumpet tone?-The 1 What yet remains ?- shall it be thine To head the relics of thy line And, In one dread effort more ?-Objec The Roman lore thy leisure loved, And thou canst tell what fortune proved So m That Chieftain, who, of yore, When Ambition's dizzy paths essay'd, And with the gladiators' aid

For empire enterprised-He stood the cast his rashness play'd. Of wa

ear no yell of horror cleft inous, when, all bereft, the valiant Polack left—
ft by thee—found soldier's grave psic's corpse-encumber'd wave. in those various perils past, red thee still some future cast; edread die thou now has thrown, not a single field alone, ne campaign—thy martial fame, mpire, dynasty, and name, ave felt the final stroke; ow, o'er thy devoted head st stern vial's wrath is shed, he last dread seal is broke.

XVII.

live thou wilt-refuse not now these demagogues to bow, bjects of thy scorn and hate, hall thy once imperial fate wordy theme of vain debate.-Il we say, thou stoop'st less low king refuge from the foe, st whose heart, in prosperous life, hand hath ever held the knife? uch homage hath been paid man and by Grecian voice, nere were honour in the choice, it were freely made. safely come—in one so low, t, -we cannot own a foe; h dear experience bid us end, e we ne'er can hail a friend .howsoe'er-but do not hide in thy heart that germ of pride, ile, by gifted bard espied, hat "yet imperial hope; not that for a fresh rebound, se ambition from the ground, le yield thee means or scope. ty come—but ne'er again type of independent reign; o islet calls thee lord. we thee no confederate band, nbol of thy lost command, a dagger in the hand rom which we wrench'd the sword.

XVIII.

ven in yon sequester'd spot, rorthier conquest be thy lot han yet thy life has known;

Conquest, unbought by blood or harm, That needs nor foreign aid nor arm, A triumph all thine own.

Such waits thee when thou shalt control Those passions wild, that stubborn soul,

That marr'd thy prosperous scene:— Hear this—from no unmoved heart, Which sighs, comparing what THOU ART With what thou MIGHT'ST HAVE BEEN!

XIX.

Thou, too, whose deeds of fame renew'd Bankrupt a nation's gratitude,
To thine own noble heart must owe More than the meed she can bestow.
For not a people's just acclaim,
Not the full hail of Europe's fame,
Thy Prince's smiles, thy State's decree,
The ducal rank, the garter'd knee,
Not these such pure delight afford
As that, when hanging up thy sword,
Well may'st thou think, "This honest steel

Was ever drawn for public weal; And, such was rightful Heaven's decree, Ne'er sheathed unless with victory!"

XX.

Look forth, once more, with soften'd heart, Ere from the field of fame we part; Triumph and Sorrow border near, And joy oft melts into a tear. Alas! what links of love that morn Has War's rude hand asunder torn! For ne'er was field so sternly fought, And ne'er was conquest dearer bought. Here piled in common slaughter sleep Those whom affection long shall weep: Here rests the sire, that ne'er shall strain His orphans to his heart again; The son, whom, on his native shore, The parent's voice shall bless no more The bridegroom, who has hardly press'd His blushing consort to his breast; The husband, whom through many a year Long love and mutual faith endear. Thou canst not name one tender tie, But here dissolved its relics lie! O! when thou see'st some mourner's veil Shroud her thin form and visage pale,

Or mark'st the Matron's bursting tears Stream when the stricken drum she hears; Or see'st how manlier grief, suppress'd, Is labouring in a father's breast,— With no inquiry vain pursue The cause, but think on Waterloo!

XXL

Period of honour as of woes, What bright careers 'twas thine to close!—

Mark'd on thy roll of blood what names
To Britain's memory, and to Fame's,
Laid there their last immortal claims!
Thou saw'st in seas of gore expire
Redoubted Picton's soul of fire—
Saw'st in the mingled carnage lie
All that of Ponsonby could die—
DE LANCEY change Love's bridalwreath,

For laurels from the hand of Death—Saw'st gallant MILLER's failing eye Still bent where Albion's banners fly, And CAMERON, in the shock of steel, Die like the offspring of Lochiel; And generous GORDON, 'mid the strife, Fall while he watch'd his leader's life.—Ah! though her guardian angel's shield Fenced Britain's hero through the field, Fate not the less her power made known, Through his friends' hearts to pierce his own!

XXII.

Forgive, brave Dead, the imperfect lay! Who may your names, your numbers, say? What high-strung harp, what lofty line, To each the dear-earn'd praise assi, From high-born chiefs of martial fa To the poor soldier's lowlier name Lightly ye rose that dawning day, From your cold couch of swamp and To fill, before the sun was low. The bed that morning cannot know oft may the tear the green sod see And sacred be the heroes' sleep.

Till time shall cease to run;
And ne'er beside their noble grave,
May Briton pass and fail to crave
A blessing on the fallen brave
Who fought with Wellington!

XXIII.

Farewell, sad Field! whose blighted Wears desolation's withering trace; Long shall my memory retain. Thy shatter'd huts and trampled go. With every mark of martial wrong, That scathe thy towers, fair Houge Yet though thy garden's green area. The marksman's fatal post was made to the marksman's fatal post was marksman fatal post was made to the marksman fatal post was marksman fatal post was marksman fatal post was made to the marksman fatal post was marksman

And Blenheim's name he new But still in story and in song. For many an age remember d long Shall live the towers of Hougomer And Field of Waterloo.

CONCLUSION.

Stern tide of human Time! that know'st not rest, But, sweeping from the cradle to the tomb, Bear'st ever downward on thy dusky breast Successive generations to their doom; While thy capacious stream has equal room For the gay bark where Pleasure's streamers sport, And for the prison-ship of guilt and gloom, The fisher-skiff, and barge that bears a court, Still wafting onward all to one dark silent port;

Stern tide of Time! through what mysterious change Of hope and fear have our frail barks been driven! For ne'er, before, vicissitude so strange Was to one race of Adam's offspring given. And sure such varied change of sea and heaven, Such unexpected bursts of joy and woe, Such fearful strife as that where we have striven, Succeeding ages ne'er again shall know, Until the awful term when Thou shalt cease to flow.

Well hast thou stood, my Country!—the brave fight Hast well maintain'd through good report and ill; In thy just cause and in thy native might, And in Heaven's grace and justice constant still; Whether the banded prowess, strength, and skill Of half the world against thee stood array'd, Or when, with better views and freer will, Beside thee Europe's noblest drew the blade, Each emulous in arms the Ocean Queen to aid.

Well art thou now repaid—though slowly rose, And struggled long with mists thy blaze of fame, While like the dawn that in the orient glows On the broad wave its earlier lustre came; Then eastern Egypt saw the growing flame, And Maida's myrtles gleam'd beneath its ray, Where first the soldier, stung with generous shame, Rivall'd the heroes of the wat'ry way, And wash'd in foemen's gore unjust reproach away.

Now, Island Empress, wave thy crest on high, And bid the banner of thy Patron flow, Gallant Saint George, the flower of Chivalry, For thou hast faced, like him, a dragon foe, And rescued innocence from overthrow, And trampled down, like him, tyrannic might, And to the gazing world mayst proudly show The chosen emblem of thy sainted Knight, Who quell'd devouring pride, and vindicated right.

Yet 'mid the confidence of just renown,
Renown dear-bought, but dearest thus acquired,
Write, Britain, write the moral lesson down:
'Tis not alone the heart with valour fired,
The discipline so dreaded and admired,
In many a field of bloody conquest known;
—Such may by fame be lured, by gold be hired—
'Tis constancy in the good cause alone,
Best justifies the meed thy valiant sons have won.

-

HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS.

A POEM.

IN SIX CANTOS.

1816.

HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS.

INTRODUCTION.

THERE is a mood of mind, we all have known,
On drowsy eve, or dark and low'ring day,
When the tired spirits lose their sprightly tone,
And nought can chase the lingering hours away.
Dull on our soul falls Fancy's dazzling ray,
And wisdom holds his steadler torch in vain,
Obscured the painting seems, mistuned the lay,
Nor dare we of our listless load complain,
For who for sympathy may seek that cannot tell of pain?

The jolly sportsman knows such drearihood,
When bursts in deluge the autumnal rain,
Clouding that morn which threats the heath-cock's brood;
Of such, in summer's drought, the anglers plain,
Who hope the soft mild southern shower in vain;
But, more than all, the discontented fair,
Whom father stern, and sterner aunt, restrain
From county-ball, or race occurring rare,
While all her friends around their vestments gay prepare.

Ennui!—or, as our mothers call'd thee, Spleen!
To thee we owe full many a rare device;—
Thine is the sheaf of painted cards, I ween,
The rolling billiard-ball, the rattling dice,
The turning-lathe for framing gimerack nice;
The amateur's blotch'd pallet thou mayst claim,
Retort, and air-pump, threatening frogs and mice,
(Murders disguised by philosophic name,)
And much of trifling grave, and much of buxom game.

Then of the books, to catch thy drowsy glance Compiled, what bard the catalogue may quote! Plays, poems, novels, never read but once;—
But not of such the tale fair Edgeworth wrote,
That bears thy name, and is thine antidote;
And not of such the strain my Thomson sung,
Delicious dreams inspiring by his note,
What time to Indolence his harp he strung;—
Oh! might my lay be rank'd that happier hist among?

Each hath his refuge whom thy cares assail.

For me, I love my study-fire to trim,
And con right vacantly some idle tale,
Displaying on the couch each listless limb,
Till on the drowsy page the lights grow dim,
And doubtful slumber half supplies the theme;
While antique-shapes of knight and giant grim,
Damsel and dwarf, in long procession gleam,
And the Romancer's tale becomes the Reader's dream.

'Tis thus my malady I well may bear,
Albeit outstretch'd, like Pope's own Paridel,
Upon the rack of a too-easy chair;
And find, to cheat the time, a powerful spell
In old romaunts of errantry that tell,
Or later legends of the Fairy-folk,
Or Oriental tale of Afrite fell,
Of Genii, Talisman, and broad-wing'd Roc,
Though taste may blush and frown, and sober reason mock.

Oft at such season, too, will rhymes unsought Arrange themselves in some romantic lay; The which, as things unfitting graver thought, Are burnt or blotted on some wiser day.—
These few survive—and proudly let me say, Court not the critic's smile, nor dread his frown; They well may serve to while an hour away, Nor does the volume ask for more renown, Than Ennui's yawning smile, what time she drops it down.

CANTO FIRST.

I.

LIST to the valorous deeds that were done By Harold the Dauntless, Count Witikind's son!

Count Witikind came of a regal strain,
And roved with his Norsemen the land and the main.
Woe to the realms which he coasted! for there
Was shedding of blood, and rending of hair,
Rape of maiden, and slaughter of priest,
Gathering of ravens and wolves to the feast:
When he hoisted his standard black,
Before him was battle, behind him wrack,
And he burn'd the churches, that heathen Dane,
To light his band to their barks again.

II.

On Erin's shores was his outrage known, The winds of France had his banners blown; Little was there to plunder, yet still His pirates had foray'd on Scottish hill: But upon merry England's coast
More frequent he sail'd, for he won the most.
So wide and so far his ravage they knew,
If a sail but gleam'd white gainst the welkin blue,
Trumpet and bugle to arms did call,
Burghers hasten'd to man the wall,
Peasants fled inland his fury to 'scape,
Beacons were lighted on headland and cape,
Bells were toll'd out, and aye as they rung,
Fearful and faintly the grey brothers sung,
"Bless us, St. Mary, from flood and from fire,
From famine and pest, and Count Witikind's ire!"

III.

He liked the wealth of fair England so well,
That he sought in her bosom as native to dwell.
He enter'd the Humber in fearful hour,
And disembark'd with his Danish power.
Three Earls came against him with all their train,—
Two hath he taken, and one hath he slain.
Count Witikind left the Humber's rich strand,
And he wasted and warr'd in Northumberland.
But the Saxon King was a sire in age,
Weak in battle, in council sage;
Peace of that heathen leader he sought,
Gifts he gave, and quiet he bought;
And the Count took upon him the peaceable style
Of a vassal and liegeman of Briton's broad isle.

IV.

Time will rust the sharpest sword, Time will consume the strongest cord: That which moulders hemp and steel. Mortal arm and nerve must feel. Of the Danish band, whom Count Witikind led, Many wax'd aged, and many were dead: Himself found his armour full weighty to bear, Wrinkled his brows grew, and hoary his hair; He lean'd on a staff, when his step went abroad, And patient his palfrey, when steed he bestrode. As he grew feebler, his wildness ceased, He made himself peace with prelate and priest, Made his peace, and, stooping his head, Patiently listed the counsel they said: Saint Cuthbert's Bishop was holy and grave, Wise and good was the counsel he gave.

v.

"Thou hast murder'd, robb'd, and spoil'd, Time it is thy poor soul were assoil'd; Priests didst thou slay, and churches burn, Time it is now to repentance to turn; Fiends hast thou worshipp'd, with fiendish rite, Leave now the darkness, and wend into light: O! while life and space are given, Turn thee yet, and think of Heaven!" That stern old heathen his head he raised, And on the good prelate he stedfastly gazed; "Give me broad lands on the Wear and the Tyne, My faith I will leave, and I'll cleave unto thine."

VI.

Broad lands he gave him on Tyne and Wear, To be held of the church by bridle and spear, Part of Monkwearmouth, of Tynedale part, To better his will, and to soften his heart: Count Witikind was a joyful man, Less for the faith than the lands that he wan. The high church of Durham is dress'd for the day, The clergy are rank'd in their solemn array: There came the Count, in a bear-skin warm, Leaning on Hilda his concubine's arm. He kneel'd before Saint Cuthbert's shrine, With patience unwonted at rites divine; He abjured the gods of heathen race, And he bent his head at the font of grace. But such was the grisly old proselyte's look, That the priest who baptized him grew pale and shook; And the old monks mutter'd beneath their hood, "Of a stem so stubborn can never spring good!

VII.

Up then arose that grim convertite,
Homeward he hied him when ended the rite;
The Prelate in honour will with him ride,
And feast in his castle on Tyne's fair side.
Banners and banderols danced in the wind,
Monks rode before them, and spearmen behind;
Onward they pass'd, till fairly did shine
Pennon and cross on the bosom of Tyne:
And full in front did that fortress lour,
In darksome strength with its buttress and tower:
At the castle gate was young Harold there,
Count Witikind's only offspring and heir.

VIII.

Young Harold was fear'd for his hardihood, His strength of frame, and his fury of mood. Rude he was and wild to behold, Wore neither collar nor bracelet of gold, Cap of vair nor rich array, Such as should grace that festal day: His doublet of bull's hide was all unbraced, Uncover'd his head, and his sandal unlaced:

His shaggy black locks on his brow hung low, And his eyes glanced through them a swarthy glow; A Danish club in his hand he bore, The spikes were clotted with recent gore; At his back a she-wolf, and her wolf-cubs twain, In the dangerous chase that morning slain. Rude was the greeting his father he made, None to the Bishop,—while thus he said:—

IX.

"What priest-led hypocrite art thou, With thy humbled look and thy monkish brow, Like a shaveling who studies to cheat his vow? Canst thou be Witikind the Waster known, Royal Eric's fearless son, Haughty Gunhilda's haughtier lord, Who won his bride by the axe and sword; From the shrine of St. Peter the chalice who tore, And melted to bracelets for Freya and Thor; With one blow of his gauntlet who burst the skull, Before Odin's stone, of the Mountain Bull? Then ye worshipp'd with rites that to war-gods belong, With the deed of the brave, and the blow of the strong; And now, in thine age to dotage sunk, Wilt thou patter thy crimes to a shaven monk,-Lay down thy mail-shirt for clothing of hair,-Fasting and scourge, like a slave, wilt thou bear? Or, at best, be admitted in slothful bower To batten with priest and with paramour?
Oh! out upon thine endless shame! Each Scald's high harp shall blast thy fame, And thy son will refuse thee a father's name!"

X.

Ireful wax'd old Witikind's look,
His faltering voice with fury shook:—
"Hear me, Harold of harden'd heart!
Stubborn and wilful ever thou wert.
Thine outrage insane I command thee to cease,
Fear my wrath and remain at peace:—
Just is the debt of repentance I've paid,
Richly the church has a recompense made,
And the truth of her doctrines I prove with my blade,
But reckoning to none of my actions I owe,
And least to my son such accounting will show.
Why speak I to thee of repentance or truth,
Who ne'er from thy childhood knew reason or ruth?
Hence! to the wolf and the bear in her den;
These are thy mates, and not rational men."

Grimly smiled Harold, and coldly replied,
"We must honour our sires, if we fear when they chide.

For me, I am yet what thy lessons have made, I was rock'd in a buckler and fed from a blade; An infant, was taught to clasp hands and to shout From the roofs of the tower when the flame had broke out; In the blood of slain foemen my finger to dip, And tinge with its purple my cheek and my lip.—
'Tis thou know'st not truth, that hast barter'd in eld, For a price, the brave faith that thine ancestors held. When this wolf,"—and the carcass he flung on the plain,—
"Shall awake and give food to her nurslings again, The face of his father will Harold review;
Till then, aged Heathen, young Christian, adieu!"

XII.

Priest, monk, and prelate, stood aghast, As through the pageant the heathen pass'd. A cross-bearer out of his saddle he flung, Laid his hand on the pommel, and into it sprung. Loud was the shriek, and deep the groan, When the holy sign on the earth was thrown! The fierce old Count unsheathed his brand, But the calmer Prelate stay'd his hand. "Let him pass free!—Heaven knows its hour,—But he must own repentance's power, Pray and weep, and penance bear, Ere he hold land by the Tyne and the Wear." Thus in scorn and in wrath from his father is gone Young Harold the Dauntless, Count Witikind's son.

XIII.

High was the feasting in Witikind's hall, Revell'd priests, soldiers, and pagans, and all; And e'en the good Bishop was fain to endure The scandal, which time and instruction might cure: It were dangerous, he deem'd, at the first to restrain, In his wine and his wassail, a half-christen'd Dane. The mead flow'd around, and the ale was drain'd dry, Wild was the laughter, the song, and the cry; With Kyrie Eleison, came clamorously in The war-songs of Danesmen, Norweyan, and Finn, Till man after man the contention gave o'er, Outstretch'd on the rushes that strew'd the hall floor; And the tempest within, having ceased its wild rout, Gave place to the tempest that thunder'd without.

XIV.

Apart from the wassail, in turret alone, Lay flaxen-hair'd Gunnar, old Ermengarde's son; In the train of Lord Harold that Page was the first, For Harold in childhood had Ermengarde nursed; And grieved was young Gunnar his master should roam, Unhoused and unfriended, an exile from home. He heard the deep thunder, the plashing of rain, He saw the red lightning through shot-hole and pane; "And oh!" said the Page, "on the shelterless wold Lord Harold is wandering in darkness and cold! What though he was stubborn, and wayward and wild, He endured me because I was Ermengarde's child, — And often from dawn till the set of the sun, In the chase, by his stirrup, unbidden I run; I would I were older, and knighthood could bear, I would soon quit the banks of the Tyne and the Wear: For my mother's command, with her last parting breath, Bade me follow her nursling in life and to death.

w.

"It pours and it thunders, it lightens amain,
As if Lok, the Destroyer, had burst from his chain!
Accursed by the church, and expell'd by his sire,
Nor Christian nor Dane give him shelter or fire,
And this tempest what mortal may houseless endure!
Unaided, unmantled, he dies on the moor!
Whate'er comes of Gunnar, he tarries not here."
He leapt from his couch and he grasp'd to his spear;
Sought the hall of the feast. Undisturb'd by his tread,
The wassailers slept fast as the sleep of the dead:
"Ungrateful and bestial!" his anger broke forth,
"To forget 'mid your goblets the pride of the North!
And you, ye cowl'd priests, who have plenty in store,
Must give Gunnar for ransom a palfrey and ore."

XVI.

Then, heeding full little of ban or of curse,
He has seized on the Prior of Jorvaux's purse:
Saint Meneholt's Abbot next morning has miss'd
His mantle, deep furr'd from the cape to the wrist:
The Seneschal's keys from his belt he has ta'en,
(Well drench'd on that eve was old Hildebrand's brain.)
To the stable-yard he made his way,
And mounted the Bishop's palfrey gay,
Castle and hamlet behind him has cast,
And right on his way to the moorland has pass'd.
Sore snorted the palfrey, unused to face
A weather so wild at so rash a pace;
So long he snorted, so loud he neigh'd,
There answer'd a steed that was bound beside,
And the red flash of lightning show'd there where lay
His master, Lord Harold, outstretch'd on the clay.

XVII.

Up he started, and thunder'd out, "Stand!" And raised the club in his deadly hand. The flaxen-hair'd Gunnar his purpose told, Show'd the palirey and proffer'd the gold. "Back, back, and home, thou simple boy!
Thou canst not share my grief or joy:
Have I not mark'd thee wail and cry
When thou hast seen a sparrow die?
And canst thou, as my follower should,
Wade ankle-deep through foeman's blood,
Dare mortal and immortal foe,
The gods above, the fiends below,
And man on earth, more hateful still,
The very fountain-head of ill?
Desperate of life, and careless of death,
Lover of bloodshed, and slaughter, and scathe,
Such must thou be with me to roam,
And such thou canst not be—back, and home!"

XVIII.

Young Gunnar shook like an aspen bough.
As he heard the harsh voice and beheld the dark brow,
And half he repented his purpose and vow.
But now to draw back were bootless shame,
And he loved his master, so urged his claim:
"Alas! if my arm and my courage be weak,
Bear with me a while for old Ermengarde's sake;
Nor deem so lightly of Gunnar's faith,
As to fear he would break it for peril of death.
Have I not risk'd it to fetch thee this gold,
This surcoat and mantle to fence thee from cold?
And, did I bear a baser mind,
What lot remains if I stay behind?
The priests' revenge, thy father's wrath,
A dungeon, and a shameful death."

XIX.

With gentler look Lord Harold eyed The Page, then turn'd his head aside; And either a tear did his eyelash stain, Or it caught a drop of the passing rain. "Art thou an outcast, then?" quoth he; "The meeter page to follow me. 'Twere bootless to tell what climes they sought, Ventures achieved, and battles fought; How oft with few, how oft alone, Fierce Harold's arm the field hath won. Men swore his eye, that flash'd so red When each other glance was quench'd with dread, Bore oft a light of deadly flame, That ne'er from mortal courage came. Those limbs so strong, that mood so stern, That loved the couch of heath and fern, Afar from hamlet, tower, and town, More than to rest on driven down;

HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS.

That stubborn frame, that sullen mood, Men deem'd must come of aught but good; And they whisper'd, the great Master Fiend was at one With Harold the Dauntless, Count Witikind's son.

XX.

Years after years had gone and fled, The good old Prelate lies lapp'd in lead; In the chapel still is shown His sculptured form on a marble stone, With staff and ring and scapulaire, And folded hands in the act of prayer. Saint Cuthbert's mitre is resting now On the haughty Saxon, bold Aldingar's brow; The power of his crozier he loved to extend O'er whatever would break, or whatever would bend; And now hath he clothed him in cope and in pall, And the Chapter of Durham has met at his call. "And hear ye not, brethren," the proud Bishop said, "That our vassal, the Danish Count Witikind's dead? All his gold and his goods hath he given To holy Church for the love of Heaven, And hath founded a chantry with stipend and dole, That priests and that beadsmen may pray for his soul: Harold his son is wandering abroad, Dreaded by man and abhorr'd by God; Meet it is not, that such should heir The lands of the Church on the Tyne and the Wear. And at her pleasure, her hallow'd hands May now resume these wealthy lands."

XXI.

Answer'd good Eustace, a canon old,-"Harold is tameless, and furious, and bold; Ever Renown blows a note of fame, And a note of fear, when she sounds his name: Much of bloodshed and much of scathe Have been their lot who have waked his wrath. Leave him these lands and lordships still, Heaven in its hour may change his will; But if reft of gold, and of living bare, An evil counsellor is despair. More had he said, but the Prelate frown'd, And murmur'd his brethren who sate around, And with one consent have they given their doom, That the Church should the lands of Saint Cuthbert resume. So will'd the Prelate; and canon and dean Gave to his judgment their loud amen.

CANTO SECOND.

'Tis merry in greenwood,-thus runs the old lay,-

In the gladsome month of lively May, When the wild birds' song on stem and spray

Invites to forest bower;

Then rears the ash his airy crest, Then shines the birch in silver vest, And the beech in glistening leaves is drest,

And dark between shows the oak's proud

Like a chieftain's frowning tower; Though a thousand branches join their screen,

Yet the broken sunbeams glance between, And tip the leaves with lighter green,

With brighter tints the flower: Dull is the heart that loves not then The deep recess of the wildwood glen, Where roe and red-deer find sheltering den,

When the sun is in his power.

Less merry, perchance, is the fading leaf That follows so soon on the gather'd sheaf,

When the greenwood loses the

Silent is then the forest bound,

Save the redbreast's note, and the

rustling sound Of frost-nipt leaves that are dropping round,

Or the deep-mouth'd cry of the distant hound

That opens on his game : Yet then, too, I love the forest wide, Whether the sun in splendour ride, And gild its many-colour'd side; Or whether the soft and silvery haze, In vapoury folds, o'er the landscape strays,

And half involves the woodland maze,

Like an early widow's veil, Where wimpling tissue from the gaze The form half hides, and half betrays, Of beauty wan and pale.

Fair Metelill was a woodland maid. Her father a rover of greenwood sha By forest statutes undismay'd,

Who lived by bow and quiver; Well known was Wulfstane's archer By merry Tyne both on moor and he Through wooded Weardale's glens

Well beside Stanhope's wildwood to And well on Ganlesse river.

Yet free though he trespass'd on wo land game,

More known and more fear'd was wizard fame

Of Jutta of Rookhope, the Outli dame ;

Fear'd when she frown'd was her eye

flame, More fear'd when in wrath laugh'd;

For then, 'twas said, more fatal true To its dread aim her spell-glance fle Than when from Wulfstane's ben

Sprung forth the grey-goose sha

Yet had this fierce and dreaded pair, So Heaven decreed, a daughter fair

None brighter crown'd the bel In Britain's bounds, of peer or prino Nor hath, perchance, a lovelier since In this fair isle been bred.

And nought of fraud, or ire, or ill, Was known to gentle Metelill,—

A simple maiden she; The spells in dimpled smile that lie, And a downcast blush, and the da

that fly With the sidelong glance of a hazeley

Were her arms and witchery. So young, so simple was she yet, She scarce could childhood's joys forg And still she loved, in secret set

Beneath the greenwood tree, To plait the rushy coronet, And braid with flowers her locks of

As, when in infancy ;-Yet could that heart, so simple, pro-The early dawn of stealing love r

Ah! gentle maid, beware!

The power who, now so mild a guest, Cives dangerous yet delicious zest To the calm pleasures of thy breast, Will soon, a tyrant o'er the rest, Let none his empire share.

v.

One morn, in kirtle green array'd,
Deep in the wood the maiden stray'd,
And, where a fountain sprung,
She sate her down, unseen, to thread
The scarlet berry's mimic braid,
And while the beads she strung,
Like the blithe lark, whose carol gay
Gives a good-morrow to the day,
So lightsomely she sung.

VI.

Song.

"Lord William was born in gilded bower, The heir of Wilton's lofty tower;

Yet better loves Lord William now
To roam beneath wild Rookhope's
brow;

And William has lived where ladies fair With gawds and jewels deck their hair, Yet better loves the dewdrops still That pearl the locks of Metelill.

"The pious Palmer loves, I wis,
Saint Cuthbert's hallow'd beads to kiss;
But I, though simple girl I be,
Might have such homage paid to me;
For did Lord William see me suit
This necklace of the bramble's fruit,
He fain—but must not have his will—
Would kiss the beads of Metelill.

"My nurse has told me many a tale, How vows of love are weak and frail; My mother says that courtly youth By rustic maid means seldom sooth. What should they mean? it cannot be, That such a warning's meant for me, For nought—oh! nought of frau! or ill Can William mean to Metelill!"

VII.

Sudden she stops—and starts to feel A weighty hand, a glove of steel,

Upon her shrinking shoulders laid; Fearful she turn'd, and saw, dismay'd, A Knight in plate and mail array'd, His crest and bearing worn and fray'd,

His surcoat soil'd and riven, Form'd like that giant race of yore, Whose long-continued crimes outwore

The sufferance of Heaven.
Stern accents made his pleasure knowr
Though then he used his gentlest tone
"Maiden," he said, "sing forth thy glet
Start not—sing on—it pleases me."

WITT

Secured within his powerful hold,
To bend her knee, her hands to fold,
Was all the maiden might;
And "Oh! forgive," she faintly said,

"The terrors of a simple maid,
If thou art mortal wight!
But if—of such strange tales are told—
Unearthly warrior of the wold,
Thou comest to chide mine accents bold
My mother, Jutta, knows the spell,

My mother, Jutta, knows the spell, At noon and midnight pleasing well The disembodied ear; Oh! let her powerful charms atone

For aught my rashness may have done And cease thy grasp of fear." Then laugh'd the Knight—his laughter

sound
Half in the hollow helmet drown'd;
His barred visor then he raised,
And steady on the maiden gazed.
He smooth'd his brows, as best he migh:

To the dread calm of autumn night,
When sinks the tempest roar;
Yet still the cautious fishers eye
The clouds, and fear the gloomy sky,
And haul their barks on shore.

IX.

"Damsel," he said, "be wise, and lear Matters of weight and deep concern: From distant realms I come,

And, wanderer long, at length hav plann'd In this my native Northern land

To seek myself a home. Nor that alone—a mate I seek; She must be gentle, soft, and meek,—

No lordly dame for me;

Myself am something rough of mood, And feel the fire of royal blood, And therefore do not hold it good

To match in my degree.

Then, since coy maidens say my face
Is harsh, my form devoid of grace,
For a fair lineage to provide,
Tis meet that my selected bride

In lineaments be fair;
I love thine well—till now I ne'er
Look'd patient on a face of fear,
But now that tremulous sob and tear

Become thy beauty rare.

One kiss—nay, damsel, coy it not !—
And now go seek thy parents' cot,
And say, a bridgroom soon I come,
To woo my love, and bear her home."

X.

Home sprung the maid without a pause, As leveret 'scaped from greyhound's

jaws;
But still she lock'd, howe'er distress'd,
The secret in her boding breast;
Dreading her sire, who oft forbade
Her steps should stray to distant glade,
Night came—to her accustomed nook
Her distaff aged Jutta took,
And by the lamp's imperfect glow,
Rough Wulfstane trimm'd his shafts and

Sudden and clamorous from the ground Upstarted slumbering brach and hound; Loud knocking next the lodge alarms, And Wulfstane snatches at his arms, When open flew the yielding door, And that grim Warrior press d the floor.

XI.

"All peace be here—What! none replies?
Dismiss your fears and your surprise.
'Tis I—that Maid hath told my tale,—Or, trembler, did thy courage fail?
It recks not—it is I demand
Fair Metelill in marriage band;
Harold the Dauntless I, whose name
Is brave men's boast and caitiff's shame."
The parents sought each other's eyes,
With awe, resentment, and surprise:
Wulfstane, to quarrel prompt, began
The stranger's size and thewes to scan;

But as he scann'd, his courage so And from unequal strife he sorm Then forth, to blight and blemis The harmful curse from Jutta's r Yet, fatal howsoe'er, the spell On Harold innocently fell! And disappointment and amare Were in the witch's wilder'd gas

XII.

But soon the wit of woman wok And to the Warrior mild she sp "Her child was all too young.

The refuge of a maiden coy."
Again, "A powerful baron's his
Claims in her heart an interest fa
"A trifle—whisper in his ear,
That Harold is a suitor here!"
Baffled at length she sought dela
"Would not the Knight till a
stay?

Late was the hour—he there m Till morn, their lodge's honour'd Such were her words,—her craf

Herhonour'd guest should sleep!
"No, not to-night—but soon,"he
"He would return, nor leave
more."

The threshold then his huge strid And soon he was in darkness los

XIII.

Appall'd a while the parents sto Then changed their fear to angry And foremost fell their words of On unresisting Metelill: Was she not caution'd and forth Forewarn'd, implored, accessed as

Forewarn'd, implored, accused, at And must she still to greenwood To marshal such misfortune hom "Hence, minion—to thy co hence—

There prudence learn, and penit She went—her lonely couch to In tears which absent lovers wee Or if she gain'd a troubled sleep, Fierce Harold's suit was still the And terror of her feverish dream

XIV.

Scarce was she gone, her dame and sire Upon each other bent their ire; A woodsman thou, and hast a spear, And couldst thou such an insult bear !" Sullen he said, "A man contends With men, a witch with sprites and fiends;

Not to mere mortal wight belong Yon gloomy brow and frame so strong. But thou—is this thy promise fair, That your Lord William, wealthy heir To Ulrick, Baron of Witton-le-Wear, Should Metelill to altar bear ! Do all the spells thou boast'st as thine Serve but to slay some peasant's kine, His grain in autumn's storms to steep, Or thorough fog and fen to sweep, And hag-ride some poor rustic's sleep? Is such mean mischief worth the fame Of sorceress and witch's name? Fame, which with all men's wish con-

apires, With thy deserts and my desires, Te damn thy corpse to penal fires? Out on thee, witch! aroint! aroint! What now shall put thy schemes in joint? What save this trusty arrow's point, From the dark dingle when it flies, And he who meets it gasps and dies."

Stern she replied, "I will not wage War with thy folly or thy rage; But ere the morrow's sun be low, Wulfstane of Rookhope, thou shalt know, If I can venge me on a foe. Believe the while, that whatsoe er I spoke, in ire, of bow and spear, It is not Harold's destiny The death of pilfer'd deer to die. But he, and thou, and you pale moon, (That shall be yet more pallid soon, Before she sink behind the dell,) Thou, she, and Harold too, shall tell What Jutta knows of charm or spell." Thus muttering, to the door she bent Her wayward steps, and forth she went, And left alone the moody sire, To cherish or to slake his ire.

Far faster than belong'd to age Has Jutta made her pilgrimage. A priest has met her as she pass'd, And cross'd himself and stood aghast She traced a hamlet-not a cur His throat would ope, his foot would sti By crouch, by trembling, and by groa They made her hated presence knows But when she trode the sable fell, Were wilder sounds her way to tell,-For far was heard the fox's yell, The black-cock waked and faintly cre-Scream'd o'er the moss the scared curley Where o'er the cataract the oak Lay slant, was heard the raven's croal The mountain-cat, which sought his pre Glared, scream'd, and started from h way.

Such music cheer'd her journey lone To the deep dell and rocking stone: There, with unhallow'd hymn of prais She call'd a God of heathen days.

XVII.

Inbocation. " From thy Pomeranian throne, Hewn in rock of living stone, Where, to thy godhead faithful yet, Bend Esthonian, Finn, and Lett, And their swords in vengeance whet, That shall make thine altars wet. Wet and red for ages more With the Christians' hated gore,-Hear me! Sovereign of the Rock, Hear me! mighty Zernebock! "Mightiest of the mighty known, Here thy wonders have been shown; Hundred tribes in various tongue Oft have here thy praises sung; Down that stone with Runic seam'd, Hundred victims' blood hath stream's Now one woman comes alone, And but wets it with her own. The last, the feeblest of thy flock,-Hear—and be present, Zernebock! "Hark! he comes! the night-blast co Wilder sweeps along the wold; The cloudless moon grows dark and dir And bristling hair and quaking limb

Proclaim the Master Demon nigh,-Those who view his form shall die! Lo! I stoop and veil my head; Thou who ridest the tempest dread. Shaking hill and rending oak— Spare me! Zernebock.

"He comes not yet! Shall cold delay Thy votaress at her need repay? Thou-shall I call thee god or fiend ?-Let others on thy mood attend With prayer and ritual-Jutta's arms Are necromantic words and charms; Mine is the spell, that, utter'd once, Shall wake Thy Master from his trance, Shake his red mansion-house of pain, And burst his seven + times - twisted chain !-

So! com'st thou ere the spell is spoke? I own thy presence, Zernebock."-

XVIII.

"Daughter of dust," the Deep Voice said, -Shook while it spoke the vale for dread, Rock'd on the base that massive stone, The Evil Deity to own,-" Daughter of dust ! not mine the power Thou seek'st on Harold's fatal hour. Twixt heaven and hell there is a strife Waged for his soul and for his life, And fain would we the combat win, And snatch him in his hour of sin. There is a star now rising red, That threats him with an influence dread:

Woman, thine arts of malice whet, To use the space before it set. Involve him with the church in strife Push on adventurous chance his life Ourself will in the hour of need, As best we may, thy counsels speed. So ceased the Voice; for seven leagn round

Each hamlet started at the sound; But slept again, as slowly died Its thunders on the hill's brown side

"And is this all," said Jutta stern, "That thou canst teach and I can lear Hence! to the land of fog and waste There fittest is thine influence placed Thou powerless, sluggish Deity! But ne'er shall Briton bend the knee Again before so poor a god.' She struck the altar with her rod; Slight was the touch, as when at nee A damsel stirs her tardy steed; But to the blow the stone gave place And, starting from its balanced base Roll'd thundering down the moonly dell,-

Re-echo'd moorland, rock, and fell; Into the moonlight tarn it dash'd, Their shores the sounding surges last And there was ripple, rage, and four But on that lake, so dark and lone, Placid and pale the moonbeam shore As Jutta hied her home,

CANTO THIRD.

GREY towers of Durham! there was once a time I view'd your battlements with such vague hope, As brightens life in its first dawning prime; Not that e'en then came within fancy's scope A vision vain of mitre, throne, or cope; Yet, gazing on the venerable hall, Her flattering dreams would in perspective ope Some reverend room, some prebendary's stall And thus Hope me deceived as she deceiveth all.

Well yet I love thy mix'd and massive piles, Half church of God, half castle 'gainst the Scot, And long to roam these venerable aisles, With records stored of deeds long since forgot; There might I share my Surtees' happier lot,

Who leaves at will his patrimonial field
To ransack every crypt and hallow'd spot,
And from oblivion rend the spoils they yield,
Restoring priestly chant and clang of knightly shield.

Vain is the wish—since other cares demand Each vacant hour, and in another clime; But still that northern harp invites my hand, Which tells the wonder of thine earlier time; And fain its numbers would I now command To paint the beauties of that dawning fair, When Harold, gazing from its lofty stand Upon the western heights of Beaurepaire, Saw Saxon Eadmer's towers begirt by winding Wear.

TT

Fair on the half-seen streams the sunbeams danced, Betraying it beneath the woodland bank, And fair between the Gothic turrets glanced Broad lights, and shadows fell on front and flank, Where tower and buttress rose in martial rank, And girdled in the massive donjon Keep, And from their circuit peal'd o'er bush and bank The matin bell with summons long and deep, And echo answer'd still with long-resounding sweep.

111.

The morning mists rose from the ground, Each merry bird awaken'd round,

As if in revelry;

Afar the bugles' clanging sound Call'd to the chase the lagging hound; The gale breathed soft and free, And seem'd to linger on its way To catch fresh odours from the spray, And waved it in its wanton play

So light and gamesomely.
The scenes which morning beams reveal,
Its sounds to hear, its gales to feel
In all their fragrance round him steal,
It melted Harold's heart of steel,
And, hardly wotting why,
He doff'd his helmet's gloomy pride,
And hung it on a tree beside,

Laid mace and falchion by, And on the greensward sate him down, And from his dark habitual frown

Relax'd his rugged brow—
Whoever hath the doubtful task
From that stern Dane a boon to ask,
Were wise to ask it now.

IV.

His place beside young Gunnar took, And mark'd his master's softening loo And in his eye's dark mirror spied The gloom of stormy thoughts subsid And cautious watch'd the fittest tide

To speak a warning word.
So when the torrent's billows shrink,
The timid pilgrim on the brink
Waits long to see them wave and sinl
Ere he dare brave the ford.

Ere he dare brave the ford, And often, after doubtful pause, His step advances or withdraws; Fearful to move the slumbering ire Of his stern lord, thus stood the squi

Till Harold raised his eye, That glanced as when athwart the shro Of the dispersing tempest-cloud The bursting sunbeams fly.

v.

"Arouse thee, son of Ermengarde, Offspring of prophetess and bard! Take harp, and greet this lovely prin With some high strain of Runic thys Strong, deep, and powerful! Peal it round Like that loud beil's sonorous sound, Yet wild by fits, as when the lay Of bird and bugle hail the day. Such was my grandsire Eric's sport, When dawn gleam'd on his martial court. Heymar the Scald, with harp's high sound,

Summon'd the chiefs who slept around: Couch'd on the spoils of wolf and bear, They roused like lions from their lair, Then rush'd in emulation forth To enhance the glories of the north, Proud Eric, mightiest of thy race, Where is thy shadowy resting-place? In wild Valhalla hast thou quaff'd From foeman's skull metheglin draught, Or wanderest where thy cairn was piled To frown o'er oceans wide and wild? Or have the milder Christians given Thy refuge in their peaceful heaven? Where'er thou art, to thee are known Our toils endured, our trophies won, Our wars, our wanderings, and our woes. He ceased, and Gunnar's song arose.

VI. Song.

"Hawk and osprey scream'd for joy O'er the beetling cliffs of Hoy, Crimson foam the beach o'erspread, The heath was dyed with darker red, When o'er Eric, Inguar's son, Dane and Northman piled the stone; Singing wild the war-song stern, 'Rest thee, Dweller of the Cairn!'

"Where eddying currents foam and boil By Bersa's burgh and Græmsay's isle, The seaman sees a martial form Half-mingled with the mist and storm. In anxious awe he bears away To moor his bark in Stromna's bay, And murmurs from the bounding stern, 'Rest thee, Dweller of the Cairn!'

"What cares disturb the mighty dead? Each honour'd rite was duly paid; No daring hand thy helm unlaced, Thy sword, thy shield, were near thee placed,

Thy flinty couch, no tear profaned, Without, with hostile blood was stain'd; Within, 'twas lined with moss and fer Then rest thee, Dweller of the Caim "He may not rest: from realms all Comes voice of battle and of war, Of conquest wrought with bloody! On Carmel's cliffs and Jordan's stra When Odin's warlike son could ean The turban'd race of Termagaunt."

VII.

"Peace," said the Knight, "the n Scald

Our warlike fathers' deeds recall'd, But never strove to soothe the son With tales of what himself had der At Odin's board the bard sits high Whose harp ne'er stoop'd to flatter But highest he whose daring lay Hath dared unwelcome truths to s With doubtful smile young Gunnar His master's looks, and nought repli But well that smile his master led To construe what he left unsaid. " Is it to me, thou timid youth, Thou fear'st to speak unwelcome tr My soul no more thy censure grieve Than frosts rob laurels of their leav Say on-and yet-beware the rude And wild distemper of my blood; Loth were I that mine ire should wr The youth that bore my shield so h And who, in service constant still, Though weak in frame, art strong

"Oh!" quoth the Page, "even ti

My counsel—there my warning tend Oft seems as of my master's breast Some demon were the sudden guest Then at the first misconstrued word. His hand is on the mace and sword, From her firm seat his wisdom driv. His life to countless dangers given—O! would that Gunnar could suffice To be the fiend's last sacrifice, So that, when glutted with my gore, He fled and tempted thee no more!

VIII.

Then waved his hand, and shook his he The impatient Dane, while those he sai

ane not, youth-it is not thine dge the spirit of our line old Berserkar's rage divine, igh whose inspiring, deeds are wrought uman strength and human thought. full upon his gloomy soul hampion feels the influence roll, vims the lake, he leaps the walls not the depth, nor plumbs the fallelded, mail-less, on he goes r against a host of foes; spears he holds like wither'd reeds, mail like maiden's silken weeds; gainst a hundred will he strive, countless wounds, and yet survive. rush the eagles to his cry ughter and of victory, plood he quaffs like Odin's bowl, drinks his sword, —deep drinks his soul; Ill that meet him in his ire ves to ruin, rout, and fire; like gorged lion, seeks some den, ouches till he's man agen. know'st the signs of look and limb, 'gins that rage to overbrimknow'st when I am moved, and why; when thou see'st me roll mine eye, y teeth thus, and stamp my foot, d thy safety and be mute; lse speak boldly out whate'er ing that a knight should hear. thee, youth. Thy lay has power my dark and sullen hour ;iristian monks are wont to say ins of old were charm'd away; fear not I will rashly deem thy speech, whate'er the theme."

ıx.

wm some strait in doubt and dread vatchful pilot drops the lead, cautious in the midst to steer, hoaling channel sounds with fear; t on dangerous ground he swerved, 'age his master's brow observed, ng at intervals to fling and on the melodious string, And to his moody breast apply
The soothing charm of harmony,
While hinted half, and half exprest,
This warning song convey'd the rest.—

Song.

.

"Ill fares the bark with tackle riven, And ill when on the breakers driven,— Ill when the storm-sprite shrieks in air, And the scared mermaid tears her hair; But worse when on her helm the hand Of some false traitor holds command.

2.

"Ill fares the fainting Palmer, placed 'Mid Hebron's rocks or Rana's waste,—Ill when the scorching sun is high, And the expected font is dry,—Worse when his guide o'er sand and heath, The barbarous Copt, has plann'd his death.

"Ill fares the Knight with buckler cleft, And ill when of his helm bereft,—
Ill when his steed to earth is flung,
Or from his grasp his falchion wrung;
But worse, if instant ruin token,
When he lists rede by woman spoken."—

x.

"How now, fond boy?—Canst thou think ill,"

Said Harold, "of fair Metelill?"—
"She may be fair," the Page replied,
As through the strings he ranged,—
"She may be fair; but yet," he cried,
And then the strain he changed,—

Song.

"She may be fair," he sang, "but yet
Far fairer have I seen
Than she, for all her locks of jet,
And eyes so dark and sheen.
Were I a Danish knight in arms,
As one day I may be,
Myheart should own no foreign charms—
A Danish maid for me!

2.

"I love my father's northern land, Where the dark pine-trees grow, And the bold Baltic's echoing strand
Looks o'er each grassy oe.*
I love to mark the lingering sun,
From Denmark loth to go,
And leaving on the billows bright,
To cheer the short-lived summer night,
A path of ruddy glow.

"But most the northern maid I love,
With breast like Denmark's snow,
And form as fair as Denmark's pine,
Who loves with purple heath to twine
Her locks of sunny glow;

And sweetly blend that shade of gold With the cheek's rosy hue,
And Faith might for her mirror hold That eye of matchless blue.

"'Tis hers the manly sports to love
That southern maidens fear,
To bend the bow by stream and grove,
And lift the hunter's spear.
She can her chosen champion's flight
With eye undazzled see,
Clasp him victorious from the strife,
Or on his corpse yield up her life,—
A Danish maid for me!"

XI.

Then smiled the Dane—"Thou canst so well
The virtues of our maidens tell,
Half could I wish my choice had been
Blue eyes, and hair of golden sheen,
And lofty soul;—yet what of ill
Hast thou to charge on Metelill?"—
"Nothing on her," young Gunnar said,
"But her base sire's ignoble trade.
Her mother, too—the general fame
Hath given to Jutta evil name,

And in her grey eye is a flame
Art cannot hide, nor fear can tame.
That sordid woodman's peasant cot
Twice have thine honour'd footst
sought,
And trainer attented with much ill and

And twice return'd with such ill red As sent thee on some desperate deed.'

XIL

"Thou errest; Jutta wisely said, He that comes suitor to a maid, Ere link'd in marriage, should provid Lands and a dwelling for his bride—My father's by the Tyne and Wear I have reclaim'd."—"O, all too dea And all too dangerous the prize, E'en were it won," young Gunnarcries "And then this Jutta's fresh device, That thou should'st seek, a heathen De From Durham's priests a boon to g When thou hast left their vassals sla In their own halls!"—Flash'd Hard

eye, lie! The castle, hall and tower, is mine, Built by old Witikind on Tyne. The wild-cat will defend his den, Fights for her nest the timid wren; And think'st thou I'll forego my righ For dread of monk or monkish knight Up and away, that deepening bell Doth of the Bishop's conclave tell. Thither will I, in manner due, As Jutta bade, my claim to sue; And, if to right me they are loth, Then woe to church and chapter bot Now shift the scene, and let the cur

And our next entry be Saint Cuthbe

CANTO FOURTH.

1.

FULL many a bard hath sung the solemn gloom Of the long Gothic aisle and stone-ribb'd roof, O'er-canopying shrine, and gorgeous tomb, Carved screen, and altar glimmering far aloof, And blending with the shade—a matchless proof

Or-Island.

Of high devotion, which hath now wax'd cold; Yet legends say, that Luxury's brute hoof Intruded oft within such sacred fold, Like step of Bel's false priest, track'd in his fane of old.

Well pleased am I, howe'er, that when the route Of our rude neighbours whilome deign'd to come, Uncall'd, and eke unwelcome, to sweep out And cleanse our chancel from the rags of Rome, They spoke not on our ancient fane the doom To which their bigot zeal gave o'er their own, But spared the martyr'd saint and storied tomb, Though papal miracles had graced the stone, And though the aisles still loved the organ's swelling tone.

And deem not, though 'tis now my part to paint A Prelate sway'd by love of power and gold, That all who wore the mitre of our Saint Like to ambitious Aldingar I hold; Since both in modern times and days of old It sate on those whose virtues might atone Their predecessors' frailties trebly told: Matthew and Morton we as such may own—And such (if fame speak truth) the honour'd Barrington.

11.

But now to earlier and to ruder times, As subject meet, I tune my rugged rhymes,

Telling how fairly the chapter was met, And rood and books in seemly order

Huge brass-clasp'd volumes, which

Of studious priest but rarely scann'd, Now on fair carved desk display'd, 'Twas theirs the solemn scene to aid. O'erhead with many a scutcheon graced,

And quaint devices interlaced,
A labyrinth of crossing rows,
The roof in lessening arches shows;
Beneath its shade placed proud and
high,

With footstool and with canopy, Sate Aldingar,—and prelate ne'er More haughty graced Saint Cuthbert's chair;

Canons and deacons were placed below,
In due degree and lengthen'd row.

Unmoved and silent each sat there, Like image in his oaken chair; Nor head, nor hand, nor foot they stirr'd, Nor lock of hair, nor tress of beard;

And of their eyes severe alone
The twinkle show'd they were not
stone.

111.

The Prelate was to speech address'd, Each head sunk reverent on each breast:

breast;
But ere his voice was heard—without
Arose a wild tumultuous shout,
Offspring of wonder mix'd with fear,
Such as in crowded streets we hear
Hailing the flames, that, bursting out,
Attract yet scare the rabble rout.
Ere it had ceased, a giant hand
Shook oaken door and iron band,
Till oak and iron both gave way,
Clash'd the long bolts, the hinges bray,
And, ere upon angel or saint they can call,

And, ere upon angel or saint they can call, Stands Harold the Dauntless in midst of the hall,

IV.

"Now save ye, my masters, both rocket and rood, From Bishop with mitre to Deacon with hood! For here stands Count Harold, old Witikind's son, Come to sue for the lands which his ancestors won." The Prelate look'd round him with sore troubled eye, Unwilling to grant, yet afraid to deny; While each Canon and Deacon who heard the Dane speak, To be safely at home would have fasted a week :-Then Aldingar roused him, and answer'd again, "Thou suest for a boon which thou canst not obtain; The Church hath no fiefs for an unchristen'd Dane. Thy father was wise, and his treasure hath given, That the priests of a chantry might hymn him to heaven; And the nefs which whilome he possess'd as his due, Have lapsed to the Church, and been granted anew To Anthony Conyers and Alberic Vere, For the service Saint Cuthbert's bless'd banner to bear, When the bands of the North come to foray the Wear; Then disturb not our conclave with wrangling or blame, But in peace and in patience pass hence as ye came."

Loud laugh'd the stern Pagan, —" They're free from the care Of fief and of service, both Conyers and Vere,—Six feet of your chancel is all they will need, A buckler of stone and a corselet of lead.—Ho, Gunnar!—the tokens!"—and, sever'd anew, A head and a hand on the altar he threw.

Then shudder'd with terror both Canon and Monk, They knew the glazed eye and the countenance shrunk, And of Anthony Conyers the half-grizzled hair, And the scar on the hand of Sir Alberic Vere.

There was not a churchman or priest that was there. But grew pale at the sight, and betook him to prayer.

VI.

Count Harold laugh'd at their looks of fear: "Was this the hand should your banner bear? Was that the head should wear the casque In battle at the Church's task? Was it to such you gave the place Of Harold with the heavy mace? Find me between the Wear and Tyne A knight will wield this club of mine,—Give him my fiefs, and I will say There's wit beneath the cowl of grey." He raised it, rough with many a stain, Caught from crush'd skull and spouting brain; He wheel'd it that it shrilly sung, And the aisles echoed as it swung,

Then dash'd it down with sheer descent,
And split King Osric's monument.—
"How like ye this music? How trow ye the hand
That can wield such a mace may be reft of its land?
No answer?—I spare ye a space to agree,
And Saint Cuthbert inspire you, a saint if he be.
Ten strides through your chancel, ten strokes on your bell,
And again I am with you—grave fathers, farewell."

VIL

He turn'd from their presence, he clash'd the oak door, And the clang of his stride died away on the floor; And his head from his bosom the Prelate uprears With a ghost-seer's look when the ghost disappears: "Ye Priests of Saint Cuthbert, now give me your rede, For never of counsel had Bishop more need! Were the arch-fiend incarnate in flesh and in bone, The language, the look, and the laugh, were his own. In the bounds of Saint Cuthbert there is not a knight Dare confront in our quarrel yon goblin in fight; Then rede me aright to his claim to reply, 'Tis unlawful to grant, and 'tis death to deny."

VIII.

On ven'son and malmsie that morning

had fed
The Cellarer Vinsauf—'twas thus that
he said:

"Delay till to-morrow the Chapter's

reply;
Let the feast be spread fair, and the wine
be pour'd high:

If he's mortal he drinks,—if he drinks, -

he is ours— His bracelets of iron,—his bed in our

towers."
This man had a laughing eye,

Trust not, friends, when such you spy; A beaker's depth he well could drain, Revel, sport, and jest amain—

The haunch of the deer and the grape's bright dye

Never bard loved them better than I; But sooner than Vinsauf fill'd me my wine, Pass'd me his jest, and laugh'd at mine, Though the buck were of Bearpark, of

Bourdeaux the vine,
With the dullest hermit I'd rather dine
On an oaken cake and a draught of the
Tyne.

IX.

Walwayn the leech spoke next—he k Each plant that loves the sun and o But special those whose juice can g Dominion o'er the blood and brain The peasant who saw him by pale m

beam
Gathering such herbs by bank and str
Deem'd his thin form and soundless t
Were those of wanderer from the dea
"Vinsauf, thy wine," he said, "

power,
Our gyves are heavy, strong our to
Yet three drops from this flask of n
More strong than dungeons, gyve
wine,

Shall give him prison under ground More dark, more narrow, more found.

Short rede, good rede, let Harold ha A dog's death and a heathen's grav I have lain on a sick man's bed, Watching for hours for the leech's th As if I deem'd that his presence al Were of power to bid my pain beg I have listed his words of comfort gi As if to oracles from heaven;

I have counted his steps from my chamber door, And bless'd them when they were heard no more;— But sooner than Walwayn my sick couch should nigh, My choice were by leech-craft unaided to die.

X.

"Such service done in fervent zeal
The Church may pardon and conceal,"
The doubtful Prelate said, "but ne'er
The counsel ere the act should hear.—
Anselm of Jarrow, advise us now,
The stamp of wisdom is on thy brow;
Thy days, thy nights, in cloister pent,
Are still to mystic learning lent;—
Anselm of Jarrow, in thee is my hope,
Thou well mayst give counsel to Prelate or Pope."

XI.

Answer'd the Prior—"'Tis wisdom's use
Still to delay what we dare not refuse;
Ere granting the boon he comes hither to ask,
Shape for the giant gigantic task;
Let us see how a step so sounding can tread
In paths of darkness, danger, and dread;
He may not, he will not, impugn our decree,
That calls but for proof of his chivalry;
And were Guy to return, or Sir Bevis the Strong,
Our wilds have adventure might cumber them long—
The Castle of Seven Shields"—" Kind Anselm, no more!
The step of the Pagan approaches the door."
The churchmen were hush'd.—In his mantle of skin,
With his mace on his shoulder, Count Harold strode in.
There was foam on his lips, there was fire in his eye,
For, chafed by attendance, his fury was nigh.
"Ho! Bishop," he said, "dost thou grant me my claim?
Or must I assert it by falchion and flame?"—

XII.

"On thy suit, gallant Harold," the Bishop replied, In accents which trembled, "we may not decide, Until proof of your strength and your valour we saw—'Tis not that we doubt them, but such is the law."—"And would you, Sir Prelate, have Harold make sport For the cowls and the shavelings that herd in thy court? Say what shall he do?—From the shrine shall he tear The lead bier of thy patron, and heave it in air, And through the long chancel make Cuthbert take wing, With the speed of a bullet dismiss'd from the sling?"—"Nay, spare such probation," the Cellarer said, "From the mouth of our minstrels thy task shall be read. While the wine sparkles high in the goblet of gold, And the revel is loudest, thy task shall be told;

And thyself, gallant Harold, shall, hearing it, tell That the Bishop, his cowls, and his shavelings, meant well."

XIIL

Loud revell'd the guests, and the goblets loud rang, But louder the minstrel, Hugh Meneville, sang; And Harold, the hurry and pride of whose soul, E'en when verging to fury, own'd music's control, Still bent on the harper his broad sable eye, And often untasted the goblet pass'd by; Than wine, or than wassail, to him was more dear The minstrel's high tale of enchantment to hear; And the Bishop that day night of Vinsauf complain That his art had but wasted his wine-casks in vain.

XIV.

The Castle of the Seben Shields.

A BALLAD.

The Druid Urien had daughters seven, Their skill could call the moon from heaven; So fair their forms and so high their fame, That seven proud kings for their suitors came.

King Mador and Rhys came from Powis and Wales, Unshorn was their hair, and unpruned were their nails; From Strath-Clwyde was Ewain, and Ewain was lame, And the red-bearded Donald from Galloway came.

Lot, King of Lodon, was hunchback'd from youth; Dunmail of Cumbria had never a tooth; But Adolf of Bambrough, Northumberland's heir, Was gay and was gallant, was young and was fair.

There was strife 'mongst the sisters, for each one would have For husband King Adolf, the gallant and brave; And envy bred hate, and hate urged them to blows, When the firm earth was cleft, and the Arch-fiend arose!

He swore to the maidens their wish to fulfil— They swore to the foe they would work by his will. A spindle and distaff to each hath he given, "Now hearken my spell," said the Outcast of heaven.

"Ye shall ply these spindles at midnight hour, And for every spindle shall rise a tower, Where the right shall be feeble, the wrong shall have power, And there shall ye dwell with your paramour."

Beneath the pale moonlight they sate on the wold, And the rhymes which they chanted must never be told; And as the black wool from the distaff they sped, With blood from their bosom they moisten'd the thread.

00

As light danced the spindles beneath the cold gleam, The castle arose like the birth of a dream— The seven towers ascended like mist from the ground, Seven portals defend them, seven ditches surround.

Within that dread castle seven monarchs were wed, But six of the seven ere the morning lay dead; With their eyes all on fire, and their daggers all red, Seven damsel's surround the Northumbrian's bed.

"Six kingly bridegrooms to death we have done, Six gallant kingdoms King Adolf hath won, Six lovely brides all his pleasure to do, Or the bed of the seventh shall be husbandless too."

Well chanced it that Adolf the night when he wed Had confess'd and had sain'd him ere boune to his bed; He sprung from the couch and his broadsword he drew, And there the seven daughters of Urien he slew.

The gate of the castle he bolted and seal'd, And hung o'er each arch-stone a crown and a shield; To the cells of Saint Dunstan then wended his way, And died in his cloister an anchorite gray.

Seven monarchs' wealth in that castle lies stow'd, The foul fiends brood o'er them like raven and toad. Whoever shall guesten these chambers within, From curfew till matins, that treasure shall win.

But manhood grows faint as the world waxes old! There lives not in Britain a champion so bold, So dauntless of heart, and so prudent of brain, As to dare the adventure that treasure to gain.

The waste ridge of Cheviot shall wave with the rye, Before the rude Scots shall Northumberland fly, And the flint clifts of Bambro' shall melt in the sun, Before that adventure be peril'd and won.

XV.

"And is this my probation?" wild Harold he said,
"Within a lone castle to press a lone bed?—
Good even, my Lord Bishop,—Saint Cuthbert to borrow,
The Castle of Seven Shields receives me to-morrow."

CANTO FIFTH.

I.

DENMARK's sage courtier to her princely youth, Granting his cloud an ouzel or a whale, Spoke, though unwittingly, a partial truth; For Fantasy embroiders Nature's veil.

The tints of ruddy eve, or dawning pale, Of the swart thunder-cloud, or silver haze, Are but the ground-work of the rich detail Which fantasy with pencil wild portrays, Blending what seems and is, in the wrapt muser's gaze.

Nor are the stubborn forms of earth and stone Less to the Sorceress's empire given; For not with unsubstantial hues alone, Caught from the varying surge, or vacant heaven, From bursting sunbeam, or from flashing levin, She limns her pictures: on the earth, as air, Arise her castles, and her car is driven; And never gazed the eye on scene so fair,

But of its boasted charms gave Fancy half the share.

Up a wild pass went Harold, bent to prove, Hugh Meneville, the adventure of thy lay; Gunnar pursued his steps in faith and love, Ever companion of his master's way. Midward their path, a rock of granite gray From the adjoining cliff had made descent,-A barren mass—yet with her drooping spray Had a young birch-tree crown'd its battlement, Twisting her fibrous roots through cranny, flaw, and rent.

This rock and tree could Gunnar's thought engage Till Fancy brought the tear-drop to his eye, And at his master ask'd the timid Page, "What is the emblem that a bard should spy In that rude rock and its green canopy?"

And Harold said, "Like to the helmet brave Of warrior slain in fight it seems to lie, And these same drooping boughs do o'er it wave Not all unlike the plume his lady's favour gave."—

"Ah, no!" replied the Page; "the ill-starr'd love Of some poor maid is in the emblem shown, Whose fates are with some hero's interwove, And rooted on a heart to love unknown: And as the gentle dews of heaven alone Nourish those drooping boughs, and as the scathe Of the red lightning rends both tree and stone, So fares it with her unrequited faith, — Her sole relief is tears—her only refuge death."—

"Thou art a fond fantastic boy," Harold replied, "to females coy, Yet prating still of love; Even so amid the clash of war [know thou lovest to keep afar, Though destined by thy evil star With one like me to rove,

Whose business and whose joys are

found Upon the bloody battle-ground. Yet, foolish trembler as thou art, Thou hast a nook of my rude heart, And thou and I will never part; Harold would wrap the world in flame Ere injury on Gunnar came."

IV.

The grateful Page made no reply, But turn'd to Heaven his gentle eye, And clasp'd his hands, as one who said, "My toils—my wanderings are o'erpaid!"

Then in a gayer, lighter strain,
Compell'd himself to speech again;
And, as they flow'd along,
His words took cadence soft and slow,
And liquid, like dissolving snow,
They melted into song.

v.

"What though through fields of carnage wide
I may not follow Harold's stride,
Yet who with faithful Gunnar's pride
Lord Harold's feats can see?
And dearer than the couch of pride,
He loves the bed of grey wolf's hide,
When slumbering by Lord Harold's

In forest, field, or lea."—

"Break off!" said Harold, in a tone Where hurry and surprise were shown, With some slight touch of fear,—
"Break off, we are not here alone; A Palmer form comes slowly on! By cowl, and staff, and mantle known, My monitor is near.

Now mark him, Gunnar, heedfully; He pauses by the blighted tree—' Dost see him, youth?—Thou couldst not see

When in the vale of Galilee
I first beheld his form,
Nor when we met that other while
In Cephalonia's rocky isle,
Before the fearful storm,—

Dost see him now?"—The Page, distraught

With terror, answer'd, "I see nought, And there is nought to see, Save that the oak's scathed boughs fling

Save that the oak's scathed boughs flit down Upon the path a shadow brown,

That, like a pilgrim's dusky gown, Waves with the waving tree." VII

Count Harold gazed upon the oak As if his eyestrings would have broke And then resolvedly said.—

"Be what it will yon phantom gray-Nor heaven, nor hell, shall ever say That for their shadows from his way

Count Harold turn'd dismay'd: I'll speak him, though his accents fi My heart with that unwonted thrill

Which vulgar minds call fear.

I will subdue it!"—Forth he strode
Paused where the blighted oak-fix
show'd

Its sable shadow on the road, And, folding on his bosom broad His arms, said, "Speak—I hear"

The Deep Voice said, "O wild of will Furious thy purpose to fulfil—Heart-sear'd and unrepentant still, How long, O Harold, shall thy tree Disturb the slumbers of the dead? Each step in thy wild way thou makes! The ashes of the dead thou wakes!; And shout in triumph o'er thy path The fiends of bloodshed and of wrath In this thine hour, yet turn and hear For life is brief and judgment near.

Then ceased The Voice.—The Dan replied

In tones where awe and inborn prid Formastery strove, —"In vain ye chid The wolf for ravaging the flock, Or with its hardness taunt the rock,-I am as they—my Danish strain Sends streams of fire through evivein.

Amid thy realms of goule and ghos Say, is the fame of Eric lost, Or Witikind's the Waster, known Where fame or spoil was to be won Whose galleys ne'er bore off a shon

They left not black with flame?
He was my sire,—and, sprung of him
That rover merciless and grim,

Can I be soft and tame?
Part hence, and with my crimes a
more upbraid me,
I am that Waster's son, and am be

what he made me."

x.

The Phantom groan'd;—the mountain shook around, The fawn and wild-doe started at the sound, The gorse and fern did wildly round them wave, As if some sudden storm the impulse gave. "All thou hast said is truth-Yet on the head Of that bad sire let not the charge be laid, That he, like thee, with unrelenting pace, From grave to cradle ran the evil race:-Relentless in his avarice and ire, Churches and towns he gave to sword and fire; Shed blood like water, wasted every land, Like the destroying angel's burning brand; Fulfill'd whate'er of ill might be invented, Yes-all these things he did-he did, but he REPENTED! Perchance it is part of his punishment still, That his offspring pursues his example of ill. But thou, when thy tempest of wrath shall next shake thee, Gird thy loins for resistance, my son, and awake thee; If thou yield'st to thy fury, how tempted soever, The gate of repentance shall ope for thee NEVER!"—

XI.

"He is gone," said Lord Harold, and gazed as he spoke; "There is nought on the path but the shade of the oak. He is gone, whose strange presence my feeling oppress'd, Like the night-hag that sits on the slumberer's breast. My heart beats as thick as a fugitive's tread, And cold dews drop from my brow and my head. -Ho! Gunnar, the flasket you almoner gave; He said that three drops would recall from the grave. For the first time Count Harold owns leech-craft has power, Or, his courage to aid, lacks the juice of a flower!" The Page gave the flasket, which Walwayn had fill'd With the juice of wild roots that his art had distill'd --So baneful their influence on all that had breath, One drop had been frenzy, and two had been death. Harold took it, but drank not; for jubilec shrill, And music and clamour were heard on the hill, And down the steep pathway, o'er stock and o'er stone, The train of a bridal came blithesomely on; There was song, there was pipe, there was timbrel, and still The burden was, "Joy to the fair Metelill!"

XII

Harold might see from his high stance, Himself unseen, that train advance With mirth and melody;— On horse and foot a mingled throng, Measuring their steps to bridal song And bridal minstrelsy; And ever when the blithesome rout Lent to the song their choral shout, Redoubling echoes roll'd about, While echoing cave and cliff sent out The answering symphony Of all those mimic notes which dwell In hollow rock and sounding dell.

XIII.

Joy shook his torch above the band, By many a various passion fann'd;— As elemental sparks can feed On essence pure and coarsest weed, Gentle, or stormy, or refined, Joy takes the colours of the mind. Lightsome and pure, but unrepress'd, He fired the bridegroom's gallant breast:

More feebly strove with maiden fear, Yet still joy glimmer'd through the tear On the bride's blushing cheek, that shows

Like dewdrop on the budding rose; While Wulfstane's gloomy smile declared

The glee that selfish avarice shared, And pleased revenge and malice high Joy's semblance took in Jutta's eye. On dangerous adventure sped, The witch deem'd Harold with the

dead,

For thus that morn her Demon said:—
"If, ere the set of sun, be tied
The knot 'twixt bridegroom and his
bride,

The Dane shall have no power of ill O'er William and o'er Metelill." And the pleased witch made answer, "Then

Must Harold have pass'd from the paths of men!

Evil repose may his spirit have,— May hemlock and mandrake find root in his grave,—

May his death-sleep be dogged by dreams of dismay, And his waking be worse at the an-

swering day!"

XIV.

Such was their various mood of glee Blent in one shout of ecstasy. But still when Joy is brimming highest, Of Sorrow and Misfortune nighest, Of Terror with her ague cheek, And lurking Danger, sages speak:—These haunt each path, but chief they lay

Their snares beside the primrose way.—

Thus found that bridal band the Beset by Harold in his wrath. Trembling beneath his mad mood.

High on a rock the giant stood His shout was like the doom of Spoke o'er their heads that beneath.

His destined victims might not The reddening terrors of his e The frown of rage that writh face,—

The lip that foam'd like bo

But all could see—and, seeing.
Bore back to shun the threaten.
The fragment which their gian
Rent from the cliff and hea
throw.

XV.

Backward they bore;—yet are two

For battle who prepare:
No pause of dread Lord William
Ere his good blade was be
And Wulfstane bent his fatal y
But ere the silken cord he drey
As hurl'd from Hecla's thunde
That ruin through the air
Full on the outlaw's front it c
And all that late had human n

And all that late had human n
And human face, and human f
That lived, and moved, and h
will

To choose the path of good or Is to its reckoning gone; And nought of Wulfstane rests!

Save that beneath that ste Half-buried in the dinted clay. A red and shapeless mass ther Of mingled flesh and bon

XVI.

As from the bosom of the sky
The eagle darts amain,

Three bounds from yondersumn
Placed Harold on the pla:
As the scared wild-fowl scream:
So fled the bridal train;

As 'gainst the eagle's peerless The noble falcon dares the fight But dares the fight in vain So fought the bridegroom; from his hand

The Dane's rude mace has struck his brand,

Its glittering fragments strew the sand,

Its lord lies on the plain.

Now, Heaven! take noble William's part,

And melt that yet unmelted heart,
Or, ere his bridal hour depart,
The hapless bridegroom's slain!

Count Harold's frenzied rage is high,
There is a death-fire in his eye,
Deep furrows on his brow are trench'd,
His teeth are set, his hand is clench'd,
The foam upon his lip is white,
His deadly arm is up to smite!

His deadly arm is up to smite;
But, as the mace aloft he swung,
Tostop the blow young Gunnar sprung,
Around his master's knees he clung,

And cried, "In mercy spare! O, think upon the words of fear Spoke by that visionary Seer, The crisis he foretold is here,—

Grant mercy,—or despair!"
This word suspended Harold's mood,
Yet still with arm upraised he stood,
And visage like the headsman's rude

That pauses for the sign.
"O mark thee with the blessed rood,"
The Page implored; "Speak word

of good, Resist the fiend, or be subdued!"

He sign'd the cross divine—
Instant his eye hath human light,
Less red, less keen, less fiercely bright;
His brow relax'd the obdurate frown,
The fatal mace sinks gently down,

He turns and strides away; Yet oft, like revellers who leave Unfinish'd feast, looks back to grieve, As if repenting the reprieve

As if repenting the reprieve

He granted to his prey.

Yet still of forbearance one sign hath

Yet still of forbearance one sign hath he given, And fierce Witikind's son made one

And fierce Witikind's son made one step towards heaven.

XVIII.

But though his dreaded footsteps part,
Death is behind and shakes his dart;
Lord William on the plain is lying,
Beside him Metelill seems dying!
Bring odours—essences in haste—
And lo! a flasket richly chased,—

And to! a flasket richly chased,—
But Jutta the elixir proves
Ere pouring it for those she loves—
Then Walwayn's potion was not
wasted,

For when three drops the hag had tasted,

So dismal was her yell, Each bird of evil omen woke, The raven gave his fatal croak, And shrick'd the night-crow from the

oak,
The screech-owl from the thicker broke,

And flutter'd down the dell! So fearful was the sound and stern, The slumbers of the full-gorged erne Were startled, and from furze and ferr

Of forest and of fell, The fox and famish'd wolf replied, (For wolves then prowl'd the Chevior

From mountain head to mountain head The unhallow'd sounds around were sped;

But when their latest echo fled, The sorceress on the ground lay dead.

XIX.

Such was the scene of blood and woes, With which the bridal morn arose Of William and of Metelill;

But oft, when dawning 'gins to spread, The summer morn peeps dim and red Above the eastern hill,

Ere, bright and fair, upon his road The King of Splendour walks abroad; So, when this cloud had pass'd away, Bright was the noontide of their day, And all serene its setting ray.

CANTO SIXTH

L

Well do I hope that this my minstrel tale
Will tempt no traveller from southern fields,
Whether in tilbury, barouche, or mail,
To view the Castle of these Seven Proud Shields.
Small confirmation its condition yields
To Meneville's high lay,—No towers are seen
On the wild heath, but those that Fancy builds,
And, save a fosse that tracks the moor with green,
Is nought remains to tell of what may there have been.

And yet grave authors, with the no small waste Of their grave time, have dignified the spot By theories, to prove the fortress placed By Roman bands, to curb the invading Scot. Hutchinson, Horsley, Camden, I might quote, But rather choose the theory less civil Of boors, who, origin of things forgot, Refer still to the origin of evil,

And for their master-mason choose that master-fiend the Devil.

H.

Therefore, I say, it was on fiend-built towers
That stout Count Harold bent his wondering gaze,
When evening dew was on the heather flowers,
And the last sunbeams made the mountain blaze,
And tinged the battlements of other days
With the bright level light ere sinking down.—
Illumined thus, the dauntless Dane surveys
The Seven Proud Shields that o'er the portal frown,
And on their blazons traced high marks of old renown.

A wolf North Wales had on his armour-coat, And Rhys of Powis-land a couchant stag; Strath-Clwyd's strange emblem was a stranded boat, Donald of Galloway's a trotting nag; A corn-sheaf gilt was fertile Lodon's brag; A dudgeon-dagger was by Dunmail worn; Northumbrian Adolf gave a sea-beat crag Surmounted by a cross — such signs were borne Upon these antique shields, all wasted now and worn.

III.

These scann'd, Count Harold sought the castle-door, Whose ponderous bolts were rusted to decay; Yet till that hour adventurous knight forbore The unobstructed passage to essay.

More strong than armed warders in array, And obstacle more sure than bolt or bar, Sate in the portal Terror and Dismay, While Superstition, who forbade to war

With foes of other mould than mortal clay, Cast spells across the gate, and barr'd the onward way.

Vain now those spells; for soon with heavy clank The feebly-fasten'd gate was inward push'd, And, as it oped, through that emblazon'd rank Of antique shields, the wind of evening rush'd With sound most like a groan, and then was hush'd. Is none who on such spot such sounds could hear But to his heart the blood had faster rush'd; Yet to bold Harold's breast that throb was dear—It spoke of danger nigh, but had no touch of fear.

IV.

Yet Harold and his Page no signs have traced Within the castle, that of danger show'd; For still the halls and courts were wild and waste, As through their precincts the adventurers trode. The seven huge towers rose stately, tall, and broad, Each tower presenting to their scrutiny A hall in which a king might make abode, And fast beside, garnish'd both proud and high, Was placed a bower for rest in which a king might lie.

As if a bridal there of late had been,
Deck'd stood the table in each gorgeous hall;
And yet it was two hundred years, I ween,
Since date of that unhallow'd festival.
Flagons, and ewers, and standing cups, were all
Of tarnish'd gold, or silver nothing clear,
With throne begilt, and canopy of pall,
And tapestry clothed the walls with fragments scar—
Frail as the spider's mesh did that rich woof appear.

v

In every bower, as round a hearse, was hung A dusky crimson curtain o'er the bed, And on each couch in ghastly wise were flung The wasted relics of a monarch dead; Barbaric ornaments around were spread, Vests twined with gold, and chains of precious stone, And golden circlets, meet for monarch's head; While grinn'd, as if in scorn amongst them thrown, The wearer's fleshless skull, alike with dust bestrown.

For these were they who, drunken with delight, On pleasure's opiate pillow laid their head, For whom the bride's shy footstep, slow and light, Was changed ere morning to the murderer's tread. For human bliss and woe in the frail thread Of human life are all so closely twined, That till the shears of Fate the texture shred,

The close succession cannot be disjoin'd, Nor dare we, from one hour, judge that which comes behind,

VI.

But where the work of vengeance had been done, In that seventh chamber, was a sterner sight; There of the witch-brides lay each skeleton, Still in the posture as to death when dight. For this lay prone, by one blow slain outright; And that, as one who struggled long in dying; One bony hand held knife, as if to smite; One bent on fleshless knees, as mercy crying; One lay across the door, as kill'd in act of flying.

The stern Dane smiled this charnel-house to see,—
For his chafed thought return'd to Metelill;—
And "Well," he said, "hath woman's perfidy,
Empty as air, as water volatile,
Been here avenged.—The origin of ill
Through woman rose, the Christian doctrine saith;
Nor deem I, Gunnar, that thy minstrel skill
Can show example where a woman's breath
Hath made a true-love vow, and, tempted, kept her faith."

VII.

The minstrel-boy half smiled, half sigh'd,

And his half-filling eyes he dried, And said, "The theme I should but wrong,

Unless it were my dying song,
(Our Scalds have said, in dying hour
The Northern harp has treble power,)
Else could I tell of woman's faith,
Defying danger, scorn, and death.
Firm was that faith,—as diamond stone
Pure and unflaw'd,—her love unknown,

And unrequited;—firm and pure, Her stainless faith could all endure; From clime to clime,—from place to place,—

Through want, and danger, and disgrace,

A wanderer's wayward steps could trace.—

All this she did, and guerdon none Required, save that her burial-stone Should make at length the secret known, 'Thus hath a faithful womand Not in each breast such trun But Eivir was a Danish maid

VIII.

"Thou art a wild enthusiast,"
Count Harold, "for thy Danid
And yet, young Gunnar, I will
Hers were a faith to rest upon
But Eivir sleeps beneath he s
And all resembling her are go
What maid e'er show'd such co
In plighted faith, like thine to
But couch thee, boy; the da
shade

Falls thickly round, nor be de Because the dead are by. They were as we; our little d'O'erspent, and we shall be as Yet near me, Gunnar, be the Thy couch upon my mande m That thou mayst think, show invade.

Thy master slumbers night Thus couch'd they in that drawn Until the beams of document

IX.

An alter'd man Lord Harold rose, When he beheld that dawn unclose— There's trouble in his eyes,

And traces on his brow and cheek
Of mingled awe and wonder speak:
"My page," he said, "arise;—

Leave we this place, my page."—No

He utter'd till the castle door
They cross'd—but there he paused
and said,

"My wildness hath awaked the dead— Disturb'd the sacred tomb! Methought this night I stood on high, Where Hecla roars in middle sky, And in her cavern'd gulfs could spy

The central place of doom;
And there before my mortal eye
Souls of the dead came flitting by,
Whom fiends, with many a fiendish

Bore to that evil den!
My eyes grew dizzy, and my brain
Was wilder'd, as the elvish train,
With shriek and howl, dragg'd on
amain

Those who had late been men.

X.

"With haggard eyes and streaming hair, Jutta the Sorceress was there, And there pass'd Wulfstane, lately alain, All crush'd and foul with bloody

stain.—
More had I seen, but that uprose

A whirlwind wild, and swept the snows;

And with such sound as when at need

And with such sound as when at need A champion spurs his horse to speed, Three arm'd knights rush on, who lead Caparison'd a sable steed.

Sable their harness, and there came Through their closed visors sparks of flame.

The first proclaim'd, in sounds of fear, 'Harold the Dauntless, welcome here!'
The next cried, 'Jubilee! we've won
Count Witikind the Waster's son!'

And the third rider sternly spoke, 'Mount, in the name of Zernebock!—From us, O Harold, were thy

powers,—
Thy strength, thy dauntlessness, are
ours:

Nor think, a vassal thou of hell, With hell can strive.' The fiend spoke true!

My inmost soul the summons knew, As captives know the knell Thatsays the headsman's sword is bare,

And, with an accent of despair, Commands them quit their cell. I felt resistance was in vain,

My foot had that fell stirrup ta'en, My hand was on the fatal mane, When to my rescue sped

That Palmer's visionary form, And—like the passing of a storm— The demons yell'd and fled!

XI.

"His sable cowl, flung back, reveal'd The features it before conceal'd;

And, Gunnar, I could find In him whose counsels strove to stay So oft my course on wilful way,

My father Witikind!
Doom'd for his sins, and doom'd for

mine, A wanderer upon earth to pine Until his son shall turn to grace, And smooth for him a resting-place.-Gunnar, he must not haunt in vain This world of wretchedness and pain: I'll tame my wilful heart to live In peace—to pity and forgive-And thou, for so the Vision said, Must in thy Lord's repentance aid. Thy mother was a prophetess. He said, who by her skill could guess How close the fatal textures join Which knit thy thread of life with mine; Then, dark, he hinted of disguise She framed to cheat too curious eyes, That not a moment might divide Thy fated footsteps from my side. Methought while thus my sire did teach.

I caught the meaning of his speech, Yet seems its purport doubtful now." His hand then sought his thoughtful brow

Then first he mark'd, that in the tower His glove was left at waking hour.

XII.

Trembling at first, and deadly pale, Had Gunnar heard the vision'd tale; But when he learn'd the dubious close, He blush'd like any opening rose, And, glad to hide his tell-tale cheek, Hied back that glove of mail to seek; When soon a shriek of deadly dread Summon'd his master to his aid.

YIII

Whatsees Count Harold in that bower, So late his resting-place?— The semblance of the Evil Power,

Adored by all his race!
Odin in living form stood there,
His cloak the spoils of Polar bear;
For plumy crest a meteor shed
Its gloomy radiance o'er his head,
Yet veil'd its haggard majesty
To the wild lightnings of his eye.
Such height was his, as when in stone
O'er Upsal's giant altar shown:

So flow'd his hoary beard;
Such was his lance of mountain-pine,
So did his sevenfold buckler shine;
But when his voice he rear'd,

Deep, without harshness, slow and strong,

The powerful accents roll'd along, And, while he spoke, his hand was laid On captive Gunnar's shrinking head.

XIV.

"Harold," he said, "what rage is thine,

To quit the worship of thy line, To leave thy Warrior-God?— With me is glory or disgrace, Mine is the onset and the chase, Embattled hosts before my face

Are wither'd by a nod.
Wilt thou then forfeit that high seat
Deserved by many a dauntless feat,
Among the heroes of thy line,
Eric and fiery Thorarine?—
Thou wilt not. Only I can give
The joys for which the valiant live,

Victory and vengeance—only Can give the joys for which t The immortal tilt—the banqt The brimming draught from i skull.

Mine art thou, witness this the faithful pledge of vassal's

XV.

"Tempter," said Harold, firm "I charge thee, hence! whate art,

I do defy thee—and resist The kindling frenzy of my bn Waked by thy words; and of Norglove, nor buckler, splent, Shall rest with thee—tha

release, And God, or Demon, partin p "Eivir," the Shape replied, " Mark'd in the birth-hour with Think'st thou that priest wi

Think'st thou that priest wi of spray Could wash that blood-red ma Or that a borrow'd sex and n

Can abrogate a Godhead's cl

Thrill'd this strange speech Harold's brain,
He clench'd his teeth in high For not his new-born faith s Some tokens of his ancient r "Now, by the hope so lately of better trust and purer hea I will assail thee, fiend!"—I

His mace, and with a storm

The mortal and the Demon

XVI.

Smokeroll'dabove, fire flash'c Darken'd the sky and sh ground;

But not the artillery of The bickering lightning, nor Of turrets to the earthquake Could Harold's courage Steruly the Dane his purpos And blows on blows resistles

Till quail'd that Demon And—for his power to hurt of Was bounded by a higher with Evanish'd in the storm. paused the Champion of the North, raised, and bore his Eivir forth, n that wild scene of fiendish strife, ight, to liberty, and life!

XVII.

placed her on a bank of moss, A silver runnel bubbled by, new-born thoughts his soul engross, tremors yet unknown across His stubborn sinews fly, while with timid hand the dew n her brow and neck he threw, mark'd how life with rosy hue ner pale cheek revived anew, And glimmer'd in her eye. he said, "That silken tress,it blindness mine that could not guess! iow could page's rugged dress That bosom's pride belie? ull of heart, through wild and wave arch of blood and death to rave, With such a partner nigh!"

XVIII.

n in the mirror'd pool he peer'd, ned his rough locks and shaggy beard, stains of recent conflict clear'd,— And thus the Champion proved, t he fears now who never fear'd, And loves who never loved. And Eivir—life is on her cheek, And yet she will not move or speak, Nor will her eyelid fully ope; Perchance it loves, that half-shut eye, Through its long fringe, reserved and

Affection's opening dawn to spy; And the deep blush, which bids its dye O'er cheek, and brow, and bosom fly, Speaks shame-facedness and hope.

XIX.

But vainly seems the Dane to seek
For terms his new-born love to
speak,—
For words, save those of wrath and

wrong,
Till now were strangers to his tongue;
So, when he raised the blushing maid,
In blunt and honest terms he said,
(Twere well that maids, when lovers
woo.

Heard none more soft, were all as true,)
"Eivir! since thou for many a day
Hast follow'd Harold's wayward way,
It is but meet that in the line
Of after-life I follow thine.
To-morrow is Saint Cuthbert's tide,
And we will grace his altar's side,
A Christian knight and Christian
bride;

And of Witikind's son shall the marvel be said,

That on the same morn he was christen'd and wed."

CONCLUSION.

And now, Ennui, what ails thee, weary maid? And why these listless looks of yawning sorrow? No need to turn the page, as if 'twere lead, Or fling aside the volume till to-morrow.—
Be cheer'd—'tis ended—and I will not borrow, To try thy patience more, one anecdote From Bartholine, or Perinskiold, or Snorro. Then pardon thou thy minstrel, who hath wrote A Tale six cantos long, yet scorn'd to add a note.





BALLADS, SONGS,

AND

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

BALLADS, TRANSLATED OR IMITATED, FROM THE GERMAN, &c.

WILLIAM AND HELEN.

IMITATED FROM THE "LENORÉ" OF BURGER.

T.

And eyed the dawning red:

Alas, my love, thou tarriest long!

O art thou false or dead?"—

11.

With gallant Fred'rick's princely power He sought the bold Crusade; Let not a word from Judah's wars Told Helen how he sped.

IIL.

With Paynim and with Saracen
At length a truce was made,
And ev'ry knight return'd to dry
The tears his love had shed.

IV

Our gallant host was homeward bound With many a song of joy; Green waved the laurel in each plume, The badge of victory.

v.

And old and young, and sire and son,
To meet them crowd the way,
With shouts, and mirth, and melody,
The debt of love to pay.

VI.

And sobb'd in his embrace, And for in his embrace, and flutt'ring joy in tears and smiles Array'd full many a face.

VII.

For joy nor smile for Helen sad; She sought the host in vain; or none could tell her William's fate, If faithless, or if slain.

VIII.

The martial band is past and gone; She rends her raven hair, And in distraction's bitter mood She weeps with wild despair.

IX.

"O rise, my child," her mother said,
"Nor sorrow thus in vain;
A perjured lover's fleeting heart

No tears recall again."-

--

"O mother, what is gone, is gone, What's lost for ever lorn: Death, death alone can comfort me; O had I ne'er been born!

XI.

"O break, my heart, O break at onc Drink my life-blood, Despair! No joy remains on earth for me, For me in heaven no share."—

XII.

"O enter not in judgment, Lord!"
The pious mother prays:
"Impute not guilt to thy frail child!
She knows not what she says.

XIII.

"O say thy pater noster, child!
O turn to God and grace!
His will, that turn'd thy bliss to bale
Can change thy bale to bliss."—

YIV

"O mother, mother, what is bliss?
O mother, what is bale?
My William's love was heaven on ear
Without it earth is hell.

XV.

"Why should I pray to ruthless Heaven, Since my loved William's slain? I only pray'd for William's sake, And all my prayers were vain."—

XVI.

"O take the sacrament, my child, And check these tears that flow; By resignation's humble prayer, O hallow'd be thy woe!"—

XVII.

"No sacrament can quench this fire, Or slake this scorching pain; No sacrament can bid the dead Arise and live again.

XVIII.

"O break, my heart, O break at once! Be thou my god, Despair! Heaven's heaviest blow has fallen on me, And vain each fruitless prayer."—

XIX

"O enter not in judgment, Lord, With thy frail child of clay! She knows not what her tongue has spoke; Impute it not, I pray!

XX.

"Forbear, my child, this desperate woe, And turn to God and grace; Well can devotion's heavenly glow Convert thy bale to bliss."—

XXL

"O mother, mother, what is bliss?
O mother, what is bale?
Without my William what were heaven,
Or with him what were hell?"—

XXII.

Wild she arraigns the eternal doom, Upbraids each sacred power, Till, spent, she sought her silent room, All in the lonely tower.

XXIII.

She beat her breast, she wrung her hands, Till sun and day were o'er, And through the glimmering lattice shone The twinkling of the star.

XXIV.

Then, crash! the heavy drawbridge.
That o'er the moat was hung;
And, clatter! clatter! on its boards.
The hoof of courser rung.

XXV.

The clank of echoing steel was her As off the rider bounded; And slowly on the winding stair A heavy footstep sounded.

XXVI.

And hark! and hark! a knock—
tap!
A rustling stifled noise;—
Door-latch and tinkling staples ria
At length a whispering voice.

XXVII.

"Awake, awake, arise, my love! How, Helen, dost thou fare! Wak'st thou, or sleep'st? laugh'at or weep'st? Hast thought on me, my fair?"-

XXVIII.

"Mylove! mylove!—so late bynig I waked, I wept for thee: Much have I borne since dawn of m Where, William, could'st thou be

XXIX.

"We saddle late—from Hungary I rode since darkness fell; And to its bourne we both return Before the matin-bell."—

XXX.

"O rest this night within my arms.
And warm thee in their fold!
Chill howls through hawthorn has wind:

My love is deadly cold."

XXXL

"Let the wind howl through have bush! This night we must away;

This night we must away;
The steed is wight, the spur is beg
I cannot stay till day.

XXXII.

Busk, busk, and boune! Thou mount'st behind

Upon my black barb steed: Yer stock and stile, a hundred miles, We haste to bridal bed."-

XXXIII.

"To-night-to-night a hundred miles!-O dearest William, stay!

The bell strikes twelve-dark, dismal hour!

O wait, my love, till day!"-

XXXIV.

"Look here, look here—the moon shines clear-

Full fast I ween we ride; Mount and away! for ere the day We reach our bridal bed.

"The black barb snorts, the bridle rings; Haste, busk, and boune, and seat thee! The feast is made, the chamber spread, The bridal guests await thee."-

XXXVI.

Strong love prevail'd: she busks, she bounes,

She mounts the barb behind, And round her darling William's waist Her lily arms she twined.

And, hurry! hurry! off they rode, As fast as fast might be;

Spurn'd from the courser's thundering heels The flashing pebbles flee.

XXXVIII.

And on the right, and on the left, Ere they could snatch a view,

Tast, fast each mountain, mead, and plain, And cot, and castle, flew.

XXXIX.

Sit fast—dost fear?—The moon shines

Fleet goes my harb-keep hold! Fear'st thou?"—"O no!" she faintly said:

"But why so stern and cold?

"What yonder rings? what yonder sings! Why shrieks the owlet gray?"-"'Tis death-bells' clang, 'tis funeral song,

The body to the clay.

XLI.

"With song and clang, at morrow's dawn, Ye may inter the dead:

To-night I ride, with my young bride, To deck our bridal bed.

"Come with thy choir, thou coffin'd guest, To swell our nuptial song! Come, priest, to bless our marriage feast!

Come all, come all along !"-

Ceased clang and song; down sunk the

The shrouded corpse arose: And, hurry hurry f all the train The thundering steed pursues.

XLIV.

And, forward! forward! on they go; High snorts the straining steed; Thick pants the rider's labouring breath, As headlong on they speed.

XLV.

"O William, why this savage haste? And where thy bridal bed?"—
"'Tis distant far, low, damp, and chill,

And narrow, trustless maid."-

XLVI.

"No room for me?"-"Enough for

Speed, speed, my barb, thy course!" O'er thundering bridge, through boiling surge,

He drove the furious horse.

XLVII.

Tramp! tramp! along the land they rode, Splash! splash! along the sea;

The scourge is wight, the spur is bright, The flashing pebbles flee.

XLVIII.

Fled past on right and left how fast Each forest, grove, and bower! On right and left fled past how fast Each city, town, and tower!

XLIX.

"Dost fear? dost fear? The moon shines clear, Dost fear to ride with me?- ' Hurrah! hurrah! the dead can ride!"-"O William, let them be !--

"See there, see there! What yonder swings And creaks 'mid whistling rain?"-

"Gibbet and steel, th' accursed wheel; A murderer in his chain.—

"Hollo! thou felon, follow here: To bridal bed we ride; And thou shalt prance a fetter dance Before me and my bride."-

And, hurry! hurry! clash, clash, clash! The wasted form descends; And fleet as wind through hazel bush The wild career attends.

Tramp! tramp! along the land they rode, Splash! splash! along the sea; The scourge is red, the spur drops blood, The flashing pebbles flee.

LIV.

How fled what moonshine faintly show'd! How fled what darkness hid! How fled the earth beneath their feet. The heaven above their head!

"Dost fear? dost fear? The moon shines clear,

And well the dead can ride; Does faithful Helen fear for them ?"-"O leave in peace the dead!"-

"Barb! Barb! methinks I hear the cock; The sand will soon be run: Barb! Barb! I smell the morning air; The race is well-nigh done."-

Tramp! tramp! along the land they rode, Splash! splash! along the sea;

The scourge is red, the spur drops blo The flashing pebbles flee.

LVIIL

"Hurrah! hurrah! well ride the de The bride, the bride is come; And soon we reach the bridal bed, For, Helen, here's my home."-

Reluctant on its rusty hinge Revolved an iron door, And by the pale moon's setting bear Were seen a church and tower.

With many a shriek and cry whiz ro The birds of midnight, scared; And rustling like autumnal leaves Unhallow'd ghosts were heard.

O'er many a tomb and tombstone p He spurr'd the fiery horse, Till sudden at an open grave He check'd the wondrous course.

LXII.

The falling gauntlet quits the rein, Down drops the casque of steel, The cuirass leaves his shrinking six The spur his gory heel.

The eyes desert the naked skull, The mould'ring flesh the bone, Till Helen's lily arms entwine A ghastly skeleton.

LXIV.

The furious barb snorts fire and for And, with a fearful bound, Dissolves at once in empty air, And leaves her on the ground

Half seen by fits, by fits half heard, Pale spectres flit along, Wheel round the maid in dismal do And howl the funeral song:

"E'en when the heart's with anguished Revere the doom of Heaven, Her soul is from her body reft; Her spirit be forgiven !"

THE WILD HUNTSMAN.

IMITATED FROM BURGER'S "WILDE JAGER."

THE Wildgrave winds his bugle-horn, To horse, to horse! halloo, halloo!

His fiery courser snuffs the morn,

And thronging serfs their lord pursue.

The eager pack, from couples freed, Dash through the bush, the brier, the brake;

While answering hound, and horn, and steed,

The mountain echoes startling wake.

The beams of God's own hallow'd day Had painted yonder spire with gold,

And, calling sinful man to pray, Loud, long, and deep the bell had

toll'd:

But still the Wildgrave onward rides; Halloo, halloo! and, hark again! When, spurring from opposing sides, Two Stranger Horsemen join the train.

Who was each Stranger, left and right, Well may I guess, but dare not tell; The right-hand steed was silver white, The left, the swarthy hue of hell.

The right-hand Horseman, young and fair.

His smile was like the morn of May; The left, from eye of tawny glare, Shot midnight lightning's lurid ray.

He waved his huntsman's cap on high, Cried, "Welcome, welcome, noble lord!

What sport can earth, or sea, or sky, To match the princely chase, afford?"

"Cease thy loud bugle's changing knell," Cried the fair youth, with silver voice; "And for devotion's choral swell,

Exchange the rude unhallow'd noise. "To-day, the ill-omen'd chase forbear, Yon bell yet summons to the fane;

To-day the Warning Spirit hear, To-morrow thou mayst mourn in

vain."--

"Away, and sweep the glades along The Sable Hunter hoarse replies; " To muttering monks leave matin-sor

And bells, and books, and mysteries The Wildgrave spurr'd his ardent stee

And, launching forward with a boun Who, for thy drowsy priestlike rede

Would leave the jovial horn a hound?

"Hence, if our manly sport offend! With pious fools go chant and pray: Well hast thou spoke, my dark-brow friend:

Halloo, halloo! and, hark away!"

The Wildgrave spurr'd his courser ligh O'er moss and moor, o'er holt and hi And on the left, and on the right,

Each Stranger Horseman follow'd sti

Up springs, from yonder tangled thor A stag more white than mounta snow;

And louder rung the Wildgrave's hor "Hark forward, forward! holla, ho

A heedless wretch has cross'd the way; He gasps, the thundering hoofs t low;-

But, live who can, or die who may, Still, "Forward, forward!" on they g

See, where you simple fences meet, A field with Autumn's blessin crown'd:

See, prostrate at the Wildgrave's feet, A husbandman with toil embrown'd

"O mercy, mercy, noble lord!

Spare the poor's pittance," was his cr "Earn'd by the sweat these brows ha pour'd,

In scorching hour of fierce July."-

Earnest the right-hand Stranger plead The left still cheering to the prey; The impetuous Earl no warning heec But furious holds the onward way. "Away, thou hound! so basely born,
Or dread the scourge's echoing
blow!"—

Then loudly rung his bugle-horn,
"Hark forward, forward! holla, ho!"

So said, so done:—A single bound Clears the poor labourer's humble pale; Wild follows man, and horse, and hound, Like dark December's stormy gale.

And man and horse, and hound and horn,
Destructive sweep the field along;
While, joying o'er the wasted corn,
Fell Famine marks the maddening
throng.

Again uproused, the timorous prey Scours moss and moor, and holt and hill;

Hard run, he feels his strength decay, And trusts for life his simple skill.

Too dangerous solitude appear'd; He seeks the shelter of the crowd; Amid the tlock's domestic herd His harmless head he hopes to shroud.

O'er moss and moor, and holt and hill, His track the steady blood hounds trace;

O'er moss and moor, unwearied still, The furious Earl pursues the chase.

Full lowly did the herdsman fall;—
"O spare, thou noble Baron, spare
These herds, a widow's little all;
These flocks, an orphan's fleecy care!"
Earnest the right-hand Stranger pleads,

The left still cheering to the prey; The Earl nor prayer nor pity heeds, But furious keeps the onward way.

"Unmanner'd dog! To stop my sport Vain were thy cant and beggar whine, Though human spirits, of thy sort,

Were tenants of these carrion kine!"—

Again he winds his bugle-horn.

Again he winds his bugle-horn,
"Hark forward, forward, holla, ho!"
And through the herd, in ruthless scorn,
He cheers his furious hounds to go.

In heaps the throttled victims fall;

Down sinks their mangled herdsman

near;

The murderous cries the stag Again he starts, new-nerv

With blood besmear'd, and foam,

While big the tears of any He seeks, amid the forest's The humble hermit's halle

But man and horse, and horn Fast rattling on his traces The sacred chapel rung arow With, "Hark away! and,

All mild, amid the rout pro The holy hermit pour'd h "Forbear with blood God stain;

Revere His altar, and for "The meanest brute has righ Which, wrong'd by crueh Draw vengeance on the ruth! Be warn'd at length, and

Still the Fair Horseman anx The Black, wild whooping prey:—

Alas! the Farl no warning But frantic keeps the forw

"Holy or not, or right or w Thy altar, and its rites, I Not sainted martyrs' sacred Not God himself, shall mal

He spurs his horse, he wind "Hark forward, forward, he But off, on whirlwind's pini The stag, the hut, the her

And horse and man, and horn And clamour of the chase. For hoofs, and howls, and b A deadly silence reign'd a

Wild gazed the affrighted E
He strove in vain to wake

In vain to call: for not a so Could from his anxious lip

He listens for his trusty hou No distant baying reach'd His courser, rooted to the g The quickening spur unmi

Still dark and darker frown

Dark as the darkness of the

And not a sound the still invades, Save what a distant torrent gave.

Fligh o'er the sinner's humbled head At length the solemn silence broke; And, from a cloud of swarthy red, The awful voice of thunder spoke.

Oppressor of creation fair!
Apostate Spirits' harden'd tool!
Scorner of God! Scourge of the poor!
The measure of thy cup is full.

"Be chased for ever through the wood; For ever roam the affrighted wild; And let thy fate instruct the proud, God's meanest creature is His child."

*Twas hush'd:—One flash, of sombre glare,

With yellow tinged the forests brown; Uprose the Wildgrave's bristling hair, And horror chill'deach nerve and bone.

Cold pour'd the sweat in freezing rill;
A rising wind began to sing;
And louder, louder, louder still,
Brought storm and tempeston its wing.

Earth heard the call;—her entrails rend; From yawning rifts, with many a yell, Mix'd with sulphureous flames, ascend The misbegotten dogs of hell.

What ghastly Huntsman next arose, Well may I guess, but dare not tell; His eye like midnight lightning glows, His steed the swarthy hue of hell.

The Wildgrave flies o'er bush and thorn, With many a shriek of helpless woe; Behind him hound, and horse, and horn, And, "Hark away, and holla, ho!"

With wild despair's reverted eye, Close, close behind, he marks the throng,

With bloody fangs, and eager cry; In frantic fear he scours along.—

Still, still shall last the dreadful chase, Till time itself shall have an end: By day, they scour earth's cavern'd space, At midnight's witching hour, ascend.

This is the horn, and hound, and horse, That oft the lated peasant hears; Appall'd, he signs the frequent cross, When the wild din invades his ears.

The wakeful priest oft drops a tear,
For human pride, for human woe,
When, at his midnight mass, he hears
The infernal cry of "Holla, ho!"

THE FIRE-KING.

"The blessings of the evil Genii, which are curses, were upon him."-Eastern Tale.

[1801.]

This ballad was written at the request of Mr. Lewis, to be inserted in his Tales of Wonder.* It is the third in a series of four ballads, on the subject of Elementary Spirits. The story is, however, partly historical; for it is recorded, that, during the struggles of the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem, a Knight-Templar, called Saint-Alban, deserted to the Saracens, and defeated the Christians in many combats, till he was finally routed and slain, in a conflict with King Baldwin, under the walls of Jerusalem.

BOLD knights and fair dames, to my harp give an ear, Of love, and of war, and of wonder to hear; And you haply may sigh, in the midst of your glee, At the tale of Count Albert, and fair Rosalie.

* Published in 1801.

O see you that eastle, so strong and so high?
And see you that lady, the tear in her eye?
And see you that palmer, from Palestine's land,
The shell on his hat, and the staff in his hand?—

"Now palmer, grey palmer, O tell unto me, What news bring you home from the Holy Countrie! And how goes the warfare by Galilee's strand? And how fare our nobles, the flower of the land?"—

"O well goes the warfare by Galilee's wave, For Gilead, and Nablous, and Ramah we have; And well fare our nobles by Mount Lebanon, For the Heathen have lost, and the Christians have won."

A fair chain of gold 'mid her ringlets there hung; O'er the palmer's grey locks the fair chain has she flung: "O palmer, grey palmer, this chain be thy fee, For the news thou hast brought from the Holy Countrie.

"And palmer, good palmer, by Galilee's wave,
O saw ye Count Albert, the gentle and brave?
When the Crescent went back, and the Red-cross rush'd on,
O saw ye him foremost on Mount Lebanon?"—

"O lady, fair lady, the tree green it grows; O lady, fair lady, the stream pure it flows; Your castle stands strong, and your hopes soar on high; But, lady, fair lady, all blossoms to die.

"The green boughs they wither, the thunderbolt falls, It leaves of your castle but levin-scorch'd walls; The pure stream runs muddy; the gay hope is gone; Count Albert is prisoner on Mount Lebanon."

O she's ta'en a horse, should be fleet at her speed; And she's ta'en a sword, should be sharp at her need; And she has ta'en shipping for Palestine's land, To ransom Count Albert from Soldanrie's hand.

Small thought had Count Albert on fair Rosalie, Small thought on his faith, or his knighthood, had he a A heathenish damsel his light heart had won, The Soldan's fair daughter of Mount Lebanon.

"O Christian, brave Christian, my love would'st thou be, Three things must thou do ere I hearken to thee: Our laws and our worship on thee shalt thou take; And this thou shalt first do for Zulema's sake.

"And, next, in the cavern, where burns evermore The mystical flame which the Curdmans adore, Alone, and in silence, three nights shalt thou wake; And this thou shalt next do for Zulema's sake.

"And, last, thou shalt aid us with counsel and hand, To drive the Frank robber from Palestine's land; For my lord and my love then Count Albert I'll take, When all this is accomplished for Zulema's sake." He has thrown by his helmet, and cross-handled sword, Renouncing his knighthood, denying his Lord; He has ta'en the green caftan, and turban put on, For the love of the maiden of fair Lebanon.

And in the dread cavern, deep deep under ground, Which fifty steel gates and steel portals surround, He has watch'd until daybreak, but sight saw he none, Save the flame burning bright on its altar of stone.

Amazed was the Princess, the Soldan amazed, Sore murmur'd the priests as on Albert they gazed; They search'd all his garments, and, under his weeds,. They found, and took from him, his rosary beads.

Again in the cavern, deep deep under ground, He watch'd the lone night, while the winds whistled round; Far off was their murmur, it came not more nigh, The flame burn'd unmoved, and nought else did he spy.

Loud murmur'd the priests, and amazed was the King, While many dark spells of their witchcraft they sing; They search'd Albert's body, and, lo! on his breast Was the sign of the Cross, by his father impress'd.

The priests they erase it with care and with pain, And the recreant return'd to the cavern again; But, as he descended, a whisper there fell: It was his good angel, who bade him farewell!

High bristled his hair, his heart flutter'd and beat, And he turn'd him five steps, half resolved to retreat; But his heart it was harden'd, his purpose was gone, When he thought of the Maiden of fair Lebanon.

Scarce pass'd he the archway, the threshold scarce trode, When the winds from the four points of heaven were abroad, They made each steel portal to rattle and ring, And, borne on the blast, came the dread Fire-King.

Full sore rock'd the cavern whene'er he drew nigh, The fire on the altar blazed bickering and high; In volcanic explosions the mountains proclaim The dreadful approach of the Monarch of Flame.

Unmeasured in height, undistinguish'd in form, His breath it was lightning, his voice it was storm; I ween the stout heart of Count Albert was tame, When he saw in his terrors the Monarch of Flame.

In his hand a broad falchion blue-glimmer'd through smoke, And Mount Lebanon shook as the monarch he spoke: "With this brand shalt thou conquer, thus long, and no more, Till thou bend to the Cross, and the Virgin adore."

The cloud-shrouded Arm gives the weapon; and see! The recreant receives the charm'd gift on his knee: The thunders growl distant, and faint gleam the fires, As, borne on the whirlwind, the phantom retires.

Count Albert has arm'd him the Paynim among, Though his heart it was false, yet his arm it was strong; And the Red-cross wax'd faint, and the Crescent came on, From the day he commanded on Mount Lebanon.

From Lebanon's forests to Galilee's wave, The sands of Samaar drank the blood of the brave; Till the Knights of the Temple, and Knights of Saint John, With Salem's King Baldwin, against him came on.

The war-cymbals clatter'd, the trumpets replied, The lances were couch'd, and they closed on each side; And horseman and horses Count Albert o'erthrew, Till he pierced the thick tumult King Baldwin unto.

Against the charm'd blade which Count Albert did wield, The fence had been vain of the King's Red-cross shield; But a Page thrust him forward the Monarch before, And cleft the proud turban the renegade wore.

So fell was the dint, that Count Albert stoop'd low Before the cross'd shield, to his steel saddlebow; And scarce had he bent to the Red-cross his head,—"Bonne Grace, Notre Dame!" he unwittingly said.

Sore sigh'd the charm'd sword, for its virtue was o'er, It sprung from his grasp, and was never seen more; But true men have said, that the lightning's red wing Did waft back the brand to the dread Fire-King.

He clench'd his set teeth, and his gauntleted hand; He stretch'd, with one buffet, that Page on the strand; As back from the stripling the broken casque roll'd, You might see the blue eyes, and the ringlets of gold.

Short time had Count Albert in horror to stare On those death-swimming eyeballs, and blood-clotted hair; For down came the Templars, like Cedron in flood, And dyed their long lances in Saracen blood.

The Saracens, Curdmans, and Ishmaelites yield To the scallop, the saltier, and crossleted shield; And the eagles were gorged with the infidel dead From Bethsaida's fountains to Naphthali's head,

The battle is over on Bethsaida's plain.—
Oh, who is you Paynim lies stretch'd 'mid the slain?
And who is you Page lying cold at his knee?—
Oh, who but Count Albert and fair Rosalie!

The Lady was buried in Salem's bless'd bound, The Count he was left to the vulture and hound: Her soul to high mercy Our Lady did bring; His went on the blast to the dread Fire-King.

Yet many a minstrel, in harping, can tell, How the Red-cross it conquer'd, the Crescent it fell: And lords and gay ladies have sigh'd, 'mid their glee, At the tale of Count Albert and fair Rosalie.

FREDERICK AND ALICE.

[1801.]

THIS tale is imitated, rather than translated, from a fragment introduced Goethe's "Claudina Von Villa Bella," where it is sung by a member of a ga of banditti, to engage the attention of the lamily, while his companions break in the castle. It owes any little merit it may possess to my friend Mr. Lewis, whom it was sent in an extremely rude state; and who, after some mater improvements, published it in his Tales of Wonder.

FREDERICK leaves the land of France, Homeward hastes his steps to measure, Careless casts the parting glance On the scene of former pleasure.

Joying in his prancing steed, Keen to prove his untried blade, Hole's gay dreams the soldier lead Over mountain, moor, and glade.

Helpless, ruin'd, left forlorn, Lovely Alice wept alone; Mourn'd o'er love's fond contract torn, Hope, and peace, and honour flown.

Mark her breast's convulsive throbs!
See, the Lar of anguish flows!—
Mingling soon with bursting sobs,
Loud the laugh of frenzy rose.

Wild she cursed, and wild she pray'd; Seven long days and nights are o'er; Death in pity brought his aid, As the village bell struck four.

Far from her, and far from France, Faithless Frederick onward rides; Marking, blithe, the morning's glance Mantling o'er the mountain's sides.

Heard ye not the boding sound, As the tongue of yonder tower, Slowly, to the hills around, Told the fourth, the fated hour?

Starts the steed, and snuffs the air,
Yet no cause of dread appears;
Bristles high the rider's hair,
Struck with strange mysterious fears.

Desperate, as his terrors rise, In the steed the spur he hides; From himself in vain he flies; Anxious, restless, on he rides. Seven long days, and seven long night Wild he wander'd, woe the while! Ceaseless care, and causeless fright, Urge his footsteps many a mile.

Dark the seventh sad night descends Rivers swell, and rain-streams pou While the deafening thunder lends All the terrors of its roar.

Weary, wet, and spent with toil, Where his head shall Frederick his Where, but in yon ruin'd aisle, By the lightning's flash descried.

To the portal, dank and low, Fast his steed the wanderer bound Down a ruin'd staircase slow, Next his darkling way he wound.

Long drear vaults before him lie!
Glimmering lights are seen to glide
"Blessed Mary, hear my cry!
Deign a sinner's steps to guide!"

Often lost their quivering beam, Still the lights move slow before, Till they rest their ghastly gleam Right against an iron door.

Thundering voices from within,
Mix'd with peals of laughter, rose
As they fell, a solemn strain
Lent its wild and wondrous close

Midst the din, he seem'd to hear Voice of friends, by death removed Well he knew that solemn air,

Twas the lay that Alice loved. -

Hark! for now a solemn knell Four times on the still night brok Four times, at its deaden'd swell, Echoes from the ruins spoke. As the lengthen'd clangours die, Slowly opes the iron door! Straight a banquet met his eye, But a funeral's form it wore!

Coffins for the seats extend;
All with black the board was spread;
Girt by parent, brother, friend,
Long since numbered with the dead!

Alice, in her grave-clothes bound,
Ghastly smiling, points a seat;
All arose, with thundering soud;
All the expected stranger greet.
High their meagre arms they wave,
Wild their notes of welcome swel;
"Welcome, traitor, to the grave!

Perjured, bid the light farewell!

THE BATTLE OF SEMPACH.

[1818.]

THESE verses are a literal translation of an ancient Swiss balled upon the left of Sempach, fought 9th July, 1386, being the victory by which the Swiss cut established their independence; the author, Albert Tchudi, denominated the ster, from his profession of a shoemaker. He was a citizen of Lucerne, established the ster, from his countrymen, both for his powers as a Meister-Singer, or mind and his courage as a soldier.

'Twas when among our linden-trees
The bees had housed in swarms,
(And grey-hair'd peasants say that these
Betoken foreign arms,)

Then look'd we down to Willisow,
The land was all in flame;
We knew the Archduke Leopold
With all his army came.

The Austrian nobles made their vow, So hot their heart and bold, "On Switzer carles we'll trample now, And slay both young and old."

With clarion loud, and banner proud, From Zurich on the lake, In martial pomp and fair array, Their onward march they make.

"Now list, ye lowland nobles all—Ye seek the mountain strand, Nor wot ye what shall be your lot In such a dangerous land.

"I rede ye, shrive ye of your sins, Before ye farther go;

A'skirmish in Helvetian hills
May send your souls to woe."—

"But where now shall we find a priest Our shrift that he may hear?"—
"The Switzer priest has ta'en the field, He deals a penance drear, "Right heavily upon your head He'll lay his hand of steel; And with his trusty partisan Your absolution deal."—

'Twas on a Monday morning thes,
The corn was steep'd in dew,
And merry maids had sickles ta'es,
When the host to Sempach drew.
The stalwart men of fair Lucerne

Together have they join'd;
The pith and core of manhood ster
Was none cast looks behind.

It was the Lord of Hare-castle,
And to the Duke he said,
"You little band of brethren true

Will meet us undismay'd."—
"O Hare-castle, thou heart of har

Fierce Oxensiern replied.—
"Shalt see then how the game will!
The taunted knight replied.

There was lacing then of helmets b And closing ranks amain; The peaks they hew'd from their

points
Might well-nigh load a wain.
And thus they to each other said,

"Yon handful down to hew Will be no boastful tale to tell,
The peasants are so few."—

lant Swiss Confederates there pray'd to God aloud, display'd his rainbow fair ast a swarthy cloud.

neart and pulse throbb'd more and more courage firm and high, wn the good Confederates bore

ne Austrian chivalry.

Istrian Lion 'gan to growl,

toss his main and tail;

Il, and shaft, and crossbow bolt,

t whistling forth like hail. pike, and halbert, mingled there, game was nothing sweet; ughs of many a stately tree shiver'd at their feet.

istrian men-at-arms stood fast, ose their spears they laid; d the gallant Winkelreid, to his comrades said—

: a virtuous wife at home, fe and infant son; them to my country's care, field shall soon be won.

nobles lay their spears right thick, keep full firm array, ull my charge their order break, make my brethren way."

h'd against the Austrian band, sperate career, th his body, breast, and hand, down each hostile spear.

nces splinter'd on his crest, hiver'd in his side; the serried files he press'd roke their ranks, and died. ttriot's self-devoted deed

itriot's self-devoted deed tamed the Lion's mood, e four forest cantons freed thraldom by his blood.

there his charge had made a lane, raliant comrades burst, word, and axe, and partisan, hack, and stab, and thrust. unted Lion 'gan to whine,

granted ground amain,

The Mountain Bull he bent his brows, And gored his sides again.

Then lost was banner, spear, and shield, At Sempach in the flight, The cloister vaults at Konig's-field

The cloister vaults at Konig's-field Hold many an Austrian knight.

It was the Archduke Leopold, So lordly would he ride, But he came against the Switzer churls, And they slew him in his pride.

The heifer said unto the bull,
"And shall I not complain?
There came a foreign nobleman
To milk me on the plain.

"One thrust of thine outrageous horn Has gall'd the knight so sore, That to the churchyard he is borne, To range our glens no more."

An Austrian noble left the stour, And fast the flight 'gan take; And he arrived in luckless hour At Sempach on the lake.

He and his squire a fisher call'd, (His name was Hans von Rot,) "For love, or meed, or charity, Receive us in thy boat!"

Their anxious call the fisher heard, And, glad the meed to win, His shallop to the shore he steer'd, And took the flyers in.

And while against the tide and wind Hans stoutly row'd his way, The noble to his follower sign'd

He should the boatman slay.

The fisher's back was to them turn'd,

The squire his dagger drew,

The squire his dagger drew, Hans saw his shadow in the lake, The boat he overthrew.

He stunn'd the boat, and as they strove, He stunn'd them with his oar,

"Now, drink ye deep, my gentle sirs, You'll ne'er stab boatman more.

"Two gilded fishes in the lake This morning have I caught, Their silver scales may much avail, Their carrion flesh is naught." It was a messenger of woe Has sought the Austrian land: "Ah! gracious lady, evil news! My lord lies on the strand.

"At Sempach, on the battle-field,

His bloody corpse lies there."—
"Ah, gracious God!" the lady cried,
"What tidings of despair!"

Now would you know the minst Who sings of strife so stem, Albert the Souter is he hight, A burgher of Lucerne.

A merry man was he, I wot, The night he made the lay, Returning from the bloody spo Where God had judged the

THE NOBLE MORINGER.

AN ANCIENT BALLAD.

O, WILL you hear a knightly tale of old Bohemian day. It was the noble Moringer in wedlock bed he lay; He halsed and kiss'd his dearest dame, that was as sweet as May, And said, "Now, lady of my heart, attend the words I say.

"'Tis I have vow'd a pilgrimage unto a distant shrine, And I must seek Saint Thomas-land, and leave the land that's mine Here shalt thou dwell the while in state, so thou wilt pledge thy fay, That thou for my return wilt wait seven twelvemonths and a day."

Then out and spoke that Lady bright, sore troubled in her cheer, "Now tell me true, thou noble knight, what order takest thou here; And who shall lead thy vassal band, and hold thy lordly sway, And be thy lady's guardian true when thou art far away?

Out spoke the noble Moringer, "Of that have thou no care, There's many a valiant gentleman of me holds living fair; The trustiest shall rule my land, my vassals and my state, And be a guardian tried and true to thee, my lovely mate.

"As Christian-man, I needs must keep the vow which I have plight, When I am far in foreign land, remember thy true knight; And cease, my dearest dame, to grieve, for vain were sorrow now, But grant thy Moringer his leave, since God hath heard his vow.

It was the noble Moringer from bed he made him boune, And met him there his Chamberlain, with ewer and with gown: He flung the mantle on his back, 'twas furr'd with miniver, He dipp'd his hand in water cold, and bathed his forehead fair.

VII

"Now hear," he said, "Sir Chamberlain, true vassal art thou mine, And such the trust that I repose in that proved worth of thine, For seven years shalt thou rule my towers, and lead my vassal train, And pledge thee for my Lady's faith till I return again."

VIII.

The Chamberlain was blunt and true, and sturdily said he,
"Abide, my lord, and rule your own, and take this rede from me;
That woman's faith's a brittle trust—Seven twelvemonths didst thou say?
I'll pledge me for no lady's truth beyond the seventh fair day."

TŻ.

The noble Baron turn'd him round, his heart was full of care, His gallant Esquire stood him nigh, he was Marstetten's heir, To whom he spoke right anxiously, "Thou trusty squire to me, Wilt thou receive this weighty trust when I am o'er the sea?

Y

"To watch and ward my castle strong, and to protect my land, And to the hunting or the host to lead my vassal band; And pledge thee for my Lady's faith, till seven long years are gone, And guard her as Our Lady dear was guarded by Saint John."

XI.

Marstetten's heir was kind and true, but fiery, hot, and young, And readily he answer made with too presumptuous tongue; "My noble lord, cast care away, and on your journey wend, And trust this charge to me until your pilgrimage have end.

XII.

"Rely upon my plighted faith, which shall be truly tried,
To guard your lands, and ward your towers, and with your vassals ride;
And for your lovely Lady's faith, so virtuous and so dear,
I'll gage my head it knows no change, be absent thirty year."

XIII.

The noble Moringer took cheer when thus he heard him speak, And doubt forsook his troubled brow, and sorrow left his cheek; A long adieu he bids to all—hoists topsails, and away, And wanders in Saint Thomas-land seven twelvemonths and a day.

XIV.

It was the noble Moringer within an orchard slept, When on the Baron's slumbering sense a boding vision crept; And whisper'd in his ear a voice, "'Tis time, Sir Knight, to wake, Thy lady and thy heritage another master take.

xv.

"Thy tower another banner knows, thy steeds another rein, And stoop them to another's will thy gallant vassal train; And she, the Lady of thy love, so faithful once and fair, This night within thy father's hall she weds Marstetten's heir."

XVI.

It is the noble Moringer starts up and tears his beard,
"Oh would that I had ne'er been born! what tidings have I heard!
To lose my lordship and my lands the less would be my care,
But, God! that e'er a squire untrue should wed my Lady fair.

XVII.

"O good Saint Thomas, hear," he pray'd, "my patron Saint art tho A traitor robs me of my land even while I pay my vow! My wife he brings to infamy that was so pure of name, And I am far in foreign land, and must endure the shame."

XVIII.

It was the good Saint Thomas, then, who heard his pilgrim's prayer, And sent a sleep so deep and dead that it o'erpower'd his care; He waked in fair Bohemian land outstretch'd beside a rill, High on the right a castle stood, low on the left a mill.

XIX.

The Moringer he started up as one from spell unbound, And dizzy with surprise and joy gazed wildly all around; "I know my father's ancient towers, the mill, the stream I know, Now blessed be my patron Saint who cheer'd his pilgrim's woe!"

XX.

He leant upon his pilgrim staff, and to the mill he drew, So alter'd was his goodly form that none their master knew; The Baron to the miller said, "Good friend, for charity, Tell a poor palmer in your land what tidings may there be?"

XX

The miller answer'd him again, "He knew of little news, Save that the Lady of the land did a new bridegroom choose; Her husband died in distant land, such is the constant word, His death sits heavy on our souls, he was a worthy Lord.

XXII.

"Of him I held the little mill which wins me living free, God rest the Baron in his grave, he still was kind to me! And when Saint Martin's tide comes round, and millers take their tol The priest that prays for Moringer shall have both cope and stole."

XXIII.

It was the noble Moringer to climb the hill began, And stood before the bolted gate a woe and weary man; "Now help me, every saint in heaven that can compassion take, To gain the entrance of my hall this woful match to break."

XXIV.

His very knock it sounded sad, his call was sad and slow, For heart and head, and voice and hand, were heavy all with woe: And to the warder thus he spoke: "Friend, to thy Lady say, A pilgrim from Saint Thomas-land craves harbour for a day.

xxv.

"I've wander'd many a weary step, my strength is well-nigh done, And if she turn me from her gate I'll see no morrow's sun; I pray, for sweet Saint Thomas' sake, a pilgrim's bed and dole, And for the sake of Moringer's, her once-loved husband's soul."

XXVI.

It was the stalwart warder then he came his dame before,
"A pilgrim, worn and travel-toil'd, stands at the castle-door;
And prays, for sweet Saint Thomas' sake, for harbour and for dole,
And for the sake of Moringer, thy noble husband's soul."

XXVII.

The Lady's gentle heart was moved, "Do up the gate," she said, "And bid the wanderer welcome be to banquet and to bed; And since he names my husband's name, so that he lists to stay, These towers shall be his harbourage a twelvemonth and a day."

XXVIII

It was the stalwart warder then undid the portal broad, It was the noble Moringer that o'er the threshold strode; "And have thou thanks, kind heaven," he said, "though from a man of sin, That the true lord stands here once more his castle-gate within."

XXIX.

Then up the halls paced Moringer, his step was sad and slow; It sat full heavy on his heart, none seem'd their Lord to know; He sat him on a lowly bench, oppress'd with woe and wrong, Short space he sat, but ne'er to him seem'd little space so long.

XXX.

Now spent was day, and feasting o'er, and come was evening hour, The time was nigh when new-made brides retire to nuptial bower; "Our castle's wont," a bridesman said, "hath been both firm and long, No guest to harbour in our halls till he shall chant a song."

XXXI.

Then spoke the youthful bridegroom there as he sat by the bride, "My merry minstrel folk," quoth he, "lay shalm and harp aside; Our pilgrim guest must sing a lay, the castle's rule to hold, And well his guerdon will I pay with garment and with gold."—

XXXII.

"Chill flows the lay of frozen age," 'twas thus the pilgrim sung, "Nor golden meed, nor garment gay, unlocks his heavy tongue; Once did I sit, thou bridegroom gay, at board as rich as thine, And by my side as fair a bride with all her charms was mine.

XXXIII.

"But time traced furrows on my face, and I grew silver-hair'd, For locks of brown, and cheeks of youth, she left this brow and beard; Once rich, but now a palmer poor, I tread life's latest stage, And mingle with your bridal mirth the lay of frozen age."

XXXIV.

It was the noble Lady there this woful lay that hears, And for the aged pilgrim's grief her eye was dimm'd with tears; She bade her gallant cupbearer a golden beaker take, And bear it to the palmer poor to quaff it for her sake.

XXXV.

It was the noble Moringer that dropp'd amid the wine A bridal ring of burning gold so costly and so fine: Now listen, genties, to my song, it tells you but the sooth, 'Twas with that very ring of gold he pledged his bridal truth.

xxxvt.

Then to the cupbearer he said, "Do me one kindly deed, And should my better days return, full rich shall be thy meed; Bear back the golden cup again to yonder bride so gay, And crave her of her courtesy to pledge the palmer gray."

XXXVII.

The cupbearer was courtly bred, nor was the boon denied,
The golden cup he took again, and bore it to the bride;
"I.ady," he said, "your reverend guest sends this, and bids me pra
That, in thy noble courtesy, thou pledge the palmer gray."

XXXVIII.

The ring hath caught the Lady's eye, she views it close and near, Then might you hear her shriek aloud, "The Moringer is here!" Then might you see her start from seat, while tears in torrents fell, But whether 'twas for joy or woe, the ladies best can tell.

YYYY

But loud she utter'd thanks to Heaven, and every saintly power, 'That had return'd the Moringer before the midnight hour; And loud she utter'd vow on vow, that never was there bride, That had like her preserved her troth, or been so sorely tried.

XL.

"Yes, here I claim the praise," she said, "to constant matrons due Who keep the troth that they have plight, so stedfastly and true; For count the term howe'er you will, so that you count aright, Seven twelvemonths and a day are out when bells toll twelve to-ni

XLI

It was Marstetten then rose up, his falchion there he drew, He kneel'd before the Moringer, and down his weapon threw; "My oath and knightly faith are broke," these were the words he; "Then take, my liege, thy vassal's sword, and take thy vassal's he

XLII.

The noble Moringer he smiled, and then aloud did say,
"He gathers wisdom that hath roam'd seven twelvemonths and a c
My daughter now hath fifteen years, fame speaks her sweet and fai
I give her for the bride you lose, and name her for my heir.

XLIII.

"The young bridegroom hath youthful bride, the old bridegroom the old. Whose faith was kept till term and tide so punctually were told; But blessings on the warder kind that oped my castle gate, For had I come at morrow tide, I came a day too late.

An odd misconception is very common in regard to the title of this poem. Many people suppose 2 "Moringer" is either a title of dignity, or the designation of some office, and learned derivashave been attributed to it—such as Moringer, one who wears a morion. Moringer, however, family name, and appears in the ballad which Scott translated, and which he found in a collected of German popular songs, entitled "Sammlung Deutschen Volkslieder," Berlin, 1807. Accordio to the German editor, the original ballad was extracted from a manuscript Principle of Nicolas somann, chaplain to St. Leonard in Wiessenhorn, which bears date 1533. Scott adds that there is mething like a real foundation for the story, at any rate the editor outers tombers and objustices. mething like a real foundation for the story; at any rate the editor quotes tombstones and obituaries prove the existence of the personages of the ballad, and alleges that there was actually a Lady a Neuffen, Countess of Marstetten, who was by birth of the house of Moringer, and whom he satisfies with the Moringer's daughter mentioned in the ballad. She died on 17th May, 1349. In his preface to "The Betrothed," Scott refers to the class of legends of which that of the noble Is his preface to "the Betrothed," Scott refers to the class of legends of which that of the noble bringer is a type, and which owe their origin to the peculiar circumstances of the Crusades. "The busion among families," says Scott, "was not the least concomitant evil of the extraordinary prebulgance of this superstition. It was no unusual thing for a Crusader, returning from his long of war and pilgrimage, to find his family augmented by some young offshoot, of whom the erned matron could give no very accurate account, or perhaps to find his marriage-bed filled, the interest of the programmer to anold much his household down bad programmer. or war and pigrimage, to find his lamily augmented by soline young onishoot, of whole the terred matron could give no very accurate account, or perhaps to find his marriage-bed filled, that, instead of becoming nurse to an old man, his household dame had preferred being the ladyof a young one. Numerous are the stories of this kind told in different parts of Europe: and
returned knight or baron, according to his temper, sat down good-naturedly contented with the
nunt which his lady gave of a doubtful matter, or called in blood and fire to vindicate his honour,
hafter all had been endangered chiefly by his forsaking his household gods to seek adventures
alestine." A story somewhat similar to that of the Moringer is told of one of the ancient lords
laigh Hall, in Lancashire. In the genealogy of the Bradshaigh family, to whom the mansionte formerly belonged, there is the following passage:—"Of this Mabel is a story by tradition of
nubted verity that in Sir William Bradshage's absence (being ten yeares away in the wares) she
ried a Welch knight. Sir William retorninge from the wares came in a palmer's habit amongst
poore to Haghe. Who when she saw and congetringe that he favoured her former husband
to for which the knight chasticed her, at wich Sir William went and made him selfe knawne to
termants, in which space the knight fled, but neare to Newton Parke Sir William overtooke him
slue him. The said Dame Mabell was enjoyned by her confessor to doe pennances by going
terrery week bare foot and bare legg'd to a Crosse ner Wigan from the Haghe wilest she lived,
is called Mabb X to this day; and ther monument lyes in Wigan church, as you see ther
rayd." Scottish tradition also ascribes to the family of Tweedie on the Scotch border, descent
the spirit of the river Tweed, who insisted on paying his addresses to a lady whose husband rayd." Scottish tradition also ascribes to the family of Tweedie on the Scotch border, descent the spirit of the river Tweed, who insisted on paying his addresses to a lady whose husband in Palestine. ne translation of "The Noble Moringer" was composed by Scott during a severe illness in

it was dictated, in the intervals of agony, to his daughter Sophia and his old friend William llaw.

BALLADS.

GLENFINLAS:

OR, LORD RONALD'S CORONACH.

THE simple tradition, upon which the following stanzas are founded, While two Highland hunters were passing the night in a solitary both built for the purpose of hunting,) and making merry over their venison an one of them expressed a wish that they had pretty lasses to complete th The words were scarcely uttered, when two beautiful young women, h green, entered the hut, dancing and singing. One of the hunters was set the siren who attached herself particularly to him, to leave the hut: remained, and, suspicious of the fair seducers, continued to play upon a Jew's harp, some strain, consecrated to the Virgin Mary. Day at len Day at lens and the temptress vanished. Searching in the forest, he found the bo unfortunate friend, who had been torn to pieces and devoured by the whose toils he had fallen. The place was from thence called the Gle Green Women.

Glenfinlas is a tract of forest-ground, lying in the Highlands of Perth far from Callender in Menteith. It was formerly a royal forest, and not to the Earl of Moray. This country, as well as the adjacent district of Ba was, in times of yore, chiefly inhabited by the Macgregors. To the we Forest of Glenfinlas lies Loch Katrine, and its romantic avenue, c Benledi, Benmore, and Benvoirlich, are mountains in district, and at no great distance from Glenfinlas. The river Teith passes! and the Castle of Doune, and joins the Forth near Stirling. The Pass is immediately above Callender, and is the principal access to the Highla that town. Glenartney is a forest, near Benvoirlich. The whole forms: tract of Alpine scenery.

This ballad first appeared in Mr. LEWIS'S Tales of Wonder.

"For them the viewless forms of air obey, Their bidding heed, and at their beck repair; They know what spirit brews the stormful day, And heartless oft, like moody madness stare, To see the phantom-train their secret work prepare." COLLINS.

"O HONE a rie'! O hone a rie'! The pride of Albin's line is o'er, And fall'n Glenartney's stateliest tree; We ne'er shall see Lord Ronald more!"-

O, sprung from great Macgillianore, The chief that never fear'd a foe, How matchless was thy broad claymore, How deadly thine unerring bow!

* Coronach is the lamentation for a deceased warrior, sung by the aged of the clan.

† O hone a rid' signifies—" Alas for the prince

or chief."

Well can the Saxon widows to How, on the Teith's resoundi The boldest Lowland warriors As down from Lenny's pass But o'er his hills, in festal day How blazed Lord Ronald's tree,

While youths and maids 1 strathspey

So nimbly danced with High! 1 The term Sassenach, or Saxon, by the Highlanders to their Le neighbours.

he strength of Ronald's shell, forgot his tresses hoar; e loud lament we swell, o see Lord Ronald more!

nt isles a chieftain came, of Ronald's halls to find, with him the dark-brown

nds o'er Albin's hills of wind.

; whom in Columba's isle s prophetic spirit found, minstrel's fire the while, ed his harp's harmonious d.

ι spell to him was known, randering spirits shrink to

lay of potent tone, r meant for mortal ear.

is said, in mystic mood, verse with the dead they hold, y the fated shroud, 1 the future corpse enfold.

that on a day, the red deer from their den, have ta'en their distant way, r'd the deep Glenfinlas glen.

wait their sports to aid, their safety, deck their board; e dress, the Highland plaid, isty guard, the Highland d.

ner days, through brake and

stling shafts successful flew; hen dewy evening fell, ry to their hut they drew. nfinlas' deepest nook

nfinlas' deepest nook ary cabin stood, neira's sullen brook, nurmurs through that lonely l.

night, the sky was calm, ee successive days had flown; rr mist in dewy balm eathy bank, and mossy stone. The moon, half-hid in silvery flakes, Afar her dubious radiance shed, Quivering on Katrine's distant lakes, And resting on Benledi's head.

Now in their hut, in social guise, Their silvan fare the Chiefs enjoy; And pleasure laughs in Ronald's eyes, As many a pledge he quaffs to Moy.

"What lack we here to crown our bliss, While thus the pulse of joy beats high? What, but fair woman's yielding kiss, Her panting breath and melting eye?

"To chase the deer of yonder shades, This morning left their father's pile The fairest of our mountain maids, The daughters of the proud Glengyle.

"Long have I sought sweet Mary's heart, And dropp'd the tear, and heaved the sigh:

But vain the lover's wily art, Beneath a sister's watchful eye.

"But thou mayst teach that guardian fair, While far with Mary I am flown, Of other hearts to cease her care, And find it hard to guard her own.

"Touch but thy harp, thou soon shalt see The lovely Flora of Glengyle, Unmindful of her charge and me, Hang on thy notes, 'twixt tear and smile.

"Or, if she choose a melting tale, All underneath the greenwood bough, Will good St. Oran's rule prevail, Stern huntsman of the rigid brow?"—

"Since Enrick's fight, since Morna's death,

No more on me shall rapture rise, Responsive to the panting breath, Or yielding kiss, or melting eyes.

"E'en then, when o'er the heath of woe, Where sunk my hopes of love and fame.

I bade my harp's wild wailings flow, On me the Seer's sad spirit came.

"The last dread curse of angry heaven, With ghastly sights and sounds of woe,

To dash each glimpse of joy was given-The gift, the future ill to know.

"The bark thou saw'st, you summer morn,

So gaily part from Oban's bay, My eye beheld her dash'd and torn, Far on the rocky Colonsay.

"Thy Fergus too-thy sister's son, Thou saw'st, with pride, the gallant's

power, As marching 'gainst the Lord of Downe, He left the skirts of huge Benmore.

"Thou only saw'st their tartans " wave. As down Benvoirlich's side they wound,

Heard'st but the pibroch, + answering

To many a target clanking round.

" I heard the groans, I mark'd the tears, I saw the wound his bosom bore, When on the serried Saxon spears He pour'd his clan's resistless roar.

" And thou, who bidst me think of bliss, And bidst my heart awake to glee,

And court, like thee, the wanton kiss-That heart, O Ronald, bleeds for thee!

"I see the death-damps chill thy brow; I hear thy Warning Spirit cry; The corpse-lights dance-they're gone,

and now . . . No more is given to gifted eye !"-

" Alone enjoy thy dreary dreams, Sad prophet of the evil hour!

Say, should we scorn joy's transient beams,

Because to-morrow's storm may lour?

"Or false, or sooth, thy words of woe, Clangillian's Chieftain ne'er shall fear; His blood shall bound at rapture's glow, Though doom'd to stain the Saxon spear.

"E'en now, to meet me in you dell, My Mary's buskins brush the dew." He spoke, nor bade the Chief farewell, But called his dogs, and gay withdrew.

" Tartans-The full Highland dress, made of the chequered stuff so termed.

† Pibrach—A piece of martial music, adapted to the Highland bagpipe.

Within an hour return'd each In rush'd the rousers of the They howl'd in melancholy so Then closely couch'd beside

No Ronald yet; though midni And sad were Moy's propheti As, bending o'er the dying fla He fed the watch-fire's

gleams.

Sudden the hounds erect their And sudden cease their moan Close press'd to Moy, they m fears

By shivering limbs and stifle

Untouch'd, the harp began to As softly, slowly, oped the d And shook responsive every sh As light a footstep press'd to

And by the watch-fire's glimmer Close by the minstrel's side An huntress maid, in beauty le

All dropping wet her robes All dropping wet her garments Chill'd was her cheek, her box

As, bending o'er the dying gle She wrung the moisture from

With maiden blush, she softly "O gentle huntsman, hast ti In deep Glenfinlas' moonlight A lovely maid in vest of gree

"With her a Chief in Highlan His shoulders bear the hunt The mountain dirk adorns his Far on the wind his tartans

"And who art thou? and who ar All ghastly gazing, Moy rep

Dare ye thus roam Glenfinlas' "Where wild Loch Katrine I tide,

Blue, dark, and deep, round isle,

Our father's towers o'erhang he The castle of the bold Gleng "To chase the dun Glenfinlas d

Our woodland course this a

And haply met, while wandering The son of great Maggillianor

, then, to seek the pair, oitering in the woods, I lost; are not venture there, valks, they say, the shrieking st."—

ny a shrieking ghost walks e; st, my own sad vow to keep, I pour my midnight prayer, still must rise when mortals p."—

or pity's gentle sake, lone wanderer on her way! cross the haunted brake, ich my father's towers ere

ee times tell each Ave-bead, .ce a Pater-noster say; with me the holy rede; we safely wend our way."—

to knighthood, strange and!
the bonnet from thy brow,
d thee in the monkish cowl,
sest befits thy sullen vow.

yy high Dunlathmon's fire, rt was froze to love and joy, y rung thy raptured lyre on Morna's melting eye."

1 the minstrel's eyes of flame, h his sable locks arose, his colour went and came, and rage alternate rose.

1! when by the blazing oak her and love resign'd, ye on the eddying smoke, I ye on the midnight wind?

e a race of mortal blood, Glengyle's pretended line; the Lady of the Flood the Monarch of the Mine."

'd thrice St. Oran's rhyme, rice St. Fillan's powerful yer; d him to the eastern clime, nly shook his coal-black hair. And, bending o'er his harp, he flung His wildest witch-notes on the wind; And loud, and high, and strange, they rung.

As many a magic change they find.

Tall wax'd the Spirit's altering form, Till to the roof her stature grew; Then, mingling with the rising storm,

With one wild yell away she flew.

Rain beats, hail rattles, whirlwinds tear: The slender hut in fragments flew; But not a lock of Moy's loose hair Was waved by wind, or wet by dew.

Wild mingling with the howling gale, Loud bursts of ghastly laughter rise; High o'er the minstrel's head they sail, And die amid the northern skies.

The voice of thunder shook the wood, As ceased the more than mortal yell; And, spattering foul, a shower of blood Upon the hissing firebrands fell.

Next dropp'd from high a mangled arm; The fingers strain'd an half-drawn blade:

And last, the life-blood streaming warm, Torn from the trunk, a gasping head.

Oft o'er that head, in battling field, Stream'd the proud crest of high Benmore;

That arm the broad claymore could wield, Which dyed the Teith with Saxon gore.

Woe to Moneira's sullen rills! Woe to Glenfinlas' dreary glen! There never son of Albin's hills Shall draw the hunter's shaft agen!

E'en the tired pilgrim's burning feet At noon shall shun that sheltering den, Lest, journeying in their rage, he meet The wayward Ladies of the Glen.

And we—behind the Chieftain's shield, No more shall we in safety dwell; None leads the people to the field— And we the loud lament must swell.

O hone a rie'! O hone a rie'!

The pride of Albin's line is o'er!

And fall'n Glenartney's stateliest tree;

We ne'er shall see Lord Ronald more'.

THE EVE OF ST. JOHN.

SMAYLHO'ME, or Smallholm Tower, the scene of the following ballad, ated on the northern boundary of Roxburghshire, among a cluster of will called Sandiknow-Crags, the property of Hugh Scott, Esq. of Hard Lord Polwarth.] The tower is a high square building, surrounded by wall, now ruinous. The circuit of the outer court, being defended on the by a precipice and morass, is accessible only from the west, by a steep a path. The apartments, as is usual in a Border keep, or fortress, are plabove another, and communicate by a narrow stair; on the roof are two or platforms, for defence or pleasure. The inner door of the tower is we outer an iron gate; the distance between them being nine feet, the tenamely, of the wall. From the elevated situation of Smaylho'me To seen many miles in every direction. Among the crags by which it is sue one, more eminent, is called the Watchfold, and is said to have been the a beacon, in the times of war with England. Without the tower-court is chapel. Brotherstone is a heath, in the neighbourhood of Smaylho'me Tower and the state of the said to have been the chapel. Brotherstone is a heath, in the neighbourhood of Smaylho'me Tower and the said to have been the chapel.

This ballad was first printed in Mr. Lewis's Tales of Wonder. It is I lished, with some additional illustrations, particularly an account of the Ancram Moor; which seemed proper in a work upon Border antiquiti catastrophe of the tale is founded upon a well-known Irish tradition. Th fortress and its vicinity formed the scene of the Editor's infancy, and s claim from him this attempt to celebrate them in a Border tale.

THE Baron of Smaylho'me rose with day,
He spurr'd his courser on,
Without stop or stay, down the rocky
way,

That leads to Brotherstone.

He went not with the bold Buccleuch, His banner broad to rear; He went not 'gainst the English yew, To lift the Scottish spear.

Yet his plate-jack* was braced, and his helmet was laced,

And his vaunt-brace of proof he wore; At his saddle-gerthe was a good steel sperthe,

Full ten pound weight and more.

The Baron return'd in three days' space, And his looks were sad and sour; And weary was his courser's pace, As he reach'd his rocky tower.

* The plate-jack is coat-armour: the vauntbrace, or wam-brace, armour for the body: the sperthe, a battle-axe. He came not from where Anci Ran red with English blood Where the Douglas true, and Buccleuch,

'Gainst keen Lord Evers sto

Yet was his helmet hack'd and His acton pierced and tore, His axe and his dagger wi imbrued,—

But it was not English gore.

He lighted at the Chapellage,
He held him close and still
And he whistled thrice for
foot-page,

His name was English Will

"Come thou hither, my little f Come hither to my knee; Though thou art young, and tend I think thou art true to me.

"Come, tell me all that thou!

And look thou tell me true!

om Smaylho'me tower have id thy lady do?"-, each night, sought the lonely ıt, rns on the wild Watchfold; height to height, the beacons zht English foemen told. ern clamour'd from the moss, id blew loud and shrill; aggy pathway she did cross ziry Beacon Hill. d her steps, and silent came she sat her on a stone;nan stood by the dreary flame, :d all alone. and night I kept her in sight, he fire she came, ary's might! an Armed Knight y the lonely flame. 1y a word that warlike lord ak to my lady there; in fell fast, and loud blew the eard not what they were. I night there the sky was fair, : mountain-blast was still, watch'd the secret pair, lonesome Beacon Hill. leard her name the midnight me this holy eve; 'Come this night to thy lady's bold Baron's leave. his spear with the bold Bucich; y is all alone; he'll undo, to her knight so true, eve of good St. John.'t come; I must not come; ot come to thee; e of St. John I must wander ower I may not be.'-it on thee, fainthearted knight! ouldst not say me nay; increase and when lovers meet,

mmer's day.

"'And I'll chain the blood-hound, and the warder shall not sound, And rushes shall be strew'd on the stair; So, by the black rood-stone, and by holy St. John, I conjure thee, my love, to be there!'-"'Though the blood-hound be mute, and the rush beneath my foot, And the warder his bugle should not blow. Yet there sleepeth a priest in the chamber to the east, And my footstep he would know.'-"'O fear not the priest, who sleepeth to the east, For to Dryburgh the way he has ta'en: And there to say mass, till three days do pass, For the soul of a knight that is slayne.'-"He turn'd him around, and grimly he frown'd: Then he laugh'd right scornfully-'He who says the mass-rite for the soul of that knight, May as well say mass for me: "'At the lone midnight hour, when bad spirits have power, In thy chamber will I be.'— With that he was gone, and my lady left alone, And no more did I see." Then changed, I trow, was that bold Baron's brow, From the dark to the blood-red high; "Now, tell me the mien of the knight thou hast seen, For, by Mary, he shall die!"-"His arms shone full bright, in the beacon's red light; His plume it was scarlet and blue; On his shield was a hound, in a silver leash bound, And his crest was a branch of the yew."— "Thou liest, thou liest, thou little footpage, Loud dost thou lie to me!

For that knight is cold, and low laid in

the mould,
All under the Eildon-tree."

"Yet hear but my word, my noble lord!
For I heard her name his name;
And that lady bright, she called the knight

And that lady bright, she called the knig Sir Richard of Coldinghame."—

The bold Baron's brow then changed, I trow,

From high blood-red to pale—
"The grave is deep and dark—and the corpse is stiff and stark—
So I may not trust thy tale.

"Where fair Tweed flows round holy Melrose,

And Eildon slopes to the plain, Full three nights ago, by some secret foe, That gay gallant was slain.

"The varying light deceived thy sight,
And the wild winds drown'd the name;
For the Dryburgh bells ring, and the
white monks do sing,

For Sir Richard of Coldinghame!"

He pass'd the court-gate, and he oped the tower-gate,

And he mounted the narrow stair,
To the bartizan-seat, where, with maids
that on her wait,
He found his lady fair.

That lady sat in mournful mood; Look'd over hill and vale; Over Tweed's fair flood, and Mertoun's wood.

And all down Teviotdale.

"Now hail, now hail, thou lady bright!"—

"Now hail, thou Baron true!

What news, what news, from Ancram fight?

What news from the bold Buccleuch?"—

"The Ancram moor is red with gore, For many a southern fell; And Buccleuch has charged us, evermore,

And Buccleuch has charged us, evermore To watch our beacons well."—

The lady blush'd red, but nothing she said: Nor added the Baron a word: Then she stepp'd down the stair to her chamber fair,

And so did her moody lord.

In sleep the lady mourn'd, :

Baron toss'd and turn'd,
And oft to himself he said,—

"The worms around him creep bloody grave is deep. It cannot give up the dead!"

It was near the ringing of mat The night was well-nigh don When a heavy sleep on that B On the eve of good St. John

The lady look'd through the fair,

By the light of a dying flam And she was aware of a knig there—

Sir Richard of Coldinghame

"Alas! away, away!" she cri
"For the holy Virgin's sake
"Lady, I know who sleeps by
But, lady, he will not awake

"By Eildon-tree, for long nig In bloody grave have I lain The mass and the death-praye for me,

But, lady, they are said in v

"By the Baron's brand, near fair strand,

Most foully slain, I fell; And my restless sprite on the height,

For a space is doom'd to do

"At our trysting-place, for space,

I must wander to and fro; But I had not had power to thy bower

Had'st thou not conjured m

Love master'd fear—her brows
"How, Richard, hast thou
And art thou saved, or art thou
The vision shook his head!

"Who spilleth life, shall forfer So bid thy lord believe: That lawless love is guilt abor This awful sign receive."

* Trysting-place-Place of rende

s left palm on an oaken beam; ht upon her hand; shrunk, and fainting sunk, corch'd like a fiery brand. score, of fingers four, is on that board impress'd; vermore that lady wore ing on her wrist. There is a nun in Dryburgh bower, Ne'er looks upon the sun; There is a monk in Melrose tower, He speaketh word to none.

That nun, who ne'er beholds the day,
That monk, who speaks to none—
That nun was Smaylho'me's Lady gay,
That monk the bold Baron.

CADYOW CASTLE.

ESSED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LADY ANNE HAMILTON.

s of Cadyow, or Cadzow Castle, the ancient baronial residence of the Hamilton, are situated upon the precipitous banks of the river Evan, miles above its junction with the Clyde. It was dismantled, in the conthe Civil Wars, during the reign of the unfortunate Mary, to whose house of Hamilton devoted themselves with a generous zeal, which occair temporary obscurity, and, very nearly, their total ruin. The situation is, embosomed in wood, darkened by ivy and creeping shrubs, and overne brawling torrent, is romantic in the highest degree. In the immediate Cadyow is a grove of immense oaks, the remains of the Caledonian nich anciently extended through the south of Scotland, from the eastern Some of these trees measure twenty-five feet, and upwards, antic Ocean. erence; and the state of decay, in which they now appear, shows that witnessed the rites of the Druids. The whole scenery is included in the it and extensive park of the Duke of Hamilton. There was long preserved est the breed of the Scottish wild cattle, until their ferocity occasioned extirpated, about forty years ago. Their appearance was beautiful, being with black muzzles, horns, and hoofs. The bulls are described by ithors as having white manes; but those of latter days had lost that , perhaps by intermixture with the tame breed.

ling the death of the Regent Murray, which is made the subject of the ballad, it would be injustice to my reader to use other words than those bertson, whose account of that memorable event forms a beautiful piece of

con in the benefit he had received, and from that moment he vowed to be f the Regent. Party rage strengthened and inflamed his private resents skinsmen, the Hamiltons, applauded the enterprise. The maxims of the Regent of the Regent. The maxims of the Regent of the Regent. The maxims of the Regent in the benefit he had received, and from that moment he vowed to be f the Regent. Party rage strengthened and inflamed his private resents kinsmen, the Hamiltons, applauded the enterprise. The maxims of stiffed the most desperate course he could take to obtain vengeance. He is Regent for some time, and watched for an opportunity to strike the resolved at last to wait till his enemy should arrive at Linlithgow,

be was to pass in his way from Stirling to Edinburgh. He took

his stand in a wooden gallery, which had a window towards the street; spread feather-bed on the floor to hinder the noise of his feet from being heard; hung a a black cloth behind him, that his shadow might not be observed from without and, after all this preparation, calmly expected the Regent's approach, who has lodged, during the night, in a house not far distant. Some indistinct information of the danger which threatened him had been conveyed to the Regent, and he paid so much regard to it, that he resolved to return by the same gate through which h had entered, and to fetch a compass round the town. But, as the crown about the gate was great, and he himself unacquainted with fear, he proceeded directly alor the street; and the throng of people obliging him to move very slowly, gave the assassin time to take so true an aim, that he shot him, with a single bullet, through the lower part of his belly, and killed the horse of a gentleman who rode on hother side. His followers instantly endeavoured to break into the house when the blow had come; but they found the door strongly barricadoed, and, before could be forced open, Hamilton had mounted a fleet horse, which stood ready to him at a back passage, and was got far beyond their reach. The Regent died the same night of his wound."-History of Scotland, book V.

Bothwellhaugh rode straight to Hamilton, where he was received in triumph, for the ashes of the houses in Clydesdale, which had been burned by Murray anny, were yet smoking; and party prejudice, the habits of the age, and the enarmity of the provocation, seemed to his kinsmen to justify the deed. After a short adoc at Hamilton, this fierce and determined man left Scotland and served in Franz, under the patronage of the family of Guise, to whom he was doubtless recommende by having avenged the cause of their niece, Queen Mary, upon her ungrateful brother. De Thou has recorded, that an attempt was made to engage him to assassants Gaspar de Coligni, the famous Admiral of France, and the buckler of the Hugueto cause. But the character of Bothwellhaugh was mistaken. He was no mercenan trader in blood, and rejected the offer with contempt and indignation. He had a authority, he said, from Scotland to commit murders in France; he had average his own just quarrel, but he would neither for price nor prayer avenge that a

another man. - Thuanus, cap. 46.

The Regent's death happened 23d January, 1569. It is applauded or stigmatical, by contemporary historians, according to their religious or party prejudices. The triumph of Blackwood is unbounded. He not only extols the pious feat of Both wellhaugh, "who," he observes, "satisfied, with a single ounce of lead, him who sacrilegious avarice had stripped the metropolitan church of St. Andrews of a covering;" but he ascribes it to immediate divine inspiration, and the except of Hamilton to little less than the miraculous interference of the Deity.—JEBB, vol. 19. 263. With equal injustice, it was, by others, made the ground of a general national reflection; for, when Mather urged Berney to assassinate Burleigh, aquoted the examples of Poltrot and Bothwellhaugh, the other conspirator answered "that neyther Poltrot nor Hambleton did attempt their enterpryse, without sea reason or consideration to lead them to it; as the one, by hyre, and promise of preferment or rewarde; the other, upon desperate mind of revenge, for a lyttle wrong done unto him, as the report goethe, according to the vyle trayteror dysposysyon of the hoole natyon of the Scottes."—MURDIN'S State Papers, vol. 197.

WHEN princely Hamilton's abode Ennobled Cadyow's Gothic towers, The song went round, the goblet flow'd, And revel sped the laughing hours. Then, thrilling to the harp's gay soun So sweetly rung each vaulted wall. And echoed light the dancer's bunnel. As mirth and manic cheer'd the hal 's towers, in ruins laid, s, by ivy mantled o'er, music of the shade, ivan's hoarser roar.
Cadyow's faded fame, the tell a minstrel tale, y harp, of Border frame, ld banks of Evandale.

The scenes of courtly pride, issure's lighter scenes, canst

ivion's pall aside, the long-forgotten urn. maid! at thy command, crumbled halls shall rise; van's banks we stand, eturns—the present flies. he rock's wood cover'd side, ided late the ruins green, in fantastic pride, I banners flaunt between: de torrent's brawling course; d with thorn and tangling

uttress braves its force, arts frown in battled row. he shade of keep and spire dance on Evan's stream; wave the warder's fire ing the moonlight beam. neir light; the east is gray; warder leaves his tower; uncoupled stag-hounds bay, rhunters quit the bower.

dge falls—they hurry out—ach plank and swinging

o'er, the jovial rout hy steed, and slack the rein. roop, the Chief rode on; ing merry-men throng be-

princely Hamilton r than the mountain wind. k copse the roebucks bound, id red-deer scuds the plain, ie bugle's warrior-sound d their mountain haunts Through the huge oaks of Evandale, Whose limbs a thousand years have worn,

What sullen roar comes down the gale, And drowns the hunter's pealing horn?

Mightiest of all the beasts of chase, That roam in woody Caledon, Crashing the forest in his race, The Mountain Bull comes thundering on.

Fierce, on the hunter's quiver'd band, He rolls his eyes of swarthy glow, Spurns, with black hoof and horn, the sand,

And tosses high his mane of snow.

Aim'd well, the Chieftain's lance has flown;

Struggling in blood the savage lies; His roar is sunk in hollow groan— Sound, merry huntsmen! sound the pryse!

'Tis noon—against the knotted oak
The hunters rest the idle spear;
Curlsthrough the trees the slender smoke,
Where yeomen dight the woodland
cheer.

Proudly the Chieftain mark'd his clan, On greenwood lap all careless thrown, Yet miss'd his eye the boldest man That bore the name of Hamilton.

"Why fills not Bothwellhaugh his place, Still wont our weal and woe to share? Why comes he not our sport to grace? Why shares he not our hunter's fare?"—

Stern Claud replied, with darkening face, (Grey Paisley's haughty lord was he,) "At merry feast, or buxom chase, No more the warrior wilt thou see.

"Few suns have set since Woodhouselee Saw Bothwellhaugh's bright goblets foam,

When to his hearths, in social glee, The war-worn soldier turn'd him home.

"There, wan from her maternal throes, His Margaret, beautiful and mild, Sate in her bower, a pallid rose, And peaceful nursed her new-born child. "Ochange accursed! past are those days; False Murray's ruthless spoilers came, And, for the hearth's domestic blaze,

Ascends destruction's volumed flame.

"What sheeted phantom wanders wild, Where mountain Eskethrough woodland flows,

Her arms enfold a shadowy child— Oh! is it she, the pallid rose?

"The wilder'd traveller sees her glide,
And hears her feeble voice with awe—
"Rayanga" harries for Murray's pride

'Revenge,' she cries, 'on Murray's pride! And woe for injured Bothwellhaugh!'"

He ceased—and cries of rage and grief Burst mingling from the kindred band, And half arose the kindling Chief, And half unsheathed his Arran brand.

But who, o'er bush, o'er stream and rock, Rides headlong, with resistless speed, Whose bloody poniard's frantic stroke Drives to the leap his jaded steed;

Whose cheek is pale, whose eyeballs glare,

As one some vision'd sight that saw, Whose hands are bloody, loose his hair?—

'Tis he! 'tis he! 'tis Bothwellhaugh.

From gory selle,* and recling steed, Sprung the fierce horseman with a bound,

And, reeking from the recent deed,
He dash'd his carbine on the ground.

Sternly he spoke — "Tis sweet to hear In good greenwood the bugle blown,

But sweeter to Revenge's ear, To drink a tyrant's dying groan.

"Your slaughter'd quarry proudly trode, At dawning morn, o'er dale and down, But prouder base-born Murray rode Through, ald, Lindisharan's grounded

Through old Linlithgow's crowded town.

"From the wild Border's humbled side,

In haughty triumph marched he, While Knox relax'd his bigot pride, And smiled, the traitorous pomp to see.

*Selle-Saddle. A word used by Spenser, and other ancient authors.

"But canstern Power, with all his van
Or Pomp, with all her courtly glan
The settled heart of Vengeance dans
Or change the purpose of Despair!

"With hackbut bent, my secret stam Dark as the purposed deed, I chos Andmark'd, where, mingling in his tan Troop'd Scottish pikes and Englishows.

"Dark Morton, girt with many a spea Murder's foul minion, led the van: And clash'd their broadswords in them The wild Macfarlanes' plaided clas.

"Glencairn and stout Parkhead an nigh,
Obsequious at their Regent's rein,

And haggard Lindesay's iron eye, That saw fair Mary weep in vain.

"Mid pennon'd spears, a steely grass. Proud Murray's plumage floated Ligh Scarce could his trampling charger more So close the minions crowded nigh.

"From the raised vizor's shade, his eye Dark rolling, glanced the ranks along And his steel truncheon, waved on high Seem'd marshalling the iron throng.

"But yet his sadden'd brow confess'd A passing shade of doubt and awe: Some frend was whispering in his breast Beware of injured Bothwellhaugh

"The death-shot parts—the charg

Wild rises tumult's startling roar!

And Murray's plumy helmet rings—

Rings on the ground, to rise no mot

"What joy the raptured youth can fe To hear her love the loved one tell Or he, who broaches on his steel The wolf, by whom his infant fell!

"But dearer to my injured eye

To see in dust proud Murray roll; And mine was ten times trebled joy, To hear him groan his felon soul.

"My Margaret's spectre glided near; With pride her bleeding victim saw And shriek'd in his death-deafen'd ea "Remember injured Bodhwelthaugh en speed thee, noble Chatlerault! read to the wind thy banner'd tree!* warrior bend his Clydesdale bow!— rray is fall'n, and Scotland free!" s every warrior to his steed; ud bugles join their wild acclaim—rray is fall'n, and Scotland freed! uch, Arran! couch thy spear of flame!"

see! the minstrel vision fails—
e glimmering spears are seen no
more;

1 oak, half-sawn, with the motto through, ncient cognizance of the family of Ha-

The shouts of war die on the gales, Or sink in Evan's lonely roar.

For the loud bugle, pealing high, The blackbird whistles down the vale, And sunk in ivied ruins lie

The banner'd towers of Evandale.

For Chiefs, intent on bloody deed, And Vengeance shouting o'er the slain, Lo! high-born Beauty rules the steed, Or graceful guides the silken rein.

And long may Peace and Pleasure own The maids who list the minstrel'stale; Nor e'er a ruder guest be known On the fair banks of Evandale!

THE GRAY BROTHER.

A FRAGMENT.

imperfect state of this ballad, which was written several years ago, is not a nstance affected for the purpose of giving it that peculiar interest, which is found to arise from ungratified curiosity. On the contrary, it was the Editor's ion to have completed the tale, if he had found himself able to succeed to his satisfaction. Yielding to the opinion of persons, whose judgment, if not d by the partiality of friendship, is entitled to deference, he has preferred ting these verses as a fragment, to his intention of entirely suppressing them. e tradition, upon which the tale is founded, regards a house upon the barony ilmerton, near Lasswade, in Mid-Lothian. This building, now called Gifon Grange, was originally named Burndale, from the following tragic adventure. barony of Gilmerton belonged, of yore, to a gentleman named Heron, who This young lady was seduced by the Abbot of Newne beautiful daughter. , a richly endowed abbey, upon the banks of the South Esk, now a seat of larguis of Lothian. Heron came to the knowledge of this circumstance, and ed also, that the lovers carried on their guilty intercourse by the connivance of dy's nurse, who lived at this house of Gilmerton Grange, or Burndale. ed a resolution of bloody vengeance, undeterred by the supposed sanctity of the al character, or by the stronger claims of natural affection. Choosing, therea dark and windy night, when the objects of his vengeance were engaged in a i interview, he set fire to a stack of dried thorns, and other combustibles, the had caused to be piled against the house, and reduced to a pile of glowing the dwelling, with all its inmates.

e scene with which the ballad opens, was suggested by the following curious ge, extracted from the Life of Alexander Peden, one of the wandering and cuted teachers of the sect of Cameronians, during the reign of Charles II. and iccessor, James. This person was supposed by his followers, and, perhaps, believed himself, to be possessed of supernatural gifts; for the wild scenes they frequented, and the constant dangers which were incurred through their ription, deepened upon their minds the gloom of superstition, so general in

"About the same time he [Peden] came to Andrew Normand's house, in parish of Alloway, in the shire of Ayr, being to preach at night in his barn. A he came in, he halted a little, leaning upon a chair-back, with his face cover when he lifted up his head, he said, 'They are in this house that I have not word of salvation unto;' he halted a little again, saying, 'This is strange, that devil will not go out, that we may begin our work!' Then there was a wor went out, ill-looked upon almost all her life, and to her dying hour, for a wir with many presumptions of the same. It escaped me, in the former passages, we John Muirhead (whom I have often mentioned) told me, that when he came for Ireland to Galloway, he was at family-worship, and giving some notes upon Scripture read, when a very ill-looking man came, and sat down within the de at the back of the hallan, [partition of the cottage:] immediately he halted a said, 'There is some unhappy body just now come into this house. I charge be to go out, and not stop my mouth!' This person went out, and he insusted on, lyet he saw him neither come in nor go out."—The Life and Preferent Mr. Alexander Paien, late Minister of the Gospel at New Glenluce, in Gallow part ii. § 26.

A friendly correspondent remarks, "that the incapacity of proceeding in performance of a religious duty, when a contaminated person is present, is of me higher antiquity than the era of the Reverend Mr. Alexander Peden," Val. H., Filmlar, cap. 26. "Make Corintho exal, Athenas, ad F. cam Pantionis file

devenit in kaspitium, cique nupsit.

— "Posta sacerdos Diana Mediam exagitare capit, regique negabat es caste fasere posse, co quod in ca civitate esset mulier venefica et sectorata; e exulatur."

THE Pope he was saying the high, high

All on Saint Peter's day,

With the power to him given, by the saints in heaven,

To wash men's sins away.

The Pope he was saying the blessed mass, And the people kneeled around,

And from each man's soul his sins did pass,

As he kiss'd the holy ground.

And all, among the crowded throng, Was still, both limb and tongue,

While, through vaulted roof, and aisles aloof,

The holy accents rung.

At the holiest word he quiver'd for fear, And falter'd in the sound --

And, when he would the chalice rear, He dropp'd it to the ground.

"The breath of one of evil deed Pollates our sacred day; He has no portion in our creed,

No part in what I say.

"A being, whom no blessed word To ghostly peace can bring;

A wretch, at whose approach abhor Recoils each holy thing.

"Up, up, unhappy! haste, arise! My adjuration fear!

My adjuration fear! I charge thee not to stop my voice, Nor longer tarry here!"

Amid them all a pilgrim kneel'd, In gown of sackcloth gray;

Far journeying from his native field He first saw Rome that day.

For forty days and nights so drear, I ween he had not spoke,

And, save with bread and water clearlis fast he ne'er had broke.

Amid the penitential flock,
Seem'd none more bent to pray;
But when the Hally Father and he

But, when the Holy Father spoke, He rose and went his way.

Again unto his native land His weary course he drew,

To Lothian's fair and fertile strand, And Pentland's mountains blue.

c c

ne more famed than he. y for his country, still, e he had stood. when on the banks of Till lest pour'd their blood. the paths, O passing sweet! 's fair streams that run, steep, through copsewood ous to the sun. rapt poet's step may rove, ld the muse the day; uty, led by timid Love, in the tell-tale ray; fair dome, where suit is paid, of bugle free, ndinny's hazel glade, inted Woodhouselee. 's not Melville's beechy grove, slin's rocky glen, which all the virtues love, ssic Hawthornden? a path, from day to day, rrim's footsteps range, he solitary way idale's ruin'd grange. lace was that, I ween, >w could desire; ng to the fall was each crumıg wall, roof was scathed with fire. n a summer's eve, on Carnethy's head, aint gleams of the sun's low eak'd the grey with red; onvent bell did vespers tell, tle's oaks among, led with the solemn knell lye's evening song :

it feet his native seat,

the eastern main.

sals bent the knee; id Scotland's chiefs of fame,

ke's fair woods, regain;

ds more fair no stream more

to meet the pilgrim came,

The heavy knell, the choir's faint swell, Came slowly down the wind, And on the pilgrim's ear they fell, As his wonted path he did find. Deep sunk in thought, I ween, he was, Nor ever raised his eye, Until he came to that dreary place, Which did all in ruins lie. He gazed on the walls, so scathed with fire, With many a bitter groan-And there was aware of a Gray Friar, Resting him on a stone. "Now, Christ thee save!" said the Gray Brother; "Some pilgrim thou seemest to be." But in sore amaze did Lord Albert gaze, Nor answer again made he. "O come ye from east, or come ye from Or bring reliques from over the sea; Or come ye from the shrine of St. James the divine Or St. John of Beverley?"-"I come not from the shrine of St. James the divine, Nor bring reliques from over the sea; I bring but a curse from our father, the Pope, Which for ever will cling to me."— "Now, woful pilgrim, say not so! But kneel thee down to me, And shrive thee so clean of thy deadly sin. That absolved thou mayst be."-"And who art thou, thou Gray Brother, That I should shrive to thee, When He, to whom are given the keys of earth and heaven, Has no power to pardon me?"-"O I am sent from a distant clime, Five thousand miles away, And all to absolve a foul, foul crime, Done here 'twixt night and day." The pilgrim kneel'd him on the sand, And thus began his saye-When on his neck an ice-cold hand Did that Gray Brother laye.

THE RESOLVE.

IN IMITATION OF AN OLD ENGLISH POEM, [1809.]

Published anonymously in the Edinburgh Annual Register of 1808.

My wayward fate I needs must plain, Though bootless be the theme: I loved, and was beloved again, Vet all was but a dream; For, as her love was quickly got,

So it was quickly gone; No more I'll bask in flame so hot, But coldly dwell alone.

Not maid more bright than maid was

My fancy shall beguile, By flattering word, or feigned tear, By gesture, look, or smile: No more I'll call the shaft fair shot Till it has fairly flown, Nor scorch me at a flame so hot ; I'll rather freeze alone.

Each ambush'd Cupid I'll defy. In cheek, or chin, or brow, And deem the glance of woman's eye As weak as woman's vow: I'll lightly hold the lady's heart, That is but lightly won;

I'll steel my breast to beauty's art, And learn to live alone.

The flaunting torch soon blazes or The diamond's ray abides: The flame its glory hurls about, The gem its lustre hides: Such gem I fondly deem'd was m And glow'd a diamond stone,

But, since each eye may see it shi I'll darkling dwell alone.

No waking dream shall tinge thought

With dyes so bright and vain, No silken net, so slightly wrought Shall tangle me again : No more I'll pay so dear for wil,

I'll live upon mine own, Nor shall wild passion trouble it,-I'll rather dwell alone.

And thus I'll hush my heart to res "Thy loving labour's lost; Thou shalt no more be wildly ble To be so strangely crost: The widow'd turtles mateless die,

The phoenix is but one;

They seek no loves—no more will I'll rather dwell alone."

NORA'S VOW.

AIR-" Cha teid mis a chaoidh." . WRITTEN FOR ALBYN'S ANTHOLOGY.

[1816.]+

In the original Gaelic, the lady makes protestations that she will not go will Red Earl's son, until the swan should build in the cliff, and the eagle in the h until one mountain should change places with another, and so forth. It is bu to add, that there is no authority for supposing that she altered her mind-e the vehemence of her protestation.

HEAR what Highland Nora said, "The Earlie's son I will not wed, Should all the race of nature die, And none be left but he and I.

For all the gold, for all the gear, And all the lands both far and pea That ever valour lost or won. I would not wed the Earlie's son.

[&]quot; "I will never go with him."

^{† [}See also Mr. Thomson's Seam & Coll.

2.

naiden's vows," old Callum lightly made, and lightly oke; heather the mountain's OB ight to bloom in purple light; ost-wind soon shall sweep away astre deep from glen and brae; ora, ere its bloom be gone, lithely wed the Earlie's son."-

3. swan," she said, "the lake's clear east arter for the eagle's nest; The Awe's fierce stream may backward

Ben-Cruaichan fall, and crush Kilchurn; Our kilted clans, when blood is high, Before their foes may turn and fly; But I, were all these marvels done, Would never wed the Earlie's son."

Still in the water-lily's shade
Her wonted nest the wild-swan made;
Ben-Cruaichan stands as fast as ever,
Still downward foams the Awe's fierce
river;
To shun the clash of foeman's steel,
No Highland brogue has turn'd the heel:
But Nora's heart is lost and won,
—She's wedded to the Earlie's son!

SONG,

OR THE ANNIVERSARY MEETING OF THE PITT CLUB OF SCOTLAND.

[1814.]

O, DREAD was the time, and more dreadful the omen,
When the brave on Marengo lay slaughter'd in vain,
And beholding broad Europe bow'd down by her foemen,
Pitt closed in his anguish the map of her reign!
Not the fate of broad Europe could bend his brave spirit
To take for his country the safety of shame;
O, then in her triumph remember his merit,
And hallow the goblet that flows to his name.

Round the husbandman's head, while he traces the furrow,
The mists of the winter may mingle with rain,
He may plough it with labour, and sow it in sorrow,
And sigh while he fears he has sow'd it in vain;
He may die ere his children shall reap in their gladness,
But the blithe harvest-home shall remember his claim;
And their jubilee-shout shall be soften'd with sadness,
While they hallow the goblet that flows to his name.

Though anxious and timeless his life was expended,
In toils for our country preserved by his care,
Though he died ere one ray o'er the nations ascended,
To light the long darkness of doubt and despair;
The storms he endured in our Britain's December,
The perils his wisdom foresaw and o'ercame,
her glory's rich harvest shall Britain remember,
and hallow the goblet that flows to his name.

Nor forget his grey head, who, all dark in affliction, Is deaf to the tale of our victories won, And to sounds the most dear to paternal affection, The shout of his people applauding his Son; By his firmness unmoved in success and disaster, By his long reign of virtue, remember his claim ! With our tribute to Pitt join the praise of his Master, Though a tear stain the goblet that flows to his name.

Yet again fill the wine-cup, and change the sad measure, The rites of our grief and our gratitude paid, To our Prince, to our Heroes, devote the bright treasure. The wisdom that plann'd, and the zeal that obey'd ! Fill Wellington's cup till it beam like his glory, Forget not our own brave Dalhousie and Græme ; A thousand years hence hearts shall bound at their story, And hallow the goblet that flows to their fame.

PHAROS LOQUITUR.

"On the 30th July, 1814, Mr. Hamilton," Mr. Erskine, + and Mr. I missioners, along with Mr. (now Sir) Walter Scott, and the writer, Lighthouse; the Commissioners being then on one of their voyages of noticed in the Introduction. They breakfasted in the Library, when at the entreaty of the party, upon inscribing his name in the Album, interesting lines."-STEVENSON'S Account of the Bell Rock Lighthouse.

> FAR in the bosom of the deep, O'er these wild shelves my watch I keep; A ruddy gem of changeful light, Bound on the dusky brow of night, The seaman bids my lustre hail, And scorns to strike his timorous sail.

^{*} The late Robert Hamilton, Esq., Advocate, long Sheriff-Depute of Lanarkshi wards one of the Principal Clerks of Session in Scotland—died in 1831.

† Afterwards Lord Kinnedder.

† Adam Duff, Esq., Sheriff-Depute of the county of Edinburgh.

MR. KEMBLE'S FAREWELL ADDRESS,

ON TAKING LEAVE OF THE EDINBURGH STAGE,

se lines first appeared, April 5, 1817, in a weekly sheet, called "The Sale m," conducted and published by Messrs. Ballantyne and Co. at Edinburgh. note prefixed, Mr. James Ballantyne says, "The character fixed upon, with py propriety, for Kemble's closing scene, was Macbeth, in which he took his leave of Scotland on the evening of Saturday, the 29th March, 1817. He had jured under a severe cold for a few days before, but on this memorable night the sical annoyance yielded to the energy of his mind.—'He was,' he said, in the n-room, immediately before the curtain rose, 'determined to leave behind him most perfect specimen of his art which he had ever shown;' and his success was plete. At the moment of the tyrant's death the curtain fell by the universal amation of the audience. The applauses were vehement and prolonged; they ed-were resumed-rosc again-were reiterated-and again were hushed. w minutes the curtain ascended, and Mr. Kemble came forward in the dress of cheth (the audience by a consentaneous movement rising to receive him), to deliver farewell. Mr. Kemble delivered these lines with exquisite beauty, and 1 an effect that was evidenced by the tears and sobs of many of the audience. own emotions were very conspicuous. When his farewell was closed, he lind long on the stage, as if unable to retire. The house again stood up, and ered him with the waving of hats and long shouts of applause. At length, he lly retired, and, in so far as regards Scotland, the curtain dropped upon his fessional life for ever."

As the worn war-horse, at the trumpet's sound, Erects his mane, and neighs, and paws the ground-Disdains the ease his generous lord assigns, And longs to rush on the embattled lines, So I, your plaudits ringing on mine ear, Can scarce sustain to think our parting near; To think my scenic hour for ever past, And that those valued plaudits are my last. Why should we part, while still some powers remain, That in your service strive not yet in vain? Cannot high zeal the strength of youth supply, And sense of duty fire the fading eye; And all the wrongs of age remain subdued Beneath the burning glow of gratitude? Ah, no! the taper, wearing to its close, Oft for a space in fitful lustre glows; But all too soon the transient gleam is past, It cannot be renew'd, and will not last; Even duty, zeal, and gratitude can wage But short-lived conflict with the frosts of age. Yes! It were poor, remembering what I was, To live a pensioner on your applause,

To drain the dregs of your endurance dry,
And take, as alms, the praise I once could buy;
Till every sneering youth around inquires,
"Is this the man who once could please our sires?"
And scorn assumes compassion's doubtful mien,
To warn me off from the encumber'd scene.
This must not be;—and higher duties crave
Some space between the theatre and the grave,
That, like the Roman in the Capitol,
I may adjust my mantle ere I fall:
My life's brief act in public service flown,
The last, the closing scene, must be my own.

Here, then, adieu! while yet some well-graced parts. May fix an ancient favourite in your hearts,
Not quite to be forgotten, even when
You look on better actors, younger men:
And if your bosoms own this kindly debt
Of old remembrance, how shall mine forget—
O, how forget!—how oft I bither came
In anxious hope, how oft return'd with fame!
How oft around your circle this weak hand
Has waved immortal Shakspeare's magic wand,
Till the full burst of inspiration came,
And I have felt, and you have fann'd the flame!
By mem'ry treasured, while her reign endures,
Those hours must live—and all their charms are yours.

O favour'd Land! renown'd for arts and arms,
For manly talent, and for female charms,
Could this full bosom prompt the sinking line,
What fervent benedictions now were thine!
But my last part is play'd, my knell is rung,
When e'en your praise falls faltering from my tongue;
And all that you can hear, or I can tell,
Is—Friends and Patrons, hail, and FARE YOU WELL.

SONGS FROM THE NOVELS.

From Waverley.

[1814.] ST. SWITHIN'S CHAIR.

On Hallow-Mass Eve, ere you boune ye to rest, Ever beware that your couch be bless'd; Sign it with cross, and sain it with bead, Sing the Ave, and say the Creed.

For on Hallow-Mass Eve the Night-Hag will ride, And all her nine-fold sweeping on by her side, Whether the wind sing lowly or loud, Sailing through moonshine or swath'd in the cloud.

The Lady she sate in St. Swithin's Chair, The dew of the night has damp'd her hair: Her cheek was pale—but resolved and high Was the word of her lip and the glance of her eye.

She mutter'd the spell of Swithin bold, When his naked foot traced the midnight wold, When he stopp'd the Hag as she rode the night, And bade her descend, and her promise plight.

He that dare sit on St. Swithin's Chair, When the Night-Hag wings the troubled air, Questions three, when he speaks the spell, He may ask, and she must tell.

The Baron has been with King Robert his liege, These three long years in battle and siege; News are there none of his weal or his woe, And fain the Lady his fate would know.

She shudders and stops as the charm she speaks;— Is it the moody owl that shrieks? Or is that sound, betwixt laughter and scream, The voice of the Demon who haunts the stream?

The moan of the wind sunk silent and low, And the roaring torrent had ceased to flow; The calm was more dreadful than raging storm, When the cold grey mist brought the ghastly form!

FLORA MACIVOR'S SONG.

THERE is mist on the mountain, and night on the vale, But more dark is the sleep of the sons of the Gael. A stranger commanded—it sunk on the land, It has frozen each heart, and benumb'd every hand! The dirk and the target lie sordid with dust,
The bloodless claymore is but redden'd with rust;
On the hill or the glen if a gun should appear,
It is only to war with the heath-cock or deer,

The deeds of our sires if our bards should rehearse, Let a blush or a blow be the meed of their verse! Be mute every string, and be hush'd every tone, That shall bid us remember the fame that is flown.

But the dark hours of night and of slumber are past. The morn on our mountains is dawning at last; Glenaladale's peaks are illumed with the rays. And the streams of Glenfinnan leap bright in the blaze.

O high-minded Moray!—the exiled—the dear!— In the blush of the dawning the STANDARD uprear! Wide, wide on the winds of the north let it fly, Like the sun's latest flash when the tempest is nigh!

Ye sons of the strong, when that dawning shall break, Need the harp of the aged remind you to wake? That dawn never beam'd on your forefathers' eye, But it roused each high chieftain to vanquish or die.

O sprung from the Kings who in Islay kept state, Proud chiefs of Clan-Ranald, Glengary, and Sleat! Combine like three streams from one mountain of snow, And resistless in union rush down on the foe.

True son of Sir Evan, undaunted Lochiel, Place thy targe on thy shoulder and burnish thy steel! Rough Keppoch, give breath to thy bugle's bold swell, Till far Coryarrick resound to the knell!

Stern son of Lord Kenneth, high chief of Kintail, Let the stag in thy standard bound wild in the gale! May the race of Clan-Gillian, the fearless and free, Remember Glenlivat, Harlaw, and Dundee!

Let the clan of grey Fingon, whose offspring has given Such heroes to earth, and such martyrs to heaven, Unite with the race of renown'd Rorri More, To launch the long galley, and stretch to the oar!

How Mac-Shimei will joy when their chief shall display The yew-crested bonnet o'er tresses of grey! How the race of wrong'd Alpine and murder'd Glencoe Shall shout for revenge when they pour on the foe!

Ye sons of brown Dermid, who slew the wild boar, Resume the pure faith of the great Callum-More! Mac-Niel of the Islands, and Moy of the Lake, For honour, for freedom, for vengeance awake! Awake on your hills, on your islands awake, Brave sons of the mountain, the frith, and the lake! 'Tis the bugle—but not for the chase is the call; 'Tis the pibroch's shrill summons—but not to the hall.

'Tis the summons of heroes for conquest or death, When the banners are blazing on mountain and heath; They call to the dirk, the claymore, and the targe, To the march and the muster, the line and the charge.

Be the brand of each chieftain like Fin's in his ire! May the blood through his veins flow like currents of fire! Burst the base foreign yoke as your sires did of yore! Or die, like your sires, and endure it no more!

From Guy Mannering.

[1815.]

TWIST YE, TWINE YE.

st ye, twine ye! even so, yle shades of joy and woe, e, and fear, and peace, and strife, ie thread of human life.

le the mystic twist is spinning, the infant's life beginning, ly seen through twilight bending, what varied shapes attending!

sions wild, and follies vain, sures soon exchanged for pain; bt, and jealousy, and fear, ne magic dance appear.

r they wax, and now they dwindle, rling with the whirling spindle. it ye, twine ye! even so, gle human bliss and woe.

From the Heart of Midlothian.

[1818.]

PROUD MAISIE.

UD Maisie is in the wood, alking so early; et Robin sits on the bush, nging so rarely.

Il me, thou bonny bird, 'hen shall I marry me?" nen six braw gentlemen irkward shall carry ye." "Who makes the bridal bed, Birdie, say truly?"— "The grey-headed sexton

That delves the grave duly.

"The glow-worm o'er grave and stone Shall light thee steady. The owl from the steeple sing, 'Welcome, proud lady.'"

From the Bride of Lammermoor.

[1819.]

LUCY ASHTON'S SONG.

LOOK not thou on beauty's charming,— Sit thou still when kings are arming,— Taste not when the wine-cup glistens,— Speak not when the people listens,— Stop thine ear against the singer,— From the red gold keep thy finger,— Vacant heart, and hand, and eye, Easy live and quiet die.

From the Legend of Montrose. ANCIENT GAELIC MELODY.

BIRDS of omen dark and foul,
Night-crow, raven, bat, and owl,
Leave the sick man to his dream—
All night long he heard you scream.
Haste to cave and ruin'd tower,
Ivy tod, or dingled-bower,
There to wink and mop, for, hark!
In the mid air sings the lark.

2.

Hie to moorish gills and rocks, Prowling wolf and wily fox,— Hie ye fast, nor turn your view,
Though the lamb bleats to the ewe.
Couch your trains, and speed your flight,
Safety parts with parting night;
And on distant echo borne,
Comes the hunter's early horn.

3.

The moon's wan crescent scarcely gleams, Ghost-like she fades in morning beams; Hie hence, each peevish imp and fay That scare the pilgrim on his way.—Quench, kelpy! quench, in bog and fen, Thy torch, that cheats benighted men; Thy dance is o'er, thy reign is done, For Benyieglo hath seen the sun.

4.

Wild thoughts, that, sinful, dark, and deep,

O'erpower the passive mind in sleep, Pass from the slumberer's soul away, Like night-mists from the brow of day: Foul hag, whose blasted visage grim Smothers the pulse, unnerves the limb, Spur thy dark palfrey, and begone! Thou darest not face the godlike sun.

THE ORPHAN MAID.

November's hail-cloud drifts away, November's sun-beam wan Looks coldly on the castle grey, When forth comes Lady Anne.

The orphan by the oak was set, Her arms, her feet, were bare; The hail-drops had not melted Amid her raven hair.

"And, dame," she said, "by all That child and mother know Aid one who never knew these Relieve an orphan's woe."

The lady said, "An orphan's s Is hard and sad to bear; Yet worse the widow'd mothe Who mourns both lord and

"Twelve times the rolling year Since, while from vengeand Of fierce Strathallan's chief I Forth's eddies whelm'd my

"Twelve times the year its or borne,"

The wandering maid replied "Since fishers on Saint Bridge Drew nets on Campsie side.

"Saint Bridget sent no scaly s An infant, well-nigh dead, They saved, and rear d in want To beg from you her bread."

That orphan maid the lady kis
"My husband's looks you b
Saint Bridget and her morn be
You are his widow's heir."

They've robed that maid, so pale,

In silk and sandals rare; And pearls, for drops of frozer Are glistening in her hair.

From Ivanhoe.

THE BAREFOOTED FRIAR.

PLL give thee, good fellow, a twelvemonth or twain, To search Europe through from Byzantium to Spain; But ne'er shall you find, should you search till you tire, So happy a man as the Barefooted Friar.

Your knight for his lady pricks forth in career, And is brought home at even-song prick'd through with a spe I confess him in haste—for his lady desires No comfort on earth save the Barefooted Frian's. 3.

Your monarch!—Pshaw! many a Prince has been known To barter his robes for our cowl and our gown; But which of us e'er felt the idle desire
To exchange for a crown the grey hood of a Friar?

4

The Friar has walk'd out, and where'er he has gone, The land and its fatness is marked for his own; He can roam where he lists, he can stop where he tires, For every man's house is the Barefooted Friar's.

5

He's expected at noon, and no wight, till he comes, May profane the great chair, or the porridge of plums; For the best of the cheer, and the seat by the fire, Is the undenied right of the Barefooted Friar.

6

He's expected at night, and the pasty's made hot, They broach the brown ale, and they fill the black pot; And the good-wife would wish the good-man in the mire, Ere he lack'd a soft pillow, the Barefooted Friar.

7

Long flourish the sandal, the cord, and the cope, The dread of the devil and trust of the Pope! For to gather life's roses, unscathed by the briar, Is granted alone to the Barefooted Friar.

REBECCA'S HYMN.

EN Israel, of the Lord beloved, it from the land of bondage came, fathers' God before her moved, a wful guide in smoke and flame. ay, along the astonish'd lands ec cloudy pillar glided slow; ight, Arabia's crimson'd sands:turn'd the fiery column's glow.

e rose the choral hymn of praise, id trump and timbrel answer'd keen, Zion's daughters pour'd their lays, ith priest's and warrior's voice between.

ortents now our foes amaze, rsaken Israel wanders lone: fathers would not know THY ways, Id THOU hast left them to their own. But present still, though now unseen!
When brightly shines the prosperous day,

Be thoughts of THEE a cloudy screen
To temper the deceitful ray.
And oh, when stoops on Judah's path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;
No censer round our altar beams,
And mute are timbrel, harp, and
horn.

But THOU hast said, The blood of goat,
The flesh of rams I will not prize;
A contrite heart, a humble thought,
Are mine accepted sacrifice.

FUNERAL HYMN.

Dust unto dust,
To this all must;
The tenant hath resign'd
The faded form
To waste and worm—
Corruption claims her kind.

Through paths unknown Thy soul hath flown, To seek the realms of wo
Where fiery pain
Shall purge the stain
Of actions done below.
In that sad place,
By Mary's grace,
Brief may thy dwelling b
Till prayers and alms,
And holy psalms,
Shall set the captive free

From the Monastery. [1820.] ON TWEED RIVER.

MERRILY swim we, the moon shines bright,
Both current and ripple are dancing in light.
We have roused the night raven, I heard him croak,
As we plashed along beneath the oak
That flings its broad branches so far and so wide,
Their shadows are dancing in midst of the tide.
"Who wakens my nestlings?" the raven he said,
"My beak shall ere morn in his blood be red!
For a blue swollen corpse is a dainty meal,
And I'll have my share with the pike and the eel."

Merrily swim we, the moon shines bright,
There's a golden gleam on the distant height:
There's a silver shower on the alders dank,
And the drooping willows that wave on the bank.
I see the Abbey, both turret and tower,
It is all astir for the vesper hour;
The monks for the chapel are leaving each cell,
But where's Father Philip should toll the bell?

Merrily swim we, the moon shines bright,
Downward we drift through shadow and light,
Under yon rock the eddies sleep,
Calm and silent, dark and deep.
The Kelpy has risen from the fathomless pool,
He has lighted his candle of death and of dool:
Look, Father, look, and you'll laugh to see
How he gapes and glares with his eyes on thee!

Good luck to your fishing, whom watch ye to-night?

A man of mean or a man of might?

Is it layman or priest that must float in your coor lover who crosses to visit his love?

Hark! heard ye the Kelpy reply as we pass'd,—
"God's blessing on the warder, he lock'd the bridge fast!
All that come to my cove are sunk,
Priest or layman, lover or monk."

Landed—landed! the black book hath won, Else had you seen Berwick with morning sun! Sain ye, and save ye, and blithe mot ye be, For seldom they land that go swimming with me.

TO THE SUB-PRIOR.

Good evening, Sir Priest, and so late as you ride, With your mule so fair, and your mantle so wide; But ride you through valley, or ride you o'er hill, There is one that has warrant to wait on you still.

Back, back,

The volume black!
I have a warrant to carry it back.

What, ho! Sub-Prior, and came you but here To conjure a book from a dead woman's bier? Sain you, and save you, be wary and wise, Ride back with the book, or you'll pay for your prize.

Back, back,
There's death in the track!
In the name of my master, I bid thee bear back.

That which is neither ill nor well,
That which belongs not to heaven nor to hell,
A wreath of the mist, a bubble of the stream,
'Twixt a waking thought and a sleeping dream;

A form that men spy
With the half-shut eye
In the beams of the setting sun, am L

Vainly, Sir Prior, wouldst thou bar me my right!
Like the star when it shoots, I can dart through the night;
I can dance on the torrent, and ride on the air,
And travel the world with the bonny night-mare.

Again, again,
At the crook of the glen,
Where bickers the burnie, I'll meet thee again.

Men of good are bold as sackless, Men of rude are wild and reckless. Lie thou still

In the nook of the hill,

For those be before thee that wish thee ill.

BORDER BALLAD.

I.

MARCH, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale,
Why the deil dinna ye march forward in order?
March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale,
All the Blue Bonnets are bound for the Border.
Many a banner spread,
Flutters above your head,
Many a crest that is famous in story.
Mount and make ready then,
Sons of the mountain glen,

Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing, Come from the glen of the buck and the roe; Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing, Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow.

Fight for the Queen and our old Scottish glory.

Trumpets are sounding,
War-steeds are bounding,
Stand to your arms, and march in good order,
England shall many a day
Tell of the bloody fray,
When the Blue Bonnets came over the Border.

From the Pirate.

[1821.]

CLAUD HALCRO'S SONG.

FAREWELL to Northmaven, Grey Hillswicke, farewell! To the calms of thy haven, The storms on thy fell— To each breeze that can vary The mood of thy main, And to thee, bonny Mary! We meet not again!

Farewell the wild ferry,
Which Hacon could brave,
When the peaks of the Skerry
Were white in the wave.
There's a maid may look over
These wild waves in vain,—
For the skiff of her lover—
He comes not again!

The vows thou hast broke,
On the wild currents fling them;
On the quicksand and rock
Let the mermaidens sing them:

New sweetness they'll give Bewildering strain; But there's one who will n Believe them again.

O were there an island,
Though ever so wild,
Where woman could smile
No man be beguiled—
Too tempting a snare
To poor mortals were gi
And the hope would fix th
That should anchor in h

SONG OF HAROLD HARFAGE

The sun is rising dimly red,
The wind is wailing low and dn
From his cliff the eagle sallies.
Leaves the wolf his darksome w
In the mist the ravens hover,
Peep the wild dogs from the cot
Screaming, croaking, baying, y
Each in his wild accents telling,
"Soon we feast on dead and dy
Fair-hair'd Harold's dag is flyin

'a crest on the air is streaming,
'a helmet darkly gleaming,
'an arm the axe uprears,
'd to hew the wood of spears.
long the crowded ranks
so neigh and armour clanks;
so are shouting, clarions ringing,
er still the bard is singing,
her footmen, gather horsemen,
e field, ye valiant Norsemen!

t ye not for food or slumber, not vantage, count not number: reapers, forward still, the crop on vale or hill, or scatter'd, stiff or lithe, ll down before the scythe. Forward with your sickles bright, Reap the harvest of the fight.— Onward footmen, onward horsemen, To the charge, ye gallant Norsemen!

"Fatal Choosers of the Slaughter,
O'er you hovers Odin's daughter;
Hear the choice she spreads before ye, —
Victory, and wealth, and glory;
Or old Valhalla's roaring hail,
Her ever-circling mead and ale,
Where for eternity unite
The joys of wassail and of fight.
Headlong forward, foot and horsemen,
Charge and fight, and die like Norsemen!"

SONG OF THE ZETLAND FISHERMAN.

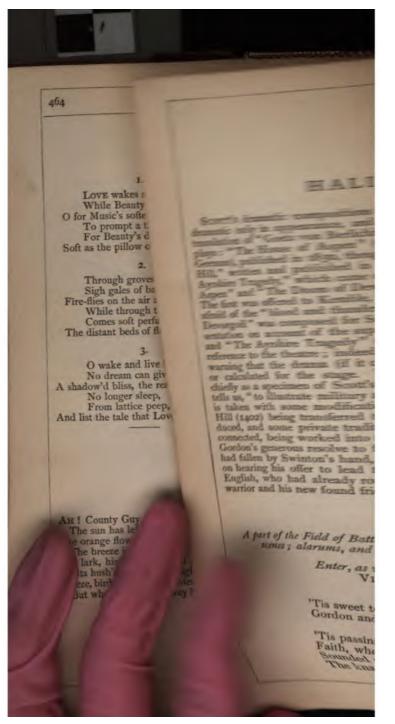
FAREWELL, merry maidens, to song, and to laugh, For the brave lads of Westra are bound to the Haaf; And we must have labour, and hunger, and pain, Ere we dance with the maids of Dunrossness again.

For now, in our trim boats of Noroway deal, We must dance on the waves, with the porpoise and seal; The breeze it shall pipe, so it pipe not too high, And the gull be our songstress whene'er she flits by.

Sing on, my brave bird, while we follow, like thee, By bank, shoal, and quicksand, the swarms of the sea; And when twenty-score fishes are straining our line, Sing louder, brave bird, for their spoils shall be thine.

We'll sing while we bait, and we'll sing while we haul, For the deeps of the Haaf have enough for us all: There is torsk for the gentle, and skate for the carle, And there's wealth for bold Magnus, the son of the earl.

Huzza! my brave comrades, give way for the Haaf, We shall sooner come back to the dance and the laugh; For light without mirth is a lamp without oil; Then, mirth and long life to the bold Magnus Troil!



From the Betrothed.

[1825.]

SOLDIER, WAKE.

I.

t, wake—the day is peeping, ne'er was won in sleeping, hen the sunbeams still eflected on the hill: n they are glinted back e and armour, spear and jack, y promise future story page of deathless glory. hat are the foeman's terror, the morning's mirror.

2.

up—the morning beam
I'd the rustic to his team,
I'd the falc'ner to the lake,
I'd the huntsman to the brake;

The early student ponders o'er His dusty tomes of ancient lore. Soldier, wake—thy harvest, fame; Thy study, conquest; war, thy game. Shield, that would be foeman's terror, Still should gleam the morning's mirror.

3

Poor hire repays the rustic's pain;
More paltry still the sportsman's gain;
Vainest of all, the student's theme
Ends in some metaphysic dream:
Yet each is up, and each has toil'd
Since first the peep of dawn has smiled,
And each is eagerer in his aim
Than he who barters life for fame.
Up, up, and arm thee, son of terror!
Be thy bright shield the morning's mirror.

THE TRUTH OF WOMAN.

T.

's faith, and woman's trust—e characters in dust; nem on the running stream, m on the moon's pale beam, h evanescent letter clearer, firmer, better, re permanent, I ween, thing those letters mean. 2.

I have strain'd the spider's thread
'Gainst the promise of a maid;
I have weigh'd a grain of sand
'Gainst her plight of heart and hand;
I told my true love of the token,
How her faith proved light, and her
word was broken:
Again her word and truth she plight,
And I believed them again ere night.

Scott's dramatic compositions are his least successful efforts; indeed dramatic only in appearance, and neither in spirit nor construction. translation of "Goetz von Berlichingen," which appeared in 1799, Scott plays: "The House of Aspen" (which was indeed partly a translation German), published in 1830, though composed some thirty years before; Hill," written and published in 1822; "The Doom of Devorgoil," Ayrshire Tragedy," which came out together in 1830. Of these "The Aspen" and "The Doom of Devorgoil" were undoubtedly intended for The first was offered to Kemble, who at one time thought of playing it afraid of the "blood and thunder" character of some parts of it. "The Devorgoil" was composed for Scott's friend, Terry, but was found unfit sentation on account of the supernatural machinery of the plot. "Halk and "The Ayrshire Tragedy" are purely dramatic sketches, written wireference to the theatre; indeed, in his preface to the former Scott expression. warning that the drama (if it can be termed so) is in no particular either or calculated for the stage. We have selected a scene from "Halid chiefly as a specimen of Scott's blank verse. The work is "designed," tells us, "to illustrate military antiquities and the manners of chivalry." is taken with some modification from Scottish history, the battle of Hill (1402) being transferred to Halidon Hill, an imaginary Regent be duced, and some private traditions of the Swinton family, with which connected, being worked into the story. The action of the piece turns Gordon's generous resolve to forgive a desperate family feud, in which had fallen by Swinton's hand, and range himself under the command of on hearing his offer to lead the Scottish soldiers in a fresh charge at English, who had already routed them. Only a small band followed warrior and his new found friend, who were both slain in the fight,

HALIDON HILL.

A part of the Field of Battle betwixt the two Main Armies. Tunnels be scenes; alarums, and cries of "Gordon, a Gordon," "Swinton,"

Enter, as victorious over the English vanguard, VIPONT, REYNALD, and others.

VIPONT.

'Tis sweet to hear these war-cries sound together, -Gordon and Swinton.

REYNALD.

'Tis passing pleasant, yet 'tis strange withal. Faith, when at first I heard the Gordon's slogan Sounded so near me, I had nigh struck down The knave who cried it.

Enter SWINTON and GORDON.

SWINTON.

Pitch down my pennon in yon holly-bush.

GORDON.

Mine in the thorn beside it; let them wave, As fought this morn their masters, side by side.

SWINTON.

Let the men rally, and restore their ranks
Here in this vantage-ground—disorder'd chase
Leads to disorder'd flight; we have done our part,
And if we're succour'd now, Plantagenet
Must turn his bridle southward.—
Reynald, spur to the Regent with the basnet
Of stout De Grey, the leader of their vanguard;
Say, that in battle-front the Gordon slew him,
And by that token bid him send us succour.

GORDON.

And tell him that when Selby's headlong charge Had well-nigh borne me down, Sir Alan smote him. I cannot send his helmet, never nutshell Went to so many shivers. — Harkye, grooms!

[To those behind the scenes.

Why do you let my noble steed stand stiffening After so hot a course?

SWINTON.

Ay, breathe your horses, they'll have work anon, For Edward's men-at-arms will soon be on us, The flower of England, Gascony, and Flanders; But with swift succour we will bide them bravely.—De Vipont, thou look'st sad?

VIPONT.

It is because I hold a Templar's sword Wet to the cross'd hilt with Christian blood.

SWINTON.

The blood of English archers—what can gild A Scottish blade more bravely?

VIPONT.

Even therefore grieve I for those gallant yeomen, England's peculiar and appropriate sons, Known in no other land. Each boasts his hearth And field as free as the best lord his barony, Owing subjection to no human vassalage, Save to their King and law. Hence are they resolute, Leading the van on every day of battle, As men who know the blessings they defend.

Hence are they frank and generous in peace, As men who have their portion in its plenty. No other kingdom shows such worth and happiness Veil'd in such low estate—therefore I mourn them.

SWINTON.

I'll keep my sorrow for our native Scots, Who, spite of hardship, poverty, oppression, Still follow to the field their Chieftain's banner, And die in the defence on't.

GORDON.

And if I live and see my halls again,
They shall have portion in the good they fight for.
Each hardy follower shall have his field,
His household hearth and sod-built home, as free
As ever Southron had. They shall be happy!—
And my Elizabeth shall smile to see it!—
I have betray'd myself.

SWINTON.

Vipont, do thou look out from yonder height,
And see what motion in the Scottish host,
And in King Edward's.—

[Exit VIPONT.
Now will I counsel thee:

The Templar's ear is for no tale of love,
Being wedded to his Order. But I tell thee,
The brave young knight that hath no lady-love
Is like a lamp unlighted; his brave deeds,
And its rich painting, do seem then most glorious
When the pure ray gleams through them.—
Hath thy Elizabeth no other name?

GORDON.

Must I then speak of her to you, Sir Alan?
The thought of thee, and of thy matchless strength,
Hath conjured phantoms up amongst her dreams.
The name of Swinton hath been spell sufficient
To chase the rich blood from her lovely cheek,
And wouldst thou now know hers?

SWINTON.

I would, nay must. Thy father in the paths of chivalry Should know the load-star thou dost rule thy course by.

GORDON.

Nay, then, her name is-hark-

[Whispers.

SWINTON.

I know it well, that ancient northern house.

O, thou shalt see its fairest grace and honour In my Elizabeth. And if music touch thee-

SWINTON.

It did, before disasters had untuned me.

GORDON.

O. her notes

Shall hush each sad remembrance to oblivion, Or melt them to such gentleness of feeling, That grief shall have its sweetness. Who, but she, Knows the wild harpings of our native land? Whether they lull the shepherd on his hill, Or wake the knight to battle; rouse to merriment, Or soothe to sadness; she can touch each mood. Princes and statesmen, chiefs renown'd in arms, And grey-hair'd bards, contend which shall the first And choicest homage render to th' enchantress.

SWINTON.

You speak her talent bravely.

GORDON.

Though you smile, I do not speak it half. Her gift creative New measures adds to every air she wakes; Varying and gracing it with liquid sweetness, Like the wild modulation of the lark; Now leaving, now returning to the strain! To listen to her, is to seem to wander In some enchanted labyrinth of romance, Whence nothing but the lovely fairy's will, Who wove the spell, can extricate the wanderer. Methinks I hear her now !-

SWINTON.

Bless'd privilege Of youth! There's scarce three minutes to decide 'Twixt death and life, 'twixt triumph and defeat, Yet all his thoughts are in his lady's bower, List'ning her harping !-[Enter VIPONT. Where are thine, De Vipont?

VIPONT.

On death—on judgment—on eternity! For time is over with us.

SWINTON.

There moves not, then, one pennon to our aid, Of all that flutter yonder!

VIPONT.

From the main English host come rushing forward Pennons enow-ay, and their Royal Standard. But ours stand rooted, as for crows to roost on.

SWINTON (to kimself).

I'll rescue him at least.—Young Lord of Gordon, Spur to the Regent—show the instant need——

GORDON.

I penetrate thy purpose; but I go not.

CHIMTON

Not at my bidding? I, thy sire in chivalry— Thy leader in the battle?—I command thee.

GORDON.

No, thou wilt not command me seek my safety,— For such is thy kind meaning,—at the expense Of the last hope which Heaven reserves for Scotland. While I abide, no follower of mine Will turn his rein for life; but were I gone, What power can stay them? and, our band dispersed, What swords shall for an instant stem yon host, And save the latest chance for victory?

VIPONT.

The noble youth speaks truth; and were he gone, There will not twenty spears be left with us.

GORDON.

No, bravely as we have begun the field, So let us fight it out. The Regent's eyes, More certain than a thousand messages, Shall see us stand, the barrier of his host Against yon bursting storm. If not for honour, If not for warlike rule, for shame at least He must bear down to aid us.

SWINTON.

Must it be so?

And am I forced to yield the sad consent,
Devoting thy young life? O Gordon, Gordon!
I do it as the patriarch doom'd his issue;
I at my country's, he at Heaven's command;
But I seek vainly some atoning sacrifice,
Rather than such a victim!—(Trumpets.) Hark, they come!

That music sounds not like thy lady's lute.

GORDON.

Yet shall my lady's name mix with it gaily.— Mount, vassals, couch your lances, and cry, "Gordon! Gordon for Scotland and Elizabeth!"

[Excunt. Loud alarum.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE VIOLET.

[1797.]

appears from the *Life of Scott*, vol. i. p. 333, that these lines, first published the *English Minstrelsy*, 1810, were written in 1797, on occasion of the Poet's isappointment in love.

HE violet in her greenwood bower, Where birchen boughs with hazels mingle,

May boast itself the fairest flower In glen, or copse, or forest dingle.

Though fair her gems of azure hue, Beneath the dew-drop's weight reclining; I've seen an eye of lovelier blue, More sweet through wat'ry lustre shining.

The summer sun that dew shall dry, Ere yet the day be past its morrow; Nor longer in my false love's eye Remain'd the tear of parting sorrow.

TO A LADY.

WITH FLOWERS FROM A ROMAN WALL

[1797.]

Written in 1797, on an excursion from Gillsland, in Cumberland. See Life, vol. i. p. 365.

TAKE these flowers which, purple waving,
On the ruin'd rampart grew,

Where, the sons of freedom braving, Rome's imperial standards flew. Warriors from the breach of danger Pluck no longer laurels there; They but yield the passing stranger Wild-flower wreaths for Beauty's hair.

THE BARD'S INCANTATION.

written under the threat of invasion in the autumn of 1804.

THE forest of Glenmore is drear, It is all of black pine and the dark oak-tree:

And the midnight wind, to the mountain deer,

Is whistling the forest lullaby:

The moon looks through the drifting storm,

But the troubled lake reflects not her form,

For the waves roll whitening to the land, And dash against the shelvy strand. There is a voice among the trees,
That mingles with the groaning oak—
That mingles with the stormy breeze,

And the lake-waves dashing against the rock;—

There is a voice within the wood,
The voice of the bard in fitful mood;
His song was louder than the blast,
As the bard of Glenmore through the
forest past.

"Wake ye from your sleep of death, Minstrels and bards of other days! For the midnight wind is on the heath, And the midnight meteors dimly blaze:

The Spectre with his Bloody Hand, Is wandering through the wild woodland;

The owl and the raven are mute for dread.

And the time is meet to awake the dead!

"Souls of the mighty, wake and say, To what high strain your harps were strung,

When Lochlin plow'd her billowy way, And on your shores her Norsemen flung?

Her Norsemen train'd to spoil and blood,

Skill'd to prepare the Raven's food, All, by your harpings, doom'd to die On bloody Largs and Loncarty.

"Muteare ye all? Nomurmurs strange Upon the midnight breeze sail by; Nor through the pines, will change

Mimic the harp's wild he Mute are ye now !—Ye i mute,

When Murder with his blo And Rapine with his iron Were hovering near you strand.

"O yet awake the strain to By every deed in song et By every chief who fought For Albion's weal in bat From Coilgach, first who n Through the deep ranks of To him, of veteran memor Who victor died on Aboul

"By all their swords, by all By all their names, a m By all their wounds, by all

Arise, the mighty strain For fiercer than fierce Hen More impious than the bes More grasping than all-gras Gaul's ravening legions hit Thewind is hush'd, and still!

Strange murmurs fill my ti Bristles my hair, my sinews At the dread voice of othe "When targets clash'd,

rung, And blades round warrion flung,

The foremost of the band And hymn'd the joys of I

HELLVELLYN.

[1805.]

In the spring of 1805, a young gentleman of talents, and of a most am sition, perished by losing his way on the mountain Hellvellyn. His r not discovered till three months afterwards, when they were found g faithful terrier-bitch, his constant attendant during frequent solitary ram the wilds of Cumberland and Westmoreland.

I CLIMB'D the dark brow of the mighty Hellvellyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleam'd misty and wide;
All was still, save by fits, when the eagle was yelling,

And starting around me the echoes replied.

On the right, Striden-edge round the Red-tarn was bending, And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,

One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending, When I mark'd the sad spot where the wanderer had dood. Dark green was that spot 'mid the brown mountain heather, Where the Pilgrim of Nature lay stretch'd in decay, Like the corpse of an outcast abandon'd to weather, Till the mountain-winds wasted the tenantless clay. Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended, For, faithful in death, his mute favourite attended, The much-loved remains of her master defended, And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?

When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou start?

How many long days and long weeks didst thou number,

Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?

And, oh! was it meet, that—no requiem read o'er him—

No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,

And thou, little guardian, alone stretch'd before him—

Unhonour'd the Pilgrim from life should depart?

When a Prince to the fate of the Peasant has yielded,
The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall;
With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall:
Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches are gleaming;
In the proudly-arch'd chapel the banners are beaming;
Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming,
Lamenting a Chief of the People should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,
To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb,
When, wilder'd, he drops from some cliff huge in stature,
And draws his last sob by the side of his dam.
And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,
Thy obsequies sung by the grey plover flying,
With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying.
In the arms of Hellvellyn and Catchedicam.

THE DYING BARD. [1806.] AIR—Daffydz Gangwen.

e Welsh tradition bears, that a Bard, on his death-bed, demanded his harp, 1 played the air to which these verses are adapted; requesting that it might be formed at his funeral.

DINAS EMLINN, lament; for the moment is nigh, When mute in the woodlands thine echoes shall die: No more by sweet Teivi Cadwallon shall rave, And mix his wild notes with the wild dashing wave.

In spring and in autumn thy glories of shade
Unhonour'd shall flourish, unhonour'd shall fade;
For soon shall be lifeless the eye and the tongue,
That view'd them with rapture, with rapture that sung.

III.

Thy sons, Dinas Emlinn, may march in their pride, And chase the proud Saxon from Prestatyn's side; But where is the harp shall give life to their name? And where is the bard shall give heroes their fame?

And oh, Dinas Emlinn! thy daughters so fair, Who heave the white bosom, and wave the dark hair; What tuneful enthusiast shall worship their eye, When half of their charms with Cadwallon shall die!

Then adieu, silver Teivi! I quit thy loved scene, To join the dim choir of the bards who have been; With Lewarch, and Meilor, and Merlin the Old, And sage Taliessin, high harping to hold.

And adieu, Dinas Emlinn! still green be thy shades, Unconquer'd thy warriors, and matchless thy maids! And thou, whose faint warblings my weakness can tell, Farewell, my loved Harp! my last treasure, farewell!

THE NORMAN HORSE-SHOE.

[1806.]

AIR-The War-Song of the Men of Glamorgan.

The Welsh, inhabiting a mountainous country, and possessing only a breed of horses, were usually unable to encounter the shock of the Angle cavalry. Occasionally, however, they were successful in repelling the invertee following verses are supposed to celebrate a defeat of Clare, Earle and Pembroke, and of Neville, Baron of Chepstow, Lords-Marchemouthshire. Rymny is a stream which divides the counties of Monr Glamorgan: Caerphili, the scene of the supposed battle, is a vale upon dignified by the ruins of a very ancient castle.

T.

RED glows the forge in Striguil's bounds, And hammers din, and anvil sounds, And armourers, with iron toil, Barb many a steed for battle's broil. Foul fall the hand which bends the steel Around the courser's thundering heel, That e'er shall dint a sable wound On fair Glamorgan's velvet ground!

TT.

From Chepstow's towers, ere dawn of morn,

Was heard afar the bugle-horn;

And forth, in banded pomp : Stout Clare and fiery Neville They swore, their banners br gleam,

In crimson light, on Rymny's They vow'd, Caerphili's sod The Norman charger's spurn

And sooth they swore—the s And Rymny's wave with crim For Clare's red banner, floati Roll'd down the stream to Set And sooth they vow'd—the green ow'd where hot Neville's charge had been: every sable hoof-tramp stood Norman horseman's curdling blood!

IV.

d Chepstow's brides may curse the toil,

That arm'd stout Clare for Cambrian broil;
Their orphans long the art may rue,
For Neville's war-horse forged the shoe.
No more the stamp of armed steed
Shall dint Glamorgan's velvet mead;
Nor trace be there, in early spring,
Save of the Fairies' emerald ring.

THE MAID OF TORO. [1806.]

O, Low shone the sun on the fair lake of Toro,
And weak were the whispers that waved the dark wood,
All as a fair maiden, bewilder'd in sorrow,
Sorely sigh'd to the breezes, and wept to the flood.
"O, saints! from the mansions of bliss lowly bending;
Sweet Virgin! who hearest the suppliant's cry,

Sweet Virgin! who hearest the suppliant's cry.

Now grant my petition, in anguish ascending,
My Henry restore, or let Eleanor die!"

All distant and faint were the sounds of the battle,
With the breezes they rise, with the breezes they fail,
Till the shout, and the groan, and the conflict's dread rattle,
And the chase's wild clamour, came loading the gale.
Breathless she gazed on the woodlands so dreary;
Slowly approaching a warrior was seen;
Life's ebbing tide mark'd his footsteps so weary,
Cleft was his helmet, and woe was his mien.

"O, save thee, fair maid, for our armies are flying!
O, save thee, fair maid, for thy guardian is low!
Deadly cold on yon heath thy brave Henry is lying,
And fast through the woodland approaches the foe."
Scarce could he falter the tidings of sorrow,
And scarce could she hear them, benumb'd with despair:
And when the sun sunk on the sweet lake of Toro,
For ever he set to the Brave and the Fair.

THE PALMER. [1806.]

O, OPEN the door, some pity to show, Keen blows the northern wind! 'he glen is white with the drifted snow, And the path is hard to find.

'No outlaw seeks your castle gate, From chasing the King's deer, hough even an outlaw's wretched state Might claim compassion here. "A weary Palmer, worn and weak, I wander for my sin; O, open, for Our Lady's sake!

A pilgrim's blessing win!
"I'll give you pardons from the Pope,
And religious from o'en the acc

And reliques from o'er the sea,-Or if for these you will not ope, Yet open for charity.

"The hare is crouching in her form, The hart beside the hind; An aged man, amid the storm, No shelter can I find.

- "You hear the Ettrick's sullen roar, Dark, deep, and strong is he, And I must ford the Ettrick o'er, Unless you pity me.
- "The iron gate is bolted hard,
 At which I knock in vain;
 The owner's heart is closer barr'd,
 Who hears me thus complain.
- "Farewell, farewell! and Mary grant, When old and frail you be,

You never may the shelter want, That's now denied to me."

The Ranger on his couch lay warm, And heard him plead in vain; But oft amid December's storm, He'll hear that voice again:

For lo, when through the vapours dank Morn shone on Ettrick fair, A corpse amid the alders rank, The Palmer welter'd there.

THE MAID OF NEIDPATH.

[1806.]

There is a tradition in Tweeddale, that, when Neidpath Castle, near Peebles, we inhabited by the Earls of March, a mutual passion subsisted between a daughter a that noble family, and a son of the Laird of Tushielaw, in Ettrick Forest. As the alliance was thought unsuitable by her parents, the young man went abroad. During his absence the lady fell into a consumption; and at length, as the only means a saving her life, her father consented that her lover should be recalled. On the day when he was expected to pass through Peebles, on the road to Tushielaw, the young lady, though much exhausted, caused herself to be carried to the balcomy of a hous in Peebles, belonging to the family, that she might see him as he rode past. He anxiety and eagerness gave such force to her organs, that she is said to have distinguished his horse's footsteps at an incredible distance. But Tushielaw, unprepare for the change in her appearance, and not expecting to see her in that place, roke on without recognising her, or even slackening his pace. The lady was unable to support the shock, and, after a short struggle, died in the arms of her attendams. There is an incident similar to this traditional tale in Count Hamilton's "Flem d'Epine."

O LOVERS' eyes are sharp to see,
And lovers' ears in hearing;
And love, in life's extremity,
Can lend an hour of cheering.
Disease had been in Mary's bower,
And slow decay from mourning,
Though now she sits on Neidpath's tower,
To watch her love's returning.

All sunk and dim her eyes so bright,
Her form decay'd by pining,
Till through her wasted hand, at night,
You saw the taper shining;
By fits, a sultry hectic hue
Across her cheek was flying;
By fits, so ashy pale she grew,
Her maidens thought her dying.

Yet keenest powers to see and hear, Seem'd in her frame residing; Before the watch-dog prick'd his ear, She heard her lover's riding; Ere scarce a distant form was ken'd, She knew, and waved to greet him; And o'er the battlement did bend, As on the wing to meet him.

He came—he pass'd—an heedless gaze,
As o'er some stranger glancing;
Her welcome, spoke in faltering phrase,
Lost in his courser's prancing—
The castle arch, whose hollow tone
Returns each whisper spoken,
Could scarcely catch the feeble moan,
Which told her heart was broken.

WANDERING WILLIE.

[1806.]

ALL joy was bereft me the day that you left me,
And climb'd the tall vessel to sail yon wide sea;
O weary betide it! I wander'd beside it,
And bann'd it for parting my Willie and me.

Far o'er the wave hast thou follow'd thy fortune, Oft fought the squadrons of France and of Spain; Ae kiss of welcome's worth twenty at parting, Now I hae gotten my Willie again.

When the sky it was mirk, and the winds they were wailing, I sat on the beach wi' the tear in my ee,
And thought o' the bark where my Willie was sailing,
And wish'd that the tempest could a' blaw on me.

Now that thy gallant ship rides at her mooring, Now that my wanderer's in safety at hame, Music to me were the wildest winds' roaring, That e'er o'er Inch-Keith drove the dark ocean faem.

When the lights they did blaze, and the guns they did rattle, And blithe was each heart for the great victory, In secret I wept for the dangers of battle, And thy glory itself was scarce comfort to me.

But now shalt thou tell, while I eagerly listen,
Of each bold adventure, and every brave scar;
And trust me, I'll smile, though my een they may glisten;
For sweet after danger's the tale of the war.

And oh, how we doubt when there's distance 'tween lovers, When there's naething to speak to the heart thro' the ec; How often the kindest and warmest prove rovers, And the love of the faithfullest ebbs like the sea.

Till, at times—could I help it?—I pined and I ponder'd If love could change notes like the bird on the tree—Now I'll ne'er ask if thine eyes may hae wander'd, Enough, thy leal heart has been constant to me.

Welcome, from sweeping o'er sea and through channel, Hardships and danger despising for fame, Furnishing story for glory's bright annal, Welcome, my wanderer, to Jeanie and hame!

Enough now thy story in annals of glory

Has humbled the pride of France, Holland, and Spain;

No more shalt thou grieve me, no more shalt thou leave me,

I never will part wi

HUNTING SONG, [1808.]

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day,
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk, and horse, and hunting-spear!
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily, merrily, mingle they,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain grey,
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming:
And foresters have busy been,
To track the buck in thicket green;
Now we come to chant our lay,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the green-wood haste away;
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot, and tall of size;
We can show the marks he mnde,
When 'gainst the oak his antlers fra
You shall see him brought to bay,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Louder, louder chant the lay, Waken, lords and ladies gay! Tell them youth, and mirth, and gi Run a course as well as we; Time, stern huntsman! who can in Stanch as hound, and fleet as hawk Think of this; and rise with day, Gentle lords and ladies gay.

SONG.

OH, say not, my love, with that mortified air, That your spring-time of pleasure is flown, Nor bid me to maids that are younger repair, For those raptures that still are thine own.

Though April his temples may wreathe with the vine, Its tendrils in infancy curl'd, 'Tis the ardour of August matures us the wine, Whose life-blood enlivens the world.

Though thy form, that was fashion'd as light as a fay's,
Has assumed a proportion more round,
And thy glance, that was bright as a falcon's at gaze,
Looks soberly now on the ground,—

Enough, after absence to meet me again,
Thy steps still with ecstasy move;
Enough, that those dear sober glances retain
For me the kind language of love.

ON THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE. [1814.]

"In the beginning of the year 1692, an action of unexampled barbarity disgrathe government of King William III. in Scotland. In the August preceding proclamation had been issued, offering an indemnity to such insurgents as shatake the oaths to the King and Queen, on or before the last day of December: the chiefs of such tribes as had been in arms for James, soon after took advant of the proclamation. But Macdonald of Glencoe was prevented by accedent, to

ign, from tendering his submission within the limited time. In the end nber he went to Colonel Hill, who commanded the garrison in Fort-William, he oaths of allegiance to the Government; and the latter having furnished a a letter to Sir Colin Campbell, sheriff of the county of Argyll, directed epair immediately to Inverary, to make his submission in a legal manner hat magistrate. But the way to Inverary lay through almost impassable ns, the season was extremely rigorous, and the whole country was covered leep snow. So eager, however, was Macdonald to take the oaths before ted time should expire, that, though the road lay within half a mile of his use, he stopped not to visit his family, and, after various obstructions, arrived The time had elapsed, and the sheriff hesitated to receive his erary. sion; but Macdonald prevailed by his importunities, and even tears, in in-that functionary to administer to him the oath of allegiance, and to certify se of his delay. At this time Sir John Dalrymple, afterwards Earl of Stair, n attendance upon William as Secretary of State for Scotland, took advantage adonald's neglecting to take the oath within the time prescribed, and procured ne king a warrant of military execution against that chief and his whole clan. ras done at the instigation of the Earl of Breadalbane, whose lands the men had plundered, and whose treachery to Government in negotiating with ighland clans, Macdonald himself had exposed. The King was accordingly ded that Glencoe was the main obstacle to the pacification of the Highlands; ne fact of the unfortunate chief's submission having been concealed, the nary orders for proceeding to military execution against his clan were in nuence obtained. The warrant was both signed and countersigned by the s own hand, and the Secretary urged the officers who commanded in the ands to execute their orders with the utmost rigour. Campbell of Glenlyon, tain in Argyll's regiment, and two subalterns, were ordered to repair to oe on the 1st of February with a hundred and twenty men. Campbell, uncle to young Macdonald's wife, was received by the father with all manner ndship and hospitality. The men were lodged at free quarters in the houses tenants, and received the kindest entertainment. Till the 13th of the month oops lived in the utmost harmony and familiarity with the people; and on the night of the massacre, the officers passed the evening at cards in Macdonald's In the night, Lieutenant Lindsay, with a party of soldiers, called in a ly manner at his door, and was instantly admitted. Macdonald, while in ct of rising to receive his guest, was shot dead through the back with two s. His wife had already dressed; but she was stripped naked by the soldiers, ore the rings off her fingers with their teeth. The slaughter now became al, and neither age nor infirmity was spared. Some women, in defending their en, were killed; boys imploring mercy, were shot dead by officers on whose they hung. In one place nine persons, as they sat enjoying themselves at were butchered by the soldiers. In Invertiggon, Campbell's own quarters, nen were first bound by the soldiers, and then shot at intervals, one by one. y forty persons were massacred by the troops; and several who fled to the tains perished by famine and the inclemency of the season. Those who ed owed their lives to a tempestuous night. Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton, nad received the charge of the execution from Dalrymple, was on his march our hundred men, to guard all the passes from the valley of Glencoe; but he bliged to stop by the severity of the weather, which proved the safety of the Next day he entered the valley, laid the houses in ashes, and d away the cattle and spoil, which were divided among the officers and rs."-Article "BRITAIN;"Encyc. Britannica.

"O TELL me, Harper, wherefore flow Thy wayward notes of wail and woe Far down the desert of Glencoe,

Where none may list their melody?
Say, harp'st thou to the mists that fly,
Or to the dun-deer glancing by,
Or to the eagle that from high
Screams chorus to thy minstrelsy?"-

"No, not to these, for they have rest,— The mist-wreath has the mountain-crest, The stag his lair, the erne her nest, Abode of lone security.

Abode of lone security.

But those for whom I pour the lay,

Not wild-wood deep, nor mountain grey,

Not this deep dell, that shrouds from day,

Could screen from treach rous cruelty.

"Their flag was furl'd, and mute their drum,

The very household dogs were dumb, Unwont to bay at guests that come In guise of hospitality. His blithest notes the piper plied, Her gayest snood the maiden tied,

The dame her distaff flung aside, To tend her kindly housewifery.

"The hand that mingled in the meal, At midnight drew the felon steel, And gave the host's kind breast to feel Meed for his hospitality!

The friendly hearth which warm'd that hand,

At midnight arm'd it with the brand, That bade destruction's flames expand Their red and fearful blazoury. "Then woman's shrick was he Nor infancy's unpitied plain, More than the warrior's groan,

Respite from ruthless butch The winter wind that whistle The snows that night that dok Though wild and pitiless, ha Far more than Southron d

"Long have my harp's best

Few are its strings, and faint They can but sound in desert Their grey-hair'd master's Were each grey hair a minst Each chord should imprecati Till startled Scotland loud st 'Revenge for blood and tre

LINES,

ADDRESSED TO RANALD MA ESQ. OF STAFFA.

[1814.]

STAFFA, sprung from high I Worthy branch of old Clar-Staffa! king of all kind fells Well befall thy hills and vall Lakes and inlets, deeps and Cliffs of darkness, caves of Echoing the Atlantic thunde Mountains which the grey m Where the Chieftain spirit h Pausing while his pinions on Stretch'd to quit our land fo Each kind influence reign al Warmer heart, 'twixt this in Beats not, than in heart of S

FAREWELL TO MACKENZIE,

HIGH CHIEF OF KINTAIL

FROM THE GAELIC.

[1815.—ÆT. 44.]

original verses are arranged to a beautiful Gaelic air, of which the chorus is ted to the double pull upon the oars of a galley, and which is therefore disfrom the ordinary jorrams, or boat-songs. They were composed by the ily Bard upon the departure of the Earl of Seaforth, who was obliged to take in Spain, after an unsuccessful effort at insurrection in favour of the Stuart ly, in the year 1718.

FAREWELL to Mackenneth, great Earl of the North, The Lord of Lochcarron, Glenshiel, and Seaforth; To the Chieftain this morning his course who began, Launching forth on the billows his bark like a swan. For a far foreign land he has hoisted his sail, Farewell to Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail!

O swift be the galley, and hardy her crew, May her captain be skilful, her mariners true, In danger undaunted, unwearied by toil, Though the whirlwind should rise, and the ocean should boil; On the brave vessel's gunnel I drank his bonail,* And farewell to Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail!

Awake in thy chamber, thou sweet southland gale! Like the sighs of his people, breathe soft on his sail; Be prolong'd as regret, that his vassals must know, Be fair as their faith, and sincere as their woe: Be so soft, and so fair, and so faithful, sweet gale, Wasting onward Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail!

Be his pilot experienced, and trusty, and wise, To measure the seas and to study the skies: May he hoist all his canvass from streamer to deck, But O 1 crowd it higher when wasting him back— Till the cliffs of Skooroora, and Conan's glad vale, Shall welcome Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail!

SAINT CLOUD.

[Paris, 5th September, 1815.]

r spread the southern summer night er veil of darksome blue; thousand stars combined to light he terrace of Saint Cloud. evening breezes gently sigh'd, ike breath of lover true.

evening breezes gently sigh'd, ike breath of lover true, railing the deserted pride and wreck of sweet Saint Cloud.

The drum's deep roll was heard afar,
The bugle wildly blew
Good-night to Hulan and Hussar,
That garrison Saint Cloud.
The startled Naiads from the shade

With broken urns withdrew,
And silenced was that proud cascade,
The glory of Saint Cloud.

Bonail, or Bonallez, the old Scottish phrase for a feast at parting with a friend.

We sate upon its steps of stone, Nor could its silence rue, When waked, to music of our own, The echoes of Saint Cloud.

Slow Seine might hear each lovely note Fall light as summer dew,

Fall light as summer dew, While through the moonless air they float, Prolong'd from fair Saint Cloud.

And sure a melody more sweet His waters never knew,

Though music's self was wont to meet With Princes at Saint Cloud.

Nor then, with more delighted ear, The circle round her drew,

Than ours, when gather'd round to hear Our songstress at Saint Cloud.

Few happy hours poor mortals pass,— Then give those hours their due, And rank among the foremost class Our evenings at Saint Cloud.

THE DANCE OF DEATH.

[1815.]

I.

NIGHT and morning were at meeting Over Waterloo;

Cocks had sung their earliest greeting;
Faint and low they crew,

For no paly beam yet shone
On the heights of Mount Saint John;
Tempest-clouds prolong'd the sway
Of timeless darkness over day;
Whirlwind, thunder-clap, and shower,
Mark'd it a predestined hour.
Broad and frequent through the night
Flash'd the sheets of levin-light;
Muskets, glancing lightnings back,
Show'd the dreary bivouack

Where the soldier lay, Chill and stiff, and drench'd with rain, Wishing dawn of morn again, Though death should come with day.

11.

'Tis at such a tide and hour, Wizard, witch, and fiend, have power, And ghastly forms through mist and shower

Gleam on the gifted ken;

And then the affrighted prop Drinks whispers strange of h Presaging death and ruin ner

Among the sons of men Apart from Albyn's war-arra 'Twas then grey Allan sleeple Grey Allan, who, for many a

Grey Allan, who, for many a Had follow'd stout and a Where, through battle's rout Storm of shot and hedge of Led the grandson of Lochiel.

Valiant Fassiefern. Through steel and shot he lead Low laid 'mid friends' and gore—

But long his native lake's will And Sunart rough, and high

And Morven long shall t And proud Bennevis hear wit How, upon bloody Quatre-Br Brave Cameron heard the wil Of conquest as he fell.

TEL

'Lone on the outskirts of the The weary sentinel held post, And heard, through darkness The frequent clang of coarses Where held the cloak'd procurse.

And spurr'd 'gainst storm the

But there are sounds in Allan Patrol nor sentinel may hear, And sights before his eye agh Invisible to them have passed

When down the destine 'Twixt Britain and the bands Wild as marsh-borne meteor Strange phantoms wheel'd a r

And doom'd the future's Such forms were seen, su were heard,

When Scotland's James his pared

For Flodden's fatal plais Such, when he drew his ruth As Choosers of the Slain, as

As Choosers of the Slain, at The yet unchristen'd Da An indistinct and phantom h They wheel'd their ring-dan hand, With gestures wild and dread; Seer, who watch'd them ride the storm, through their faint and shadowy form The lightning's flash more red; 1 still their ghastly roundelay

s of the coming battle-fray, And of the destined dead.

IV.

Song.

Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance,
And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave,

To sleep without a shroud.

Our airy feet, So light and fleet,

They do not bend the rye
That sinks its head when whirlwinds rave,

And swells again in eddying wave,
As each wild gust blows by;

But still the corn, At dawn of morn,

Our fatal steps that bore,

At eve lies waste, A trampled paste

Of blackening mud and gore.

v.

Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance,
And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave

To bloody grave, To sleep without a shroud.

Wheel the wild dance! Brave sons of France,

For you our ring makes room; Make space full wide

For martial pride,

For banner, spear, and plume. Approach, draw near, Proud cuirassier!

Room for the men of steel!
Through crest and plate
The broadsword's weight

Both head and heart shall feel.

VI.

Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance,
And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
To sleep without a chrow

To sleep without a shroud.

Sons of the spear!
You feel us near
In many a ghastly dream;
With fancy's eye
Our forms you spy,
And hear our fatal scream.
With clearer sight
Ere falls the night,

Just when to weal or woe
Your disembodied souls take flight
On trembling wing—each startled
sprite

Our choir of death shall know.

VII.

Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance,
And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
To sleep without a shroud.

Burst, ye clouds, in tempest showers, Redder rain shall soon be ours—
See the east grows wan—
Yield we place to sterner game,
Ere deadlier bolts and direr flame
Shall the welkin's thunders shame
Elemental rage is tame
To the wrath of man.

VIII.

At morn, grey Allan's mates with awe Heard of the vision'd sights he saw,

The legend heard him say;
But the Seer's gifted eye was dim,
Deafen'd his ear, and stark his limb,
Ere closed that bloody day—

Ere closed that bloody day— He sleeps far from his Highland heath,— But often of the Dance of Death

His comrades tell the tale,
On picquet-post, when ebbs the night,
And waning watch-fires glow less bright,
And dawn is glimmering pole.

113

ROMANCE OF DUNOIS.

FROM THE FRENCH.

[1815.]

The original of this little Romance makes part of a manuscript of French Songs, probably compiled by some young officer, which was fo field of Waterloo, so much stained with clay and with blood, as sa indicate what had been the fate of its late owner. The song is popular and is rather a good specimen of the style of composition to which it be translation is strictly literal.

It was Dunois, the young and brave, was bound for Palestine, But first he made his orisons before Saint Mary's shrine: "And grant, immortal Queen of Heaven," was still the Soldier's "That I may prove the bravest knight, and love the fairest fair,"

His oath of honour on the shrine he graved it with his sword, And follow'd to the Holy Land the banner of his Lord; Where, faithful to his noble vow, his war-cry fill'd the air, "Be honour'd aye the bravest knight, beloved the fairest fair,"

They owed the conquest to his arm, and then his Liege-Lord said, "The heart that has for honour beat by bliss must be repaid.—
My daughter Isabel and thou shall be a wedded pair,
For thou art bravest of the brave, she fairest of the fair."

And then they bound the holy knot before Saint Mary's shrine, That makes a paradise on earth, if hearts and hands combine; And every lord and lady bright, that were in chapel there, Cried, "Honour'd be the bravest knight, beloved the fairest fair!

THE TROUBADOUR.

FROM THE SAME COLLECTION.

[1815.]

GLOWING with love, on fire for fame, A Troubadour that hated sorrow, Beneath his lady's window came,

And thus he sung his last good-morrow:
"My arm it is my country's right,
My heart is in my true-love's bower;
Gaily for love and fame to fight
Befits the gallant Troubadour."

And while he march'd with helm on head

And harp in hand, the descant rung,
As, faithful to his favourite maid,
The minstrel-burden still he sung;
"My arm it is my country's right,
My heart is in my lady's bower;
Resolved for love and fame to fight,
I come, a gallant Troubadour."

Even when the battle-roar with dauntless heart hehe
'Mid splintering lance an

And still was heard his w
"My life it is my country's
My heart is in my lady's
For love to die, for fame to
Becomes the valiant Tro

Alas! upon the bloody field He fell beneath the foem But still reclining on his shi Expiring sung the exulting

"My life it is my country's
My heart is in my lady's
For love and fame to fall in
Becomes the valuant Trop

SONG,

THE LIFTING OF THE BANNER OF THE HOUSE OF BUCCLEUCH, AT A GREAT FOOT-BALL MATCH ON CARTERHAUGH.

[1815.]

FROM the brown crest of Newark its summons extending, Our signal is waving in smoke and in flame; And each forester blithe, from his mountain descending, Bounds light o'er the heather to join in the game.

CHORUS.

Then up with the Banner, let forest winds fan her, She has blazed over Ettrick eight ages and more; In sport we'll attend her, in battle defend her, With heart and with hand, like our fathers before.

When the Southern invader spread waste and disorder,
At the glance of her crescents he paused and withdrew,
For around them were marshall'd the pride of the Border,
The Flowers of the Forest, the Bands of BUCCLEUCH.
Then up with the Banner, &c.

A Stripling's weak hand to our revel has borne her,
No mail-glove has grasp'd her, no spearmen surround;
But ere a bold foeman should scathe or should scorn her,
A thousand true hearts would be cold on the ground.
Then up with the Banner, &c.

We forget each contention of civil dissension,
And hail, like our brethren, HOME, DOUGLAS, and CAR:
And ELLIOT and PRINGLE in pastime shall mingle,
As welcome in peace as their fathers in war.
Then up with the Banner, &c.

Then strip, lads, and to it, though sharp be the weather, And if, by mischance, you should happen to fall, There are worse things in life than a tumble on heather, And life is itself but a game at foot-ball.

Then up with the Banner, &c.

And when it is over, we'll drink a blithe measure
To each Laird and each Lady that witness'd our fun,
And to every blithe heart that took part in our pleasure,
To the lads that have lost and the lads that have won.
Then up with the Banner, &c.

May the Forest still flourish, both Borough and Landward, From the hall of the Peer to the Herd's ingle-nook; And huzza! my brave hearts, for BUCCLEUCH and his standard, For the King and the Country, the Clan, and the Duke!

Then up with the Banner, let forest winds fan her, She has blazed over Ettrick eight ages and more; In sport we'll attend her, in battle defend her, With heart and with hand, like our fathers before.

LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF.

Am-"Cadalga le."

[1815.]

ı.

O, HUSH thee, my babie, thy sire was a knight, Thy mother a lady both lovely and bright; The woods and the glens, from the towers which we see, They all are belonging, dear babie, to thee.

O ho ro, i ri ri, cadul gu lo,

O ho ro, i ri ri, &c.

IL.

O, fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows, It calls but the warders that guard thy repose; Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red, Ere the step of a forman draws near to thy bed.

O ho ro, i ri ri, &c.

III.

O, hush thee, my babie, the time soon will come, When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum; Then hush thee. my darling, take rest while you may, For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day.

O ho ro, i ri ri, &c.

THE RETURN TO ULSTER. [1816.]

ONCE again,—but how changed since my wand'rings began—I have heard the deep voice of the Lagan and Bann, And the pines of Clanbrassil resound to the roar, That wearies the echoes of fair Tullamore.

Alas! my poor bosom, and why shouldst thou burn!
With the scenes of my youth can its raptures return?
Can I live the dear life of delusion again,
That flow'd when these echoes first mix'd with my strain?

It was then that around me, though poor and unknown, High spells of mysterious enchantment were thrown; The streams were of silver, of diamond the dew, The land was an Eden, for fancy was new. I had heard of our bards, and my soul was on fire At the rush of their verse, and the sweep of their lyre: To me 'twas not legend, nor tale to the ear, But a vision of noontide, distinguish'd and clear.

Ultonia's old heroes awoke at the call,

And renew'd the wild pomp of the chase and the ball;

And the standard of Fion flash'd fierce from on high, Like a burst of the sun when the tempest is nigh. It seem'd that the harp of green Erin once more Could renew all the glories she boasted of yore.—Yet why at remembrance, fond heart, shouldst thou burn? They were days of delusion and cannot return.

But was she, too, a phantom, the Maid who stood by, And listed my lay, while she turn'd from mine eye? Was she, too, a vision, just glancing to view, Then dispersed in the sunbeam, or melted to dew? Oh! would it had been so,—Oh! would that her eye Had been but a star-glance that shot through the sky, And her voice that was moulded to melody's thrill, Had been but a zephyr, that sigh'd and was still!

Oh! would it had been so,—not then this poor heart Had learn'd the sad lesson, to love and to part; To bear, unassisted, its burthen of care, While I toil'd for the wealth I had no one to share. Not then had I said, when life's summer was done, And the hours of her autumn were fast speeding on, "Take the fame and the riches ye brought in your train, And restore me the dream of my spring-tide again."

JOCK OF HAZELDEAN.

AIR-"A Border Melody."

The first stanza of this Ballad is ancient. The others were written for Mr. Campbell's Albyn's Anthology.

[1816.]

.

WHY weep ye by the tide, ladie? Why weep ye by the tide? 'Il wed ye to my youngest son, And ye sall be his bride: and ye sall be his bride, ladie, Sae comely to be seen "— aut aye she loot the tears down fa' For Jock of Hazeldean.

II.

Now let this wilful grief be done, And dry that cheek so pale; Young Frank is chief of Errington, And lord of Langley-dale; Iis step is first in peaceful ha', His sword in battle keen"— But aye she loot the tears down fa' For Jock of Hazeldean. III.

"A chain of gold ye sall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair;
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;
And you, the foremost o' them a',
Shall ride our forest queen"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

IV

The kirk was deck'd at morning-tide,
The tapers glimmer'd fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there.
They sought her baith by bower and ha';
The ladie was not seen!
She's o'er the Border, and awa'

Wi' Jock of Hazeldesn.



riodaireachd Dhonuil l Piob agus bratach air fa The pipe-summons of D The pipe summons of D The war-pipe and the p

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu, Pibroch of Donuil, Wake thy wild voice ancw, Summon Clan Conuil. Come away, come away, Hark to the summons! Come in your war array, Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and
From mountain so rocky,
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlocky.
Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterr'd,
The bride at the altar;

MACGREGOR
AIR—"The
WRITTEN FOR A

Then haloo, Grigalach! haloo, Grigalach! Haloo, haloo, haloo, Grigalach, &c.

Glen Orchy's proud mountains, Coalchuirn and her towers, Glenstrae and Glenlyon no longer are ours;

We're landless, landless, landless, Grigalach! Landless, landless, landless, &c.

But doom'd and devoted by vassal and lord,

MacGregor has still both his heart and his sword!

Then courage, courage, courage, Grigalach!

Courage, courage, courage, &c.

If they rob us of name, and pursue us with beagles, Give their roofs to the flame, and their flesh to the eagles! Then vengeance, vengeance, vengeance, Grigalach!

Vengeance, vengeance, vengeance, &c.

While there's leaves in the forest, and foam on the river, MacGregor, despite them, shall flourish for ever!

Come then, Grigalach, come then, Grigalach!

Through the depths of Loch Katrine the steed shall career, O'er the peak of Ben-Lomond the galley shall steer, And the rocks of Craig-Royston like icicles melt, Ere our wrongs be forgot, or our vengeance unfelt.

Then gather, gather, gather, Grigalach! Gather, gather, gather, &c.

THE SUN UPON THE WEIRDLAW HILL.

AIR-"Rimhin aluin 'stu mo run."

[1817.]

E sun upon the Weirdlaw Hill, in Ettrick's vale, is sinking sweet; e westland wind is hush and still, The lake lies sleeping at my feet. t not the landscape to mine eye Bears those bright hues that once it bore:

bore; ough evening, with her richest dye, Flames o'er the hills of Ettrick's shore.

ith listless look along the plain, I see Tweed's silver current glide, id coldly mark the holy fane Of Melrose rise in ruin'd pride. The quiet lake, the balmy air,
The hill, the stream, the tower, the
tree,—

Are they still such as once they were, Or is the dreary change in me?

Alas, the warp'd and broken board, How can it bear the painter's dye! The harp of strain'd and tuneless chord, How to the minstrel's skill reply! To aching eyes each landscape lowers, To feverish pulse each gale blowschill;

And Araby's or Eden's bowers Were barren as this moorland hill.

THE MONKS OF BANGOR'S MARCH. AIR—"Ymdaith Mionge."

WRITTEN FOR MR. GEORGE THOMSON'S WELSH MELODIES.

[1817.]

HELFRID, or OLFRID, King of Northumberland, having besieged Chester in 613, d BROCKMAEL, a British Prince, advancing to relieve it, the religious of the ighbouring Monastery of Bangor marched in procession, to pray for the success

of their countrymen. But the British being totally defeated, the heather put the monks to the sword, and destroyed their monastery. The tune to these verses are adapted is called the Monks' March, and is supposed to har played at their ill-omened procession.

WHEN the heathen trumpet's clang Round beleaguer'd Chester rang, Veiled nun and friar gray March'd from Bangor's fair Abbaye; High their holy anthem sounds, Cestria's vale the hymn rebounds, Floating down the silvan Dee, Omiserere, Domine!

On the long procession goes, Glory round their crosses glows, And the Virgin-mother mild In their peaceful banner smiled; Who could think such saintly band Doom'd to feel unhallow'd hand? Such was the Divine decree, O miserere, Domine!

Bands that masses only sung, Hands that censers only swung, Met the northern bow and bill, Heard the war-cry wild and shrill: Woe to Brockmael's feeble hand Woe to Olfrid's bloody brand, Woe to Saxon cruelty,

O miserere, Don

Weltering amid warriors slain, Spurn'd by steeds with bloody in Slaughter'd down by heathen his Bangor's peaceful monks are lain Word of parting rest unspoke. Mass unsung, and bread unbroke For their souls for charity, Sing, O minerers, Den

Bangor! o'er the murder wail!
Long thy rains told the tale,
Shatter'd towers and broken are
Long recall'd the woeful march:
On thy shrine no tapers burn,
Never shall thy priests return:
The pilgrim sighs and sings for:
O miscert, Don

MACKRIMMON'S LAMENT.

Asu-" Cha till mi tuille."

[1818.]

Mackrimmon, hereditary piper to the Laird of Macleod, is said to have posed this Lament when the Clan was about to depart upon a distant and dan expedition. The Minstrel was impressed with a belief, which the event we that he was to be slain in the approaching feud; and hence the Gaelic "Cha till mi tuille; ged thillis Macleod, cha till Mackrimmon," "I shall return; although Macleod returns, yet Mackrimmon shall never return!" piece is but too well known, from its being the strain with which the em from the West Highlands and Isles usually take leave of their native shore.

MACLEOD'S wizard flag from the grey castle sallies,
The rowers are seated, unmoor'd are the galleys;
Gleam war-axe and broadsword, clang target and quiver,
As Mackrimmon sings, "Farewell to Dunvegan for ever!
Farewell to each cliff, on which breakers are foaming;
Farewell, each dark glen, in which red-deer are roaming;
Farewell, lonely Skye, to lake, mountain, and river;
Macleod may return, but Mackrimmon shall never!

"Farewell the bright clouds that on Quillan are sleeping;
Farewell the bright eyes in the Dun that are weeping;
To each minstrel delusion, farewell!—and for ever—
Mackrimmon departs, to return to you never!

The Banshed's wild voice sings the death-dirge before me, The pall of the dead for a mantle hangs o'er me; But my heart shall not flag, and my nerves shall not shiver, Though devoted I go—to return again never!

"Too oft shall the notes of Mackrimmon's bewailing Be heard when the Gael on their exile are sailing; Dear land! to the shores, whence unwilling we sever, Return—return—return shall we never!

Cha till, cha till, cha till sin tuille!
Cha till, cha till, cha till sin tuille,
Cha till, cha till, cha till sin tuille,
Gea thillis Macleod, cha till Mackrimmon!"

DONALD CAIRD'S COME AGAIN.

AIR—"Malcolm Caird's come again."
[1818.]

CHORUS.

DONALD CAIRD'S come again!
Donald Caird's come again!
Tell the news in brugh and glen,
Donald Caird's come again!

onald Caird can lilt and sing, lithely dance the Hieland fling, rink till the gudeman be blind, leech till the gudewife be kind; loop a leglin, clout a pan, r crack a pow wi' ony man; ell the news in brugh and glen, onald Caird's come again.

> Donald Caird's come again I Donald Caird's come again I Tell the news in brugh and glen, Donald Caird's come again.

onald Caird can wire a maukin, ens the wiles o' dun-deer staukin', eisters kipper, makes a shift o shoot a muir-fowl in the drift; Vater-bailiffs, rangers, keepers, le can wauk when they are sleepers; fot for bountith or reward vare ye mell wi' Donald Caird.

> Donald Caird's come again ! Donald Caird's come again ! Gar the bagpipes hum amain, Donald Caird's come again.

Oonald Caird can drink a gill 'ast as hostler-wife can fill; lka ane that sells gude liquor Lens how Donald bends a bicker; When he's fou he's stout and saucy, Keeps the cantle o' the cawsey; Hieland chief and Lawland laird Maun gie room to Donald Caird!

> Donald Caird's come again l Donald Caird's come again l Tell the news in brugh and glen, Donald Caird's come again.

Steek the amrie, lock the kist, Else some gear may weel be mist; Donald Caird finds orra things Where Allan Gregor fand the tings; Dunts of kebbuck, taits o' woo, Whiles a hen and whiles a sow, Webs or duds frae hedge or yard—'Ware the wuddie, Donald Caird!

> Donald Caird's come again! Donald Caird's come again! Dinna let the Shirra ken Donald Caird's come again.

On Donald Caird the doom was stern, Craig to tether, legs to airn; But Donald Caird wi' mickle study, Caught the gift to cheat the wuddie; Rings of airn, and bolts of steel, Fell like ice frae hand and heel! Watch the sheep in fauld and glen, Donald Caird's come again!

Donald Caird's come again!
Donald Caird's come again!
Dinna let the Justice ken
Donald Caird's come again.



And springs, where grey-hair'd sherds tell,

That still the fairies love to dwell.

Along the silver streams of Tweed, 'Tis blithe the mimic fly to lead, When to the hook the salmon springs And the line whistles through the ring The boiling eddy see him try, Then dashing from the current high, Till watchful eye and cautious hand Have led his wasted strength to land.

THE MA

AIR-" T/

WRITTEN FOR MR. GEORGE

ſ

OH, Maid of Isla, from the cliff, That looks on troubled wave and sky. Dost thou not see you little skiff Contend with ocean gallantly? Now beating 'gainst the breeze and surge, And steep'd her leeward deck in foam, Why does she war unequal urge ?-Oh, Isla's maid, she seeks her home.

FAREWELL TO THE MUSE.

[1822.]

ENCHANTRESS, farewell, who so oft has decoy'd me, At the close of the evening through woodlands to roam, Where the forester, lated, with wonder espied me Explore the wild scenes he was quitting for home. Farewell, and take with thee thy numbers wild speaking The language alternate of rapture and woe:

Oh! none but some lover, whose heart-strings are breaking, The pang that I feel at our parting can know.

Each joy thou couldst double, and when there came sorrow,
Or pale disappointment to darken my way,
What voice was like thine, that could sing of to-morrow,
Till forgot in the strain was the grief of to-day!
But when friends drop around us in life's weary waning,
The grief, Queen of Numbers, thou canst not assuage;
Nor the gradual estrangement of those yet remaining,
The languor of pain, and the chillness of age.

'Twas thou that once taught me, in accents bewailing,
To sing how a warrior lay stretch'd on the plain,
And a maiden hung o'er him with aid unavailing,
And held to his lips the cold goblet in vain;
As vain thy enchantments, O Queen of wild Numbers,
To a bard when the reign of his fancy is o'er,
And the quick pulse of feeling in apathy slumbers—
Farewell, then, Enchantress;—I meet thee no more.

END OF THE POEMS..





NOTES.



APPENDIX.

NOTES TO THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

Page 12. The feast was over in Branksome tower.

In the reign of James I., Sir William Scott of Buccleuch, chief of the clan bearing that name, exchanged, with Sir Thomas Inglis of Manor, the estate of Murdiestone, in Lanark-thire, for one-half of the barrony of Branksome, or Brankholm, lying upon the Teviot, about three miles above Hawick. He was probably induced to this transaction from the weignity of induced to this transaction from the vicinity of Branksome to the extensive domain which he sessed in Ettrick Forest and in Teviotdale. on the former district he held by occupancy the estate of Buccleuch, and much of the forest land on the river Ettrick. In Twiotdale, he Robert II. to his ancestor, Walter Scott of Kirkurd, for the apprehending of Gilbert Rid-derford, confirmed by Robert III. 3d May 1424. Tradition imputes the exchange betwixt Scott and Inglis to a conversation, in which the latter aman, it would appear, of a mild and for-bearing nature—complained much of the into which he was exposed from the English Bracksome. Sir William Scott instantly Fored him the estate of Murdiestone, in exchange for that which was subject to such strength inconvenience. When the bargain completed, he dryly remarked that the Twinterland to Sir David, his son, and to Sir David, his son, the remaining half of the barony of Branksome, and to Sir David, his son, the held in blanche for the payment of a red be held in blanche for the payment of a red ose. The cause assigned for the grant is, their brave and faithful exertions in favour of the Sing against the house of Douglas, with whom James had been recently tugging for the throne of Scotland. This charter is dated the 2d Feb-Fuary 1441; and, in the same month, part of the barony of Langholm, and many lands in Lanark-shire, were conferred upon Sir Walter and his son by the same monarch.

22. Nine-and-twenty knights of same Hung their shields in Branksome-hall.

The ancient barons of Buccleuch, both from feudal splendour and from their frontier situa-

tion, retained in their household, at Brankso a number of gentlemen of their own name, v held lands from their chief, for the mili service of watching and warding his castle.

13. " - with Jedwood-axe at saddle-bo

"Of a truth," says Froissart, "the Scot cannot boast great skill with the bow, but rat bear axes, with which, in time of need, they a heavy strokes." The Jedwood-axe was a of partisan, used by horsemen, as appears in the arms of Jedburgh, which bear a cava mounted, and armed with this weapon. I also called a Jedwood or Jeddart staff.

13. They watch, against Southern force of guile, Lest Scroop, or Howard, or Per

fowers,
Threaten Franksome's lordly towe,
From Warkworth, or Naworth,
merry Carlisle.

Branksome Castle was continually expote to the attacks of the English, both from situation and the restless military disposition its inhabitants, who were seldom on good te with their neighbours.

13. Bards long shall tell, llow Lord Walter fell.

Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch succeeded his grandfather, Sir David, in 1492. He wi hrave and powerful baron, and Warden of West Marches of Scotland. His death was consequence of a feud betwixt the Scotts. Kerrs.

13. While Cessford owns the rule of Car. While Ettrick boasts the line of Scott.

Among other expedients resorted to stanching the feud betwixt the Scotts and Kerrs, was a bond executed in 1529, betwith the heads of each clan, binding themselves perform reciprocally the four principal pligrages of Scotland, for the benefit of the soul those of the opposite name who had fallen in quarrel. But either this indenture never t effect, or else the feud was renewed sho afterwards. The family of Ker, Kerr, or C was very powerful on the Border.

14. He learn'd the art that none may

In Padua, far beyond the sea.

Padua was long supposed, by the Scottish peasants, to be the principal school of necro-

14. His form no darkening shadow traced Upon the sunny wall!

The shadow of a necromancer was independent of the sun. Glycas informs us that Simon Magus caused his shadow to go before him, making people believe it was an attendant spirit.

By willy turns, by desperate bounds, Had baffled Percy's best blood-hounds.

The kings and heroes of Scotland, as well as the Border-riders, were sometimes obliged to study how to evade the pursuit of blood-hounds. Barbour informs us, that Robert Bruce was repeatedly tracked by sleuth-dogs. On one occasion, he escaped by wading a bow-shot down a brook, and ascending into a tree by a down a prook, and ascending into a tree by a branch which overhung the water; thus, leaving no trace on land of his footsteps, he baffled the seemt. A sure way of stopping the dog was to spill blood upon the track, which destroyed the discriminating fineness of his scent. A captive was sometimes sacrificed on such occasions was sometimes sacrificed on such occasions. Henry the Miastrel tells a romantic story of Wallace, founded on this circumstance:—The hero's little band had been joined by an Irish-man, named Fawdoun, or Fadzean, a dark, sawage, and suspicious character. After a sharp skirmish at Black-Erne Side, Wallace was forced to retreat with only sixteen followers, the English moustling with a Border blood-baund. In the to recreat with only sixteen rollowers, the English pursuing with a Border blood-hound. In the retreat, Fawdoun, tired, or affecting to be so, would go no further, and Wallace having in vain argued with him, in hasty anger struck off his head, and continued the retreat. When the English came up, their hound stayed upon the

"The sleuth stopped at Fawdon, still she stood,"
Nor farther would fra time she fund the blood,"

16. And sought the convent's lonely wall.

The ancient and beautiful monastery of Mel-The ancient and peaturint monastery of acti-rose was founded by King David I. Its ruins afford the fuest specimen of Gothic archite-ture and Gothic sculpture which Scotland can boast. The stone of which it is built, though it has resisted the weather for so many ages, retains perfect sharpness, so that even the most minute ornaments seem as entire as when newly wrought.

17. Then view St. David's ruin'd pile.

David I. of Scotland purchased the reputation of sanctive, by founding, and liberally endowing, not only the monastery of Melrose, but those of Kelso, Jedburgh, and many others; which led to the well-known observation of his successor, that he was a sore saint for the

13, O gallant Chief of Otterburne !

The desperate battle of Otterburne was fought 15th August 1383, between Henry Percy, called Hotspur, and James, Earl of De these renowned champions, rival fame, were at the head of a the troops. The issue of the conflict is Percy was made prisoner, and the the day, dearly purchased by be igallant general, the Earl of Doug slain in the action. He was burio beneath the high altar.

18. - Dark Knight of Liddle

William Douglas, the Knight of flourished during the reign of In was so distinguished by his valous called the Flower of Chivalry. Van his renown by the murder of S Ramsay of Dalhousie, originally harder in arms. The King had on Ramsay the sherifidom of Tevial Douglas pretended some claim. t'us preference, the Knight of Lide d'un upon Ramsay, while he was j istice at Hawick, seized and carri his remote and inaccessible castle of where he threw his unfortunate p where he threw his unfortunate ps and man, into a dungeon, leaving h of hunger. So weak was the reythat David, although highly saw atrocious murder, found himself of point the Knight of Liddesdale suctim, as Sheriff of Teviordale soon after slain, while hunting in Ethy his own godson and chieffain, W of Douglas, in revenge, according authors, of Ramsay's murder; popular tradition, preserved in a h popular tradition, preserved in a by Godscroft, some parts of wh preserved, ascribes the resentment to jealousy.

19. - The wondrous Michael

Sir Michael Scott of Balweari during the 13th century, and was to Scotland upon the death of Ale By a poetical anachronism, he is in a later era. He was a man of mu chiefly acquired in foreign countries a commentary upon Aristotle, prints in 1496; and several treatises a philosophy, from which he appe-been addicted to the abstruse studie maney. Hence he passed among poraries for a skilful magician. poraries for a schill magnetic informs us, that he remembers to in his youth, that the magic books Scott were still in existence, but eopened without danger, on accounting and the scott in the scott i dition varies concerning the place as some contending for Home Columberland; others for Melrose Abbe agree, that his books of magic win his grave, or preserved in the our he died, e words that cleft Eildon hills in three.

I Scott was, once upon a time, much sed by a spirit, for whom he was under sity of finding constant employment, anded him to build a caulal, or damoss the Tweed at Kelso; it was acid in one night, and still does honour mal architect. Michael next ordered, on hill, which was then a uniform cone, e divided into three. Another night ient to part its summit into the three ae peaks which it now bears. At e enchanter conquered this indefatign, by employing him in the hopeless as task of making ropes out of sea-

e Baron's Dwarf his courser held.

a of Lord Cranstoun's Goblin Page is
a a being called Gilpin Horner, who
and made some stay, at a farm-house
e Border mountains.

'was delusion, nought was truth.

ir, in the legends of Scottish supereans the magic power of imposing on
the of the spectators, so that the apof an object shall be totally different
reality. To such a charm the ballad
y Fa' imputes the fascination of the
nuntess, who eloped with that gipsy

oon as they saw her weel-far'd face, ey cast the glamour o'er her."

erunning stream dissolved the spell. firm article of popular faith, that no ent can subsist in a living stream, ou can interpose a brook betwist you ses, spectres, or even fiends, you are tafety. Burns's inimitable Tamer turns entirely upon such a circum-

le never counted him a man Would strike below the knee.

Would struce once.

Me an antagonist in the thigh, or leg, ned contrary to the law of arms. In wist Gawain Michael, an English di Joachim Cathore, a Frenchman, it at the speare poyntes rudely; the quyer justed right pleasantly; the an ran too lowe, for he strak the an depe into the thigh. Wherewith of Buckingham was right sore disund so were all the other lords, and rit was shamefully done."—Froisaari, p. 366.

Penchryst glows a bale of fire.

eacon-fagot. The Border beacons, number and position, formed a sort phic communication with Edinburgh. If Parliament 1455, c. 48, directs, that or fagot shall be warning of the of the English in any manner; two

bales, that they are coming indeed; four bales, blazing beside each other, that the enemy are in great force.

27. On many a cairn's grey pyramid, Where urns of mighty chiefs lie hid.

The cairns, or piles of loose stones, which crown the summit of most of our Scottish hills, and are found in other remarkable situations, seem usually, though not universally, to have been sepulchral monuments. Six flat stones are commonly found in the centre, forming a cavity of greater or smaller dimensions, in which an urn is often placed. The author is possessed of one, discovered beneath an immense cairn at Roughlee, in Liddesdale. It is of the most barbarous construction; the middle of the substance alone having been subjected to the fire, over which, when hardened, the artist had laid an inner and outer coat of unbaked clay, etched with some very rude ornaments, his skill apparently being inadequate to baking the vase, when completely finished. The contents were bones and ashes, and a quantity of beads made of coal. This seems to have been a barbarous imitation of the Roman fashion of sepulture.

28. Fell by the side of great Dundee.

The Viscount of Dundee, slain in the battle of Killicrankie.

28. For pathless marsh and mountain cell, The peasant left his lowly shed.

The morasses were the usual refuge of the Border herdsmen, on the approach of an English army.—(Minstrelay of the Scottich Border, vol. i. p. 393.) Caves, hewed in the most dangerous and inaccessible places, also afforded an occasional retreat. Such caverus may be seen in the precipitous banks of the Teviot at Sunlaws, upon the Ale at Ancram, upon the Jed at Hundalee, and in many other places upon the Border. The banks of the Eske, at Gorton and Hawthornden, are hollowed into similar recesses.

28. Watt Tinlinn.

This person was, in my younger days, the theme of many a fireside tale. He was a retainer of the Buccleuch family, and held for his Border service a small tower on the frontiers of Liddesdale. Watt was, by profession, a suttor, but, by inclination and practice, an archer and warrior. Upon one occasion, the captain of Bewcastle, military governor of that wild district of Cumberland, is said to have made an incursion into Scotland, in which he was defeated and forced to fly. Watt Tinlinn pursued him closely through a dangerous morass; the captain, however, gained the firm ground; and seeing Tinlinn dismounted, and floundering in the bog, used these words of insult:—"Sutor Watt, we cannot sew your boots: the heels righ, and the seams rire."

"If I cannot sew," retorted Tinlinn, discharg-

* Rist, creak .- Rive, war.

ing a shaft, which nailed the captain's thigh to his saddle,-" If I cannot sew, I can yerk."

29. His wife, stout, ruddy, and darkbrowd,
Of silver brooch and bracelet proud.

As the Borderers were indifferent about the furniture of their habitations, so much exposed to be burned and plundered, they were proportionally anxious to display splendour in deco-rating and ornamenting their females. - See Luster de Moribus Limitaneorum.

29. Belted Will Howard.

Lord William Howard, third son of Thomas, Lord William Howard, third soil of Homas, Duke of Norfolk, succeeded to Naworth Castle, and a large domain annexed to it, in right of his wife Elizabeth, sister of George Lord Dacre, who died without heirs male, in the 11th of Queen Elizabeth. By a poetical anachronism, he is introduced into the romance a few years earlier than he actually flourished. He was warden of the Western Marches; and, from the rigour with which he repressed the Border excesses, the name of Belted Will Howard is still famous in our traditions.

29. Lord Dacre.

The well-known name of Dacre is derived from the exploits of one of their ancestors at the siege of Acre, or Ptolemais, under Richard Cœur-de-Lion.

29. The German hackbut-men.

In the wars with Scotland, Henry VIII. and his successors employed numerous bands of mercenary troops. At the battle of Pinky there were in the English army six hundred hack-butters on foot, and two hundred on horseback, composed chiefly of foreigners.

31. Their gathering word was Bellenden.

Bellenden is situated near the head of Borthwick water, and being in the centre of the possessions of the Scotts, was frequently used as their place of rendezvous and gathering

33. That he may suffer march-treason pain. Several species of offences, peculiar to the Border, constituted what was called march-treason. Among others, was the crime of riding, or causing to ride, against the opposite country during the time of truce.

Knighthood he took of Douglas' sword.

The dignity of knighthood, according to the original institution, had this peculiarity, that it did not flow from the monarch, but could be conferred by one who himself possessed it, upon any squire who, after due protation, was found to merit the honour of chivalry. Latterly, this power was confined to generals, who were wont to create knights bannerets after or before an engagement.

* Feek, to twitch, as shoemakers do, in securing the stitches of their work.

33. When English blood mult!

The battle of Ancram Moot, or Po was fought A.D. 1545. The Enmanded by Sir Ralph Evers and Latoun, were totally routed, and leaders slain in the action. The So was commanded by Archibald Do of Angus, assisted by the Laint of and Norman Lesley.

34. For who, in field or ferry the Saw the blanche lion out fall

This was the cognizance of the cof Howard in all its branches. The bearing, of a warrior, was often nomme de guerre.

36. The Bloody Heart blazed in Announcing Douglas, drop

The chief of this potent race of hi the date of the poem, was Archibal seventh Earl of Angus, a man of a and activity. The Bloody Heart w known cognizance of the house assumed from the time of good Lawhose care Robert Bruce countries to be carried to the Holy Land.

36. The Seven Spears of Wadde Sir David Home of Wedderbarn fatal battle of Flodden, left were were called the Seven Spears of W

36. - Clarence's Plantagenet

At the battle of Beauge, a Fram Duke of Clarence, brother to Hen unhorsed by Sir John Swinten of Se distinguished him by a coronet ac-cious stones, which he wore around The family of Swinten is one a ancient in Scotland, and produced heated warrises. brated warriors.

36. And shouting still, "A

The Earls of Home, as descent Dunbars, ancient Earls of March lion rampant, argent : but, as a lion rampant, argent : but, as a changed the colour of the shield fr

changed the colour of the shield fivert, in allusion to Greenlaw, the possession. The slogan, in ware powerful family, was, "A Home! The Hepburns, a powerful fam Lothian, were usually in close allian Homes. The chief of this class was the conditional of the class of the colour state of the colour state of the class was the too famous Earl of Bothwell.

37. Twist truce and war, a change
Was not infrequent, nor kell
In the old Border-day.

Notwithstanding the constant or Borders, and the occasional crumarked the mutual inroads, the methor side do not appear to have reother with that wiolens and people.

it have been expected. On the cond on something resembling friendly even in the middle of hostilities; evident, from various ordinances ade and intermarriages between id Scottish Borderers, that the goof both countries were jealous of shing too intimate a connexion.

r the dark blood-hound on his way, ! with the bugle rouse the fray!

suit of Border marauders was folte injured party and his friends with ds and bugle-horn, and was called d. He was entitled, if his dog could cent, to follow the invaders into the ngdom; a privilege which often oc-loodshed. The breed of the bloodkept up by the Buccleuch family on er estates till within the 18th cen-

wrought not by forbidden spell.

belief, though contrary to the docne Church, made a favourable dis-twixt magicians and necromancers :—the former were supposed to the evil spirits, and the latter to t least to be in league and compact enemies of mankind The arts of the demons were manifold; someiends were actually swindled by the

erlin sat upon her wrist.

n, or sparrow-hawk, was actually ladies of rank, as a falcon was, in eace, the constant attendant of a paron. Godscroft relates, that when orraine was regent, she pressed the rus to admit a royal garrison into Tantallon. To this he returned no of Tantallon. of Tantallon. To this he returned no er; but, as if apostrophizing a gossch sat on his wrist, and which he was iring the Queen's speech, he extra decil's in this greedy glede; she be full."—Hume's History of the Donglas, 1743, vol. ii. p. 131. Bar-lains of the common and indecent f bringing hawks and hounds into

princely peacock's gilded train, i o'er the boar-head, garnished brave.

cock, it is well known, was consiing the times of chivalry, not merely te delicacy, but a dish of peculiar

After being roasted, it was again with its plumage, and a sponge, ighted spirits of wine, was placed in Vhen it was introduced on days of val, it was the signal for the adven-ghts to take upon them wows to do l of chivalry, "before the peacock lies." The boar's head was also a usual dish of feudal splendour. In Scotland it was sometimes surrounded with little banners, displaying the colours and achievements of the baron at whose board it was served.—Pinkerton's History, vol. i. p. 432.

43. Smote, with his gauntlet, stout Hunt-hill.

The Rutherfords of Hunthill were an ancient race of Border Lairds, whose names occur in history, sometimes as defending the frontier against the English, sometimes as disturbing the peace of their own country. Dickon Drawthe-sword was son to the ancient warrior, called in tradition the Cock of Hunthill, remarkable for leading into battle nine sons, gallant warriors, all sons of the aged champion.

- bit his glove.

To bite the thumb, or the glove, seems not to have been considered, upon the Border, as a gesture of contempt, though so used by Shakspeare, but as a pledge of mortal revenge. It is yet remembered, that a young gentleman of Teviotdale, on the morning after a hard drinking-bout, observed that he had bitten his glove. ing-nout, observed that he had bitten his glove. He instantly demanded of his companion, with whom had he quarrelled? And, learning that he had had words with one of the party, insisted on instant satisfaction, asserting that, though he remembered nothing of the dispute, yet he was sure he never would have bit his glove unless he had received some unpardonable insult. He fell in the duel, which was fought insult. near Selkirk, in 1721.

- old Albert Græme, The Minstrel of that ancient name.

"John Græme, second son of Malice, Earl of Monteith, commonly surnamed John with the Bright Sword, upon some displeasure risen against him at court, retired with many of his clan and kindred into the English Borders, in the reign of King Henry the Fourth, where they seated themselves, and many of their pos-terity have continued there ever since. Mr. terity have continued there ever since. Mr. Sandford, speaking of them, says, (which indeed was applicable to most of the Borderers on both sides,) 'They were all stark most-troopers, and arrant thieves: Both to England and Scotland outlawed; yet sometimes considered to because they gove intelligence forth nived at, because they gave intelligence forth of Scotland, and would raise 400 horse at any time upon a raid of the English into Scotland. A saying is recorded of a mother to her son, (which is now become proverbial,) Ride, Rowley, kongh's i' the pot; that is, the last piece of beef was in the pot, and therefore it was high time for him to go and fetch more."—Intro-duction to the History of Cumberland.

45 Who has not heard of Surrey's fame!

The gallant and unfortunate Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, was unquestionably the most accomplished cavalier of his time; and his sonnets display beauties which would do honour to a more polished age. He was beheaded on





The forwargener, or Snake of the Ocean, whose folds surround the earth, is one of the wildest fictions of the Edda. It was very nearly caught by the god Thor, who went to fish for it with a hook baited with a bull's head. In the battle betwitt the evil demons and the divinities of Odin, which is to precede the Ragnaracter, or Twilight of the Gods, this Snake is to act a conspicuous part.

47. Of those dread Maids, whose hideous yell

These were the Valcyriur, or Selectors of the Slain, despatched by Odin from Valhalla, to choose those who were to die, and to distribute the contest. They are well known to the English reader, as Gray's fatal Sisters.

47. Of Chiefs, who, guided through the gloom

By the pale death-lights of the tomb,

NOTES TO

39. As when the Champion of the Lake Enters Morgane's fated house, Or in the Chapel Perilous, Despising spells and demone force, Holds converse with the unburied

The romance of the Morte d'Arthur contains a sort of abridgment of the most celebrated adventures of the Round Table; and, being written in comparatively modern in



NOTES.

heartily, for through the boly vessell I am healed: But I have right great mervaile of this sleeping knight, which hath had neither grace nor power to awake during the time that this holy vessell hath beene here present '—'I dare it right well say,' said the squire, 'that this same knight is defouled with some manner of deadly same, whereof he has never confessed '—'By my faith,' said the knight, 'what-soever he be, he is mihappie; for, as I deeme, he is of the fellowship of the Round Table, the which is entered into the quest of the Sanc-greall.'—'Sir,' said the squire, 'here I have brought you all your armes, save your helme and your sword; and, therefore, by mine asseot, now may ye take this knight's helme and his sword;' and so he did. And when he was cleane armed, he took Sir Launcelot's horse, for he was better than his owne, and so they departed from the crosse.

"Then nann Sir Launcelot awaked, and set

Then anon Sir Launcelot awaked, and set himselfe upright, and he thought him what hee had there seene, and whether it were dreames or not; right so he heard a voice that said, 'Sir Launcelot, more hardy than is the stone, and more bitter than is the wood, and more naked and bare than is the liefe of the fig-tree, therefore go thou from hence, and withdraw thee from this holy place;' and when Sir Launcelot heard this, he was passing heavy, and wist not what to doe. And so he departed sore weeping, and cursed the time that he was borne; for then he deemed never to have had more worship; for

the words went unto his heart, till that he knew wherefore that hee was so called."

59. And Dryden, in immortal strain, Had raised the Table Round again.

Dryden's melancholy account of his projected Epic Poem, blasted by the selfish and sordid parsimony of his patrons, is contained in an "Essay on Satire," addressed to the Earl of Dorset, and prefixed to the Translation of Juvenal. After mentioning a plan of supplying machinery from the guardian angels of kingdoms, mentioned in the Book of Daniel, he adds--

"Thus, my lord, I have, as briefly as I could, given your lordship, and by you the world, a rude draught of what I have been long labouring in my imagination, and what I had intended to have put in practice (though far unable for the attempt of such a poem): and to have left the stage, to which my genius never much inclined me, for a work which would have taken up my life in the performance of it. This, too, I had intended chiefly for the honour of my native country, to which a poet is particularly obliged. Of two subjects, both relating to it. I was doubtful whether I should choose that of King Arthur conquering the Saxons, which, being farther distant in time, gives the greater scope to my invention; or that of Edward the Black Prince, in subduing Spain, and restoring it to the lawful prince though a great tyrant, Don Pedro the Cruel; which, for the compass of time, including only the expedition of one

year, for the greatness of the assessment become from the management of the management of the management of the proposed to the ingarperson whom he restored, and it becausiful episodes which I had into the principal design, together with of the cheitest English, persons wirgil and Spenser, I would have sion to represent my living fineable of the noblest families, and also a events of future ages in the succimperial line),—with these helps, the machines which I have mentioperhaps have done, as well as some decessors, or at least chalted on others to amend my errors in a like being encouraged only with fair others to amend my errors in a like being encouraged only with fair others to amend my errors in a like being encouraged only with fair others to amend my errors in a like being encouraged in the beginning of my a yow age has overtaken me, and winsufferable evil, through the claume has wholly disabled me."

59. Their theme the merry min Of Ascapart, and Bevie les

The "History of the Bevis of I abridged by my friend Mr. Georg that liveliness which extracts and out of the most rude and unpromistales of chivalry. Ascapart, a me personage in the romance, is thus an extract:—

This geaunt was mighty and stre And full thirty foot was long. He was bristled like a now;

He was bristled like a saw;
A foot he had between each bruHis lips were great, and hung as
His eyen were hollow, his mount
Lothly he was to look on than,
And liker a devil than a man.
His stoff was a roung cole.

And liker a devit than a man. His staff was a young oak, Hard and heavy was his stroke." of Metrical Romanees, vol. ii. p. 1 I am happy to say, that the me Bevis is still tragrant in his town of ton; the gate of which is sentineffigies of that doughty knight-err gigantic associate.

60. Day set on Norham's castle.
And Tweed's fair viver,
deep, &c.

The minous castle of Norham clauded Ubbanford; is situated on a bank of the Tweed, about six mines wick, and where that river is still the tween England and Scotland. T its ruins, as well as its historical shows it to have been a place of m as well as strength. Edward I. m when he was created umpire of concerning the Scottish succession repeatedly taken and retaken duris between England and Scotland; a scarce any happened, in which it principal share. Norham Castle is a steep bank, which overhangs the

sieges which the castle had sustained, frequent repairs necessary. In 1164, nost rebuilt by Hugh Pudsey, Bishop m, who added a huge keep, or donjon; anding which, King Henry II. in 1174, castle from the bishop, and committed ng of it to William de Neville. After dit seems to have been chiefly garriant.

the King, and considered as a royal The Greys of Chillingham Castle quently the castellans, or captains of son: yet, as the castle was situated trimony of St. Cuthbert, the property e see of Durham till the Reformation at period it passed through various At the union of the crowns, it was in ssion of Sir Robert Carey (afterwards fonmouth) for his own life, and that of s sons. After King James's accession, ld Norham Castle to George Home, Dunbar, for £6000. See his curious, published by Mr. Constable of Edin-

ling to Mr. Pinkerton, there is in the Museum, Cal. B. 6. 216, a curious of the Dacres on the state of Norham 1 522, not long after the battle of The inner ward, or keep, is repres impregnable:—"The provisions are 22t vats of salt eels, forty-four kine 5, sheads of salted salmon, forty quarters besides many cows and four hundred ing under the castle-wall nightly; but r of the arrows wanted feathers, and a chiker [i.e. maker of arrows] was re-History of Scotland, vol. ii. p. 201,

uins of the castle are at present cont, as well as picturesque. They consist re shattered tower, with many vaults, ments of other edifices, enclosed within and wall of great circuit.

he battled towers, the donjon keep.

perhaps unnecessary to remind my that the donjon, in its proper significatins the strongest part of a feudal castle; mare tower, with walls of tremendous s, situated in the centre of the other s, from which, however, it was usually l. Here, in case of the outward decing gained, the garrison retreated to eir last stand. The donjon contained thall, and principal rooms of state for occasions, and also the prison of the from which last circumstance we demodern and restricted use of the word. Ducange (voce Dunjo) conjectures r, that the name is derived from these ing usually built upon a hill, which in called Dun. Borlase supposes the me from the darkness of the apartments towers, which were thence figuratively ungoons; thus deriving the ancient word.

61. Well was he arm'd from head to heel, In mail and plate of Milan steel.

The artists of Milan were famous in the middle ages for their skill in armoury, as appears from the following passage, in which Froissart gives an account of the preparations made by Henry, Earl of Hereford, afterwards Henry IV, and Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marischal, for their proposed combat in the lists at Coventry:—"These two lords made ample provision of all things necessary for thecombat; and the Earl of Derby sent off messengers to Lombardy, to have armour from Sir Galeas, Duke of Milan. The Duke complied with joy, and gave the knight, called Sir Francis, who had brought the message, the choice of all his armour for the Earl of Derby. When he had selected what he wished for in plated and mail armour, the Lord of Milan, out of his abundant love for the Earl, ordered four of the best armourers in Milan to accompany the knight to England, that the Earl of Derby might be more completely armed."—JOHNES' Froissart, vol. iv. p. 597.

61. Embo checks at me, to beath is bight.

The crest and motto of Marmion are borrowed from the following story:—Sir David de Lindsay, first Earl of Crauford, was, among other gentlemen of quality, attended, during a visit to London in 1300, by Sir William Dalzell, who was, according to my authority, Bower, not only excelling in wisdom, but also of a lively wit. Chancing to be at the court, he there saw Sir Piers Courtenay, an English knight, famous for skill in tilting and for the beauty of his person, parading the palace, arrayed in a new mantle, bearing for device an embroidered falcon, with this rhyme.—

"I bear a falcon, fairest of flight; Whoso pinches at her, his death is dight." In graith."†

The Scottish knight, being a wag, appeared next day in a dress exactly similar to that of Courtenay, but bearing a magpie instead of the falcon, with a motto ingeniously contrived to rhyme to the vaunting inscription of Sir Piers:—

"I hear a pie, picking at a piece;
Whoso picks at her, I shall pick at his nese,?
In faith."

This affront could only be expiated by a joust with sharp lances. In the course, Dalzell left his helmet unlaced, so that it gave way at the touch of his antagonist's lance, and he thus avoided the shock of the encounter. This happened twice: in the third encounter, the handsome Courtenay lost two of his front teeth. As the Englishman complained bitterly of Dalzell's fraud in not fastening his helmet, the Scottishman agreed to run six courses more, each champion staking in the hand of the king two hundred pounds, to be forfeited if, on

1 Nose.

* Prepared. † Armour.

entering the lists, any unequal advantage should emering the leas, any unequal advantage should be detected. This being agreed to, the willy Scot demanded that Sir Piers, in addition to the leas of his teeth, should consent to the extinction of one of his eyes, he himself having lost an eye in the fight of Otterburn. As Courtenay demurred to this equalization of optical powers, Dalzell demanded the forfeit, which after much alternation the king. after much altercation, the king appointed to be paid to him, saying, he surpassed the English both in wit and valour. This must appear to the reader a singular specimen of the humour of that time. I suspect the Jockey Club would have given a different decision from Henry IV.

61. They hail'd Lord Marmion: They half a Lord Lard of Fontenaye, Of Lutterward, and Scrivelbaye, Of Tamworth tower and town.

Lord Marmion, the principal character of the present romance, is entirely a fictitious personage. In earlier times, indeed, the family of Marmion, Lords of Fontenay in Normandy, was highly distinguished. Robert de Marmion, Lord of Fontenay, a distinguished follower of the Conqueror, obtained a grant of the castle and town of Tamworth, and also of the manor of Scrivelby, in Lincolnshire. One, or both, of these noble possessions, was held by the honourable service of being the Royal Champion, as the ancestors of Marmion had formerly been to the Dukes of Normandy. But after the castle and demesne of Tamworth had passed through four successive barrons from Robert, the family became extinct in the person of Philip de Marmion, who died in 20th Edward I. without issue male. He was succeeded in his castle of Tamworth by Alexander de Freville, who married Mazera, his grand-daughter. Baldwin de Freville, Alexander's descendant, in the reign of Richard I., by the supposed tenure of Royal Champion, and to do the service apper-dailing. Ramely on the day of cormation, to Lord Marmion, the principal character of the Royal Champion, and to do the service apper-taining; namely, on the day of coronation, to ride, completely armed, upon a barbed horse, into Westminster Hall, and there to challenge the combat against any who would gainay the king's title. But this office was adjudged to king's title. But this office was adjudged to Sir John Dymoke, to whom the manor of Scrivelby had descended by another of the co-beiresses of Robert de Marmion; and it remains in that family, whose representative is Hereditary Champion of England at the present day. The family and possessions of Freville have merged in the Earls of Ferrars. I have not, therefore, created a new family, but only revived the titles of an old one in an imaginary

It was one of the Marmion family, who, in the reign of Edward II. performed that chival-rous feat before the very castle of Norham, which Bishop Percy has woven into his beauti-ful ballad," The Hermit of Warkworth." The

story is thus told by Leland :-

"The Scottes cam yn to the men England, and destroyed the carls of and Herbotel, and overran must of 5 umberland marche

"At this tyme, Thomas Gray and habit defended Norham from the Source.
"It were a wonderful processe in do what mischefes cam by honger and another the space of ai yeres in Northardardards the Scottes became so proude, after the got Berwick, that they nothing extreme Englishmen. Englishmen.

Englishmen.

"About this time there was a pentionade yn Lincolushir, to which case gentlemen and ladies; and among the lady brought a heaulme for a roan of with a very riche creste of gold, to William inon, knight, with a letter of commande her lady, that he should go into the damplace in England, and ther to let the be seene and known a famous. So her Norham: whither, within 4 days of one and Philip Moubray, guardian of the having yn his bande 40 men of armen, fiftour of onen of the Scottish marches.

"Thomas Gray, capitayne of Norham."

flour of men of the Scotlish march.

"Thomas Gray, capitayne of Norham
this, brought his garison afore the ba
the castel, behind whom cam William
arrayed, as al glittering in gold, and
the heaulme, his lady's present.

"Then said Thomas Gray to Maris
Knight, be ye cum hither to fame you
meant mon your horse, and red lying.

Knight, be ye cum hither to fame your mount up on yowr horse, and ryde lyke man to yowr foes even here at hand, an sake God if I rescue not thy body de alyve, or I myself wyl dye for it.

"Whereupon he toke his cursere, an among the throng of ennemyes; the whis core stripes on him, and pulled him at out of his sadel to the grounde.

"Then Thomas Gray, with all the son, lette prick yn among the Scottes, wondid them and their horses, that the overthrowan; and Marmion, sare better horsid agayn, and, with Gray, perses

horsid agayn, and, with Gray, perse Scottes yn chase. There were taken of price; and the women of Norham them to the foote men to follow the ch

62. Sir Hugh the Heron bold, Baron of Twisell, and of For And Captain of the Hold.

Were accuracy of any consequence titious narrative, this castellan's name a have been William; for William Heron was husband to the famous Lady Ford syren charms are said to have cost our Ja so dear. Moreover, the said William so dear. Moreover, the came was, at the time supposed, a prisone land, being surrendered by Henry account of his share in the slaught Robert Ker of Cessford. His wife, or in the text as residing at the Court of S. was, in fact, living in her own carde at See Sir Richard Haron's curious Ge the Heron Family.

3- James back'd the cause of that mock Warbick, that Flemish counterfeit, Who on the gibbet paid the cheat. Then did I march with Surrey's power, What time we razed old Ayloun Tower.

the story of Perkin Warbeck, or Richard, ke of York, is well known. In 1496, he was eaved honourably in Scotland; and James after conferring upon him in marriage his melation, the Lady Catherine Gordon, made on England in behalf of his pretensions. Tetaliate an invasion of England, Surrey manced, into Berwickshire at the head of miderable forces, but retreated, after taking inconsiderable fortress of Ayton.

53. — here be some have prick'd as far, On Scottish ground, as to Dunbar; Have drunk the monks of St. Bothan's

> And driven the beeves of Lauderdale; Harried the wives of Greenlaw's goods, And given them light to set their hoods.

The garrisons of the English castles of Wark, wrham, and Berwick, were, as may be easily apposed, very troublesome neighbours to Scotad. Sir Richard Maitland of Ledington rote a poem, called "The Blind Baron's omfort," when his barony of Blythe, in auderdale, was harried by Rowland Foster, e English captain of Wark, with his comuy, to the number of 300 men. They spoiled so poetical knight of 5,000 sheep, 200 nolt, horses and mares; the whole furniture of is house of Blythe, worth 100 pounds Scots £8:6:8), and everything else that was oftable.

64. The priest of Shoreswood—he could rein The wildest war-horse in your train.

This churchman seems to have been akin to Veish, the vicar of St. Thomas of Exeter, a ader among the Cornish insurgents in 1542. This man," says Holinshed, "had many good lags in him. He was of no great stature, but ell set, and mightilie compact: he was a very od wrestler; shot well, both in the long bow dalso in the cross-bow; he handled his tad-gun and peece very well; he was a very od wrodman, and a hardie, and such a one would not give his head for the polling, or beard for the washing." This model of trical talents had the misfortune to be hanged on the steeple of his own church.

4. — that Grot where Olives nod,
Where, darling of each heart and eye,
From all the south of Sicily,
Saint Rosalie retired to God.

"Sante Rosalia was of Palermo, and born of very noble family, and when very young, horred so much the vanities of this world, d avoided the converse of mankind, resolving dedicate herself wholly to God Almighty, at alsa, by divine inspiration, forsook her father's house, and never was more heard of till her body was found in that cleft of a rock, on that almost inaccessible mountain, where now the chapel is built; and they affirm she was carried up there by the hands of angels: for that place was not formerly so accessible (as now it is) in the days of the Saint; and even now it is a very bad, and steepy, and breakneck way. In this frightful place, this holy woman lived a great many years, feeding only on what she found growing on that barren mountain, and creeping into a narrow and dreadful cleft in a rock, which was always dropping wet, and was her place of retirement as well as prayer; having worn out even the rock with her knees in a certain place, which is now opened on purpose to show it to those who come here "— Voyage to Sicily and Malfa, by Mr. John Dryden (son to the poet), p. 107.

65. Friar John — Himself still sleeps before his beads Have mark'd ten aves and two creeds.

Friar John understood the soporific virtue of his beads and breviary, as well as his namesake in Rabelais. "But Gargantua could not sleep by any ugans, on which side soever he turned himself. Whereupon the monk said to him, 'I never sleep soundly but when I am at sermon or prayers: Let us therefore begin, you and I, the seven penitential psalms, to try whether you shall not quickly fall asleep.' The conceit pleased Gargantua very well; and beginning the first of these psalms, as soon as they came to Beati quorum they fell asleep, both the one and the other."

65. The summon'd Palmer came in place.

A Palmer, opposed to a Pilgrim, was one who made it his sole business to visit different holy shrines; travelling incessantly, and subsisting by charity: whereas the Pilgrim retired to his usual home and occupations when he had paid his devotions at the particular spot which was the object of his pilgrimage. The Palmers seem to have been the Questionarii of the ancient Scottish canons 1242 and 1226.

65. To fair St. Andrews bound, Within the occan-cave to pray, Where good Saint Rule his holy lay, From midnight to the daven of day, Sung to the billows' seund.

St. Regulus (Scottice, St. Rule), a monk of Patrae, in Achaia, warned by a vision, is said, A. D. 370, to have sailed westward, until he landed at St. Andrews, in Scotland, where he founded a chapel and tower. The latter is still standing; and, though we may doubt the precise date of its foundation, is certainly one of the most ancient edifices in Scotland. A cave, nearly fronting the ruinous castle of the Archbishops of St. Andrews, bears the name of this religious person. It is difficult of access; and the rock in which it is hewn is washed by the German Ocean. It is nearly round, about ten feet in diameter, and the same in height. On

one side is a sort of stone altar; on the other, an aperture into an inner den, where the miser-able ascetic, who inhabited this dwelling, prohably slept. At full tide, egress and regress are hardly practicable. As Regulus first colo-nized the metropolitan see of Scotland, and converted the inhabitants in the vicinity, he has some reason to complain, that the ancient has some reason to compann, that the ancient name of Kiltrule (Cella Reguli) should have been superseded, even in favour of the tutelar saint of Scotland. The reason of the change was, that St. Rule is said to have brought to Scotland the relics of Saint Andrew.

- Saint Fillan's blessed well

Whose spring can freezied dreams dispel, And the cruzed brain restore. St. Fillan was a Sotusish sain of some reputation. Although Popery is, with us, matter of abomination, yet the common people still retain abomination, yet the common people still retain some of the superstitions connected with it. There are in Perthshire several wells and springs dedicated to St. Fillan, which are still places of pilgrimage and offerings, even among the Protestants. They are held powerful in cases of madness; and, in some of very late occurrence, lunatics have been left all night bound to the holy stone, in confidence that the saint would cure and unloose them before morning.

66. The scenes are desert now, and bare,

Where flourish'd once a forest fair. Ettrick Forest, now a range of mountainous Ettrick Forest, now a range of mountainous sheep-walks, was anciently reserved for the pleasure of the royal chase. Since it was disparked, the wood has been, by degrees, almost totally destroyed, although, wherever protected from the sheep, copses soon arise without any planting. When the King hunted there, he often summoned the array of the country to meet and assist his sport. Thus, in 1288, James V. "made proclamation to all lords, barons, gentlemen, landward-men, and free-holders, that they should compear at Edinburgh, with a month's victuals, to pass with the King where he pleased, to danton the theireves of Tiviotdale, Annandale, Liddisdale, and other parts of the country; and also warned all gentlemen that had good dogs to bring them, that he might hunt in the said country as he that he might hunt in the said country as he pleased: The whilk the Earl of Argyle, the Earl of Huntley, the Earl of Athole, and so all the rest of the centlemen of the Highland, did, and brought their hounds with them in like

manner, to hunt with the King as he pleased.
"The second day of June the King past out of Edinburgh to the hunting, with many of the nobles and gentlemen of Scotland with him, to hoose and gentlemen of scotland with nim, to the number of twelve thousand men; and then past to Meggitland, and hounded and hawked all the country and bounded; that is to say, Crammat, Pappertlaw, St Mary-laws, Carlav-rick, Chapel, Ewindoores, and Longhope. I heard say, he slew, in these bounds, eighteen score of harts." *

Pitacottic's History of Scotland, folio edition, p. 143.

These huntings had, of yourse, a character, and attendance specific part of the duty of a yound. To abolishing ward or military teamens enumerates the services of learning

enumerates the service watching, and warding, as those who future to be illegal.

Taylor, the water-poet, has given of the mode in which these huntings ducted in the Highlands of Scotle

ducted in the Highlands of Scotlasseventeenth century, having here; seventeenth century, having here; Braemar upon such an occasion;— "There did I find the truly mide homourable lords, John Erskine, East don, Earl of Engye, son and her insh of Huntley; James Erskine, East don, Earl of Marray; Cadon, Earl of Mar, and their Countesses, much homoured, and my last assure proved friend, Sir William Murray, Abercarney, and hundreds of other proved friend, Sir William Murray, Abercarney, and hundreds of other esquires, and their followers; all a man, in general, in one habit, as if had been there, and made laws of monce in the year, which is the whale August, and sometimes part of 8 many of the nobility and gentry of the for their pleasure) do come in these countries to hunt; where they defended countries to hunt; where they themselves to the habit of the H commerce to the habit of the High who, for the most part, speak as hish; and in former time, were the which were called the Red-chant habit is—shoes, with but one stockings (which they call short-lase a warm stuff of diverse colours, as call tartan; as for breeches, many of their forefathers, never were any, to of the same stuff that their hoas is garters being bands or wreaths of ha with a plaid about their shoulders; mantle of diverse colours, much finer stuff than their hoas; a handkerchief, long their heads; a handkerchief, long their heads; a handkerchief, long their heads; and thus attired. Now their weapons are—land forked arrows, swords and targe busses, muskets, durks, and Loch With these arms I found many of the for the hunting. As for their attire, of what degree soever, that come of what degree soever, that come them, must not alread to wear do, then they will disdain to hont, o to bring in their dogs; but if men be them, and be in their habit, then are quered with kindness, and the sport w tiful. This was the reason that I four

titul. This was the reason that I four noblemen and gentlemen in those she to proceed to the hunting:

"My good Lord of Murr having p that shape, I rode with him from where I saw the ruins of an old cat the Castle of Kindroghit. It was King Malcolm Canmore for a huntiwho reigned in Scotland, when Ed Confessor, Harold, and Norman

England. I speak of it, because it a house I saw in those parts; for I pace of twelve days after before I house, corn-field, or habitation for nee, but deer, wild horses, wolves, ke creatures,—which made me doubt did never have seen a house again. he first day we travelled eight miles, e were small cottages, built on purge in, which they call Lonquhards, good Lord Erskine, he commanded did always be lodged in his lodging: being always on the side of a bank; es and pots boiling, and many spits of winding, with great variety of venison baked; sodden, rost, and f; mutton, goats, kid, hares, fresh geons, hens, capons, chickens, paruir-coots, heath-cocks, caperkellies, gants; good ale, sacke, white and t (or allegant), with most potent

se, and more than these, we had superfluous abundance, caught rs, fowlers, fishers, and brought by ch consisteth of fourteen or fifteen en and horses. The manner of the this: Five or six hundred men do on the morning, and they do disperse divers ways, and seven, eight, or ompass, they do bring, or chase in, a many herds (two, three, or four a herd) to such or such a place, as en shall appoint them; then, when e, the lords and gentlemen of their do ride or go to the said places, wading up to the middles, through rivers ; and then, they being come e, do lie down on the ground, till aid scouts, which are called the o bring down the deer; but, as the rs of the bad cook, so these tinkhell their own fingers; for, besides their rrows, which they carry with them, r, now and then, a harquebuss or a off, which they do seldom discharge hen, after we had staid there three hereabouts, we might perceive the r on the hills round about us (their ing a show like a wood), which, ved close by the tinkhell, are chased the valley where we lay; then all on each side, being waylaid with a nuple of strong Irish greyhounds, I let loose as occasion serves, upon deer, that with dogs, guns, arrows, daggers, in the space of two hours, it deer were slain; which after are , some one way, and some another, thirty miles, and more than enough to make merry withall, at our ren-

me Saint Mary's silent lake.

utiful sheet of water forms the reservhich the Yarrow takes its source.

It is connected with a smaller lake, called the Loch of the Lowes, and surrounded by mountains. In the winter, it is still frequented by flights of wild swans; hence my friend Mr. Wordsworth's lines—

"The swan on sweet St. Mary's lake Floats double, swan and shadow."

Near the lower extremity of the lake are the ruins of Dryhope Tower, the birth-place of Mary Scott, daughter of Philip Scott of Dryhope, and famous by the traditional name of the Flower of Yarrow. She was married to Walter Scott of Harden, no less renowned for his depredations, than his bride for her beauty. Her romantic appellation was, in latter days, with equal justice, conferred on Miss Mary. Lilias Scott, the last of the elder branch of the Harden family. The author well remembers the talent and spirit of the latter Flower of Yarrow, though age had then injured the charms which procured her the name. The words usually sung to the air of "Tweedside," beginning, "What beauties does Flora disclose," were composed in her honour.

68. —— in feudal strife, a foe Hath lain Our Lady's chapel low.

The chapel of St. Mary of the Lowes (de lacubus) was situated on the eastern side of the lake to which it gives name. It was injured by the clan of Scott, in a feud with the Cranstouns, but continued to be a place of worship during the seventeenth century. The vestiges of the building can now scarcely be traced; but the burial-ground is still used as a cemetery. A funeral, in a spot so very retired, has an uncommonly striking effect. The vestiges of the chaplain's house are yet visible. Being in a high situation, it commanded a full view of the lake, with the opposite mountain of Bourhope, belonging, with the lake itself, to Lord Napier. On the left hand is the Tower of Dryhope, mentioned in a preceding note.

68. _____ the Wizard's grave; That Wizard-Priest's, whose bones are thrust From company of holy dust.

At one corner of the burial-ground of the demolished chapel, but without its precince, is a small mound, called *Binram's Corse*, where tradition deposits the remains of a necromantic priest, the former tenant of the chaplainry.

69. Some ruder and more savage scene, Like that which frowns round dark Loch-skene.

Loch-skene is a mountain lake, of considerable size, at the head of the Mossat-water. The character of the scenery is uncommonly savage; and the earn, or Scottish eagle, has, for many ages, built its nest yearly upon an islet in the lake. Loch-skene discharges itself into a brook, which, after a short and precipitate course, falls from a cataract of immense height and gloomy grandeur, called, from its appearance, the "Grey

Mare's Tail." The "Giant's Grave," afterwards mentioned, is a sort of trench, which bears that name, a little way from the foot of the cutaract. It has the appearance of a battery, designed to command the pass.

60 - St. Cuthbert's Holy Isle.

Lindisfarne, an isle on the coast of Northumberland, was called Holy Island, from the sancity of its ancient monastery, and from its having been the Episcopal seat of the Sec of Durham during the early ages of British Christianity. A succession of holy men held that office: but their merits were swallowed up in the superior fame of St Cuthbert, who was sixth Bishop of Durham, and who bestowed the name of his "patrimony" upon the extensive property of the Sec. The ruins of the monastery upon Holy Island betoken great antiquity. The arches are, in general, strictly Saxon; and the pillars which support them, short, strong, and massy. In some places, however, there are pointed windows, which indicate that the building has been repaired at a period long subsequent to the original foundation. The exterior ornaments of the building, being of a light sandy stone, have been wasted, as described in the text. Lindisfarne is not properly an island, but rather, as the venerable Bede has termed it, a semi-isle: for, although surrounded by the sea at full tide, the ebb leaves the sands dry between it and the opposite coast of Northumberland, from which it is about three miles distant.

72. — in their convent-cell A Saxon princess once did dwell, The lovely Edelfied.

She was the daughter of King Oswy, who, in gratitude to Heaven for the great victory which he won in 655, against Penda, the Pagan King of Mercia, dedicated Edelfleda, then but a year old, to the service of God, in the monastery of Whitby, of which St. Hillda was then abbess. She afterwards adorned the place of her education with great magnificence.

72. — of thousand snakes, each one
Was changed into a coil of stone,
When hely Hilda pray'd;
They told, how sea-foold pinions fail,
As over Whithy's towers they sail.

These two miracles are much insisted upon by all ancient writers who have occasion to mention either Whithy or St. Hilda. The relics of the snakes which infested the precincts of the convent, and were, at the abbess's prayer, not only beheaded, but petrified, are still found about the rocks, and are termed by Protestant fossilists, Ammonites.

Ammonita.

The other miracle is thus mentioned by Camden: "It is also ascribed to the power of her sanctity, that these wild geese, which, in the winter, fly in great flocks to the lakes and rivers unfrozen in the southern parts, to the great amazement of every one, fall down suddenly upon the ground, when they are in their flight over certain neighbouring fields hereabouts: a

relation I should not have made, if I received it from several credible in who are less inclined to beed our robbite it to some occult quality in the and to somewhat of antiputhy betwith geese, such as they say is betwint scylla roots! For that such hidden and aversions, as we call sympathetipathles, are implanted in many provident Nature for the preservation is a thing so evident that everybody. Mr. Charlton, in his History of Who out the true origin of the fable, from to of sea-gulls that, when flying from a salight near Whitby; and from the wand other birds of passage, who do upon their arrival on shore, after a la

72. His body's resting place of old. How oft their patron changed,

St. Cuthbert was, in the choice of chief, one of the most mutable and manints in the Calendar. He died as hermitage upon the Farre Islands, signed the bishoptic of Lindisfarre Island, about two years before. He brought to Lindisfarre, where it remained to the control of the c

The resting-place of the remains of is not now matter of uncertainty. Sa 17th May 1827, 1129 years after their discovery and disinterment were Under a blue stone, in the middle of St. Cuthbert, at the eastern estreachoir of Durham Cathedral, there choin of Durham Cathedral, there found a walled grave, containing the the Saiot. The first, or outer one, a tained to be that of 1548, the second the third, or inner one, answering institution to the description of that of found to contain, not indeed as averred then, and even until 1570, ruptible body, but the entire shelet Saint; the bottom of the grave being dry, free from offensive smell, and w

"He resumed the biolognic of Li which, owing to had health, he again rel within less than three nouths before -Rains's St. Cuthbert. m that a human body had ever mposition within its walls. The ind swathed in five silk robes of abroidery, the ornamental parts af, and these again covered with Beside the skeleton were also al gold and silver insignia, and he Saint.

otland's dauntless king, and ir, &c. is standard fled.

as heard, that when David I., enry, invaded Northumberland glish host marched against them banner of St. Cuthbert; to the h was imputed the great victory tained in the bloody battle of r Cutonmoor. The conquerors much indebted to the jealousy ty of the different tribes who id's army; among whom, as he text, were the Galwegians, trath-Clyde, the men of Teviotian, with many Norman and rs, who asserted the cause of aud. See Chalmers' Caledonia, a most laborious, curious, and ication, from which considerable and manner ought not to turn sh antiquary.

to vindicate his reign, 'Ifred's falchion on the Dane, n'd the Conqueror back again.

have seen, had no great reason anes, when opportunity offered. find, in Simeon of Durham, that ared in a vision to Alfred, when marshes of Glastonbury, and assistance and victory over his is; a consolation, which, as was red, after the victory of Ashend by a royal offering at the Saint. As to William the Conor spread before his army, when punish the revolt of the North-96, had forced the monks to fly oly Island with the body of the lowever, replaced before William and, to balance accounts, the ing intimated an indiscreet cu-he Saint's body, he was, while in anding the shrine to be opened, : and sickness, accompanied with Tor, that, notwithstanding there us dinner prepared for him, he to have thought no small part niracle and the penance), and bridle till he got to the river

othlert sits, and toils to frame born beads that bear his name. do not learn that Cuthbert was, such an artificer as Dunstan, his brother in sanctity, yet, since his death, he has acquired the reputation of forging those Entrocki which are found among the rocks of Holy Island, and pass there by the name of St. Cuthbert's Beads. While at this task, he is supposed to sit during the night upon a certain rock, and use another as his anvil. This story was perhaps credited in former days; at least the Saint's legend contains some not more probable.

73. Old Colwulf.

Ceolwulf, or Colwulf, King of Northumberland, flourished in the eighth century. He was a man of some learning; for the venerable Bede dedicates to him his "Ecclesiastical History." He abdicated the throne about 738, and retired to Holy Island, where he died in the odour of sanctity. Saint as Colwulf was, however, I fear the foundation of the penance-vault does not correspond with his character; for it is recorded among his memorabilia, that, finding the air of the island raw and cold, he indulged the monks, whose rule had hitherto confined them to milk or water, with the comfortable privilege of using wine or ale. If any rigid antiquary insists on this objection, he is well-come to suppose the penance-vault was intended by the founder for the more genial purposes of a cellar.

73. Tynemouth's haughty Prioress.

That there was an ancient priory at Tynemouth is certain. Its ruins are situated on a high rocky point; and, doubtless, many a vow was made to the shrine by the distressed mariners who drove towards the iron-bound coast of Northumberland in stormy weather. It was anciently a nunnery; for Virca, abbess of Tynemouth, presented St. Cuthbert (yet alive) with a rare winding-sheet, in emulation of a holy lady called Tuda, who had sent him a coffin: but, as in the case of Whitby, and of Holy Island, the introduction of nuns at Tynemouth in the reign of Henry VIII. is an anachronism. The nunnery at Holy Island is altogether fictitious. Indeed, St. Cuthbert was unlikely to permit such an establishment; for, notwithstanding his accepting the mortuary gifts above mentioned, and his carrying on a visiting acquaintance with the Abbess of Coldingham, he certainly hated the whole female sex; and, in revenge of a slippery trick played to him by an Irish princess, he, after death, inflicted severe penances on such as presumed to approach within a certain distance of his shrine.

74. On those the wall was to enclose, Alive, within the tomb.

It is well known that the religious, who broke their vows of chastity, were subjected to the same penalty as the Roman vestals in a similar case. A small niche, sufficient to enclose their bodies, was made in the massive wall of the convent; a slender pittance of food and water was deposited in it; and the awful

words, VADE IN PACE, were the signal for immuring the criminal. It is not likely that, in latter times, this punishment was often resorted to; but, among the ruins of the Abbey of Coldingham, were some years ago discovered the remains of a female skeleton, which, from the shape of the niche, and position of the figure, seemed to be that of an immured nun.

the remains of a female skeleton, which, from the shape of the niche, and position of the figure, seemed to be that of an immured nun. [The Edinburgh Reviewer, on stanza xxxii. part, suggests that the proper reading of the sentence is toute in pacem—not part in peace, but go into peace, or into eternal rest, a pretty intelligible mittimus to another world.]

80. The village inn.

The accommodations of a Scottish hostelrie, or inn, in the 16th century, may be collected from Dunbar's admirable tale of "The Friars of Berwick." Simon Lawder, "the gay oatlier," seems to have lived very comfortably; and his wife decorated her person with a scarlet kirtle, and a belt of silk and silver, and rings upon her fingers, and feasted her paramour with rabbits, capons, partridges, and Bordeaux wine. At least, if the Scottish inns were not good, it was not for want of encouragement from the legislature, who, so early as the reign of James I, not only enacted, that in all boroughs and fairs there be hostellaries, having stables and chambers, and provision for man and horse, but by another statute, ordained that no man, travelling on horse or foot, should presume to ledge anywhere except in these hostellaries; and that no person, save inukcepers, should receive such travellers, under the penalty of forty shillings, for exercising such hospitality." But, in spite of these provident enactments, the Scottish hostels are but indifferent, and strangers continue to find reception in the houses of individuals.

82. The death of a dear friend.

Among other omens to which faithful credit is given among the Scottish peasantry, is what is called the "dead-bell," explained, by my friend James Hogg, to be that tinkling in the ears which the country people regard as the secret intelligence of some friend's decease.

B3. The Goblin-Hall.

A vaulted hall under the ancient castle of Gifford or Yester (for it bears either name indifferently), the construction of which has from a very remote period been ascribed to magic. The Statistical Account of the Parish of Garvald and Baro gives the following account of the present state of this castle and apartment:—"Upon a peninsula, formed by the water of Hopes on the east, and a large rivulet on the west, stands the ancient eastle of Yester. Sir David Dalrymple, in his Annals, relates, that 'Hugh Gifford de Yester died in 1267; that in his castle there was a capacious cavern, formed by magical art, and called in the country

* James I., Parliament i. cap 24: Parliament iii. cap. 56. Bo-Hall, i.e. Hobgobin Hall twenty-four steps led down to this which is a large and species he arched roof; and though it both many centuries, and been expecternal air for a period of fifty or a is still as firm and entire as if at he few years. From the three of this stair of thirty-six steps leads down hath a communication with Hoogreat part of the walls of the large castle are still standing. There is that the castle of Yester was the tion, in this country, that currentee Gray, sent into Scotland by Fros et. "Statistical Account, vol. only to add, that, in 1737, the Got tenanted by the Marquis of Twenty and the firm a poem by B "Retirement," written upon us It is now rendered inaccessible to the stair.

84. There floated Hace's banne Above Norweyan marriers,

In 1263, Haco, King of Norva the Frith of Clyde with a powrat and made a descent at Lare. Here he was encountered and ded 2d October, by Alexander III. It to Orkney, where he died soon a grace to his arms. There are near the place of battle, many her which, having been opened, we usual, to contain bones and urns.

84. Upon his breast a pentacle.

"A pentacle is a piece of fine with five corners, according to the and suitably inscribed with charthe matician extends towards the he invokes, when they are atabbolious, and refuse to be conformated and refuse to be conformated by the conformation of the suitable field. The suitable field is a suitable field of the s

84. As born upon that blessed of When yavening growing and Proclaim'd Hell's empire of

It is a popular article of faith, it are born on Christman, or Good the power of seeing spirits, and manding them. The Spaniards haggard and downcast looks of the to the disagreeable visions to which subjected him.

85. Yet still the knightly apear The Elfin Warrior deth a Upon the brown hills in

The following extract from the the Fairy Superstitions, in the "the Scottish Border," wol it will many of the particulars of the coe Alexander III, and the Goldin Kinted "-

e of Tilbury (Otia Imperial ap. Script. nsvic. vol. i. p. 797) relates the followlar story concerning a fairy knight:—
, a bold and powerful baron, visited a nily in the vicinity of Wandlebury, in opric of Ely. Among other stories the social circle of his friends, who, g to custom, amused each other by ancient tales and traditions, he was , that if any knight, unattended, en-adjacent plain by moonlight, and d an adversary to appear, he would liately encountered by a spirit in the lmight. Osbert resolved to make the nt, and set out, attended by a single hom he ordered to remain without the the plain, which was surrounded by an strenchment. On repeating the chal-was instantly assailed by an adversary, quickly unhorsed, and seized the reins During this operation, his ghostly spring up, and darting his spear, like at Osbert, wounded him in the thigh, eturned in triumph with the horse, committed to the care of his servants. e was of a sable colour, as well as his coutrements, and apparently of great nd vigour. He remained with his ill cock-crowing, when, with eyes fire, he reared, spurned the ground, hed. On disarming himself, Osbert that he was wounded, and that one el boots was full of blood." Gervase t "as long as he lived, the scar of his ened afresh on the anniversary of the tich he encountered the spirit." Less nich he encountered the spirit." Less was the gallant Bohemian knight, relling by night with a single com-came in sight of a fairy host, arrayed played banners. Despising the re-) break a lance with a champion, who from the ranks apparently in defiance. anion beheld the Bohemian overorse and man, by his aerial adversary; ning to the spot next morning, he mangled corpses of the knight and Vierarchy of Blessed Angels, p. 554.
these instances of Elfin chivalry sted, many others might be alleged of employing fairy machinery in this The forest of Glenmore, in the North i, is believed to be haunted by a spirit in the array of an ancient awing a bloody hand, from which he name. He insists upon those with neets doing battle with him; and the who makes up an account of the tant in the Macfarlane MS. in the Library, gravely assures us, that, ie, Lham-dearg fought with three rhom he met in his walk, none of r survived the ghostly conflict. Bar-is "Euphormion," gives a singular f an officer who had ventured, with t, rather to intrude upon a hauntel t town in Flanders, than to put up

with worse quarters elsewhere. After taking the usual precautions of providing fires, lights, and arms, they watched till midnight, when, behold! the severed arm of a man dropped from the ceiling; this was followed by the legs, the other arm, the trunk, and the head of the body, all separately. The members rolled together, united themselves in the presence of the astonished soldiers, and formed agigantic warrior, who defied them bothto combat. Their blows, although they penetrated the body and amputated the limbs of their strange antagonist, had, as the reader may easily believe, little effect on an enemy who possessed such powers of self-union; nor did his efforts make more effectual impression upon them. How the combat terminated I do not exactly remember, and have not the book by me; but I think the spirit made to the intruders on his mansion the usual proposal, that they should renounce their redemption; which being declined, he was obliged to retract.

to retract.

The northern champions of old were accustomed peculiarly to search for, and delight in, encounters with such military spectres. See a whole chapter on the subject, in BARTHOLINUS, De Causis contempta Mortis a Danis, p. 253.

88. Close to the hut, no more his own, Close to the aid he sought in vain, The morn may find the stiffen'd swain.

I cannot help here mentioning, that, on the right in which these lines were written suggested, as they were, by a sudden fall of snow, beginning after sunset, an unfortunate man perished exactly in the manner here described, and his body was next morning found close to his own house. The accident happened within five miles of the farm of Ashestiel.

88. — Forbes.

Sir William Forbes of Pitsligo, Baronct; unequalled, perhaps, in the degree of individual affection entertained for him by his friends, as well as in the general respect and esteem of Scotland at large. His "Life of Beattie," whom he befriended and patronised in life, as well as celebrated after his decease, was not long published before the benevolent and affectionate biographer was called to follow the subject of his narrative. This melancholy event very shortly succeeded the marriage of the friend to whom this Introduction is addressed, with one of Sir William's daughters.

89. Friar Rush.

Alias, "Will o' the Wisp." This personage is a strolling demon, or esprit follet, who, once upon a time, got admittance into a monastery as a scullion, and played the monks many pranks. He was also a sort of Robin Goodfellow, and Jack o' Lanthorn. It is in allusion to this mischievous demon that Milton's clown speaks,—

"She was pinched, and pulled, she said, And he by Friar's lanthorn led." "The History of Friar Rush" is of extreme rarity, and, for some time, even the existence of such a book was doubted, although at is expressly alluded to by Reginald Scott, in his "Discovery of Witcheraft." I have perused a copy in the valuable library of my friend Mr. Heber; and I observe, from Mr. Beloe's "Aneedotes of Literature," that there is one in the excellent collection of the Marquis of Stafford.

gt. Crichtoun Castle.

A large ruinous castle on the banks of the Tyne, about ten miles from Edinburgh. As indicated in the text, it was built at different times, and with a very differing regard to splendour and accommodation. The oldest part of the building is a narrow keep, or tower, such as formed the mansion of a lesser Scottish baron; but so many additions have been made to it, that there is now a large court-yard, sur-rounded by buildings of different ages. The eastern front of the court is raised above a portico, and decorated with entablatures, bearing anchors. All the stones of this front are cut into diamond facets, the angular projections of which have an uncommonly rich appearance. The inside of this part of the building appears to have contained a gallery of great length, and uncommon elegance. Access was given to it by a magnificent staircase, now quite destroyed.
The softis are ornamented with twining cordage
and rosettes, and the whole seems to have been and rosettes, and the whole seems to have been far more splendid than was usual in Scottish castles. The castle belonged originally to the Chancellor, Sir William Crichton, and probably owed to him its first enlargement, as well as its being taken by the Earl of Douglas, who imputed to Crichton's counsels the death of his predecessor, Earl William, beheaded in Edinburgh Castle, with his brother, in r440. It is said to have been totally demolished on that occasion, but the present state of the puin that occasion; but the present state of the ruin shows the contrary. In 1483, it was garrisoned by Lord Crichton, then its proprietor, against King James III., whose displeasure he had incurred by seducing his sister Margaret, in revenge, it is said, for the monarch having dishonoured his bed. From the Crichton family the castle passed to that of the Hepburns, Earls of Bothwell; and when the forfeitures of Stewart, the last Earl of Bothwell, were divided, the barony and castle of Crichton fell to the share of the Earl of Buccleuch. They were afterwards the property of the Pringles of Clifton, and are now that of Sir John Callan-der, Baronet: It were to be wished the pro-prietor would take a little pains to preserve these splendid remains of antiquity, which are these spiendid remains of antiquity, which are at present used as a fold for sheep, and winter-ing cattle; although, perhaps, there are very few mins in Scotland which display so well the style and beauty of ancient castle-architecture. The castle of Crichton has a dungeon-vault, called the Massy More. The epithet, which is not uncommonly applied to the prisons of other old castles in Scotland, is of Saracenic origin

It occurs usine in the "Epistol of Tollius: - "Carrer subtress Marier appellant Maricousia, again - "Coguntar course Capta in ergardia subtrevance, que arrival sector Marier again are applied and pulses to the die ancient Moorah causes in Spito show from what nation the castle-building was originally of

92. Earl Adam Hefburn.

He was the second Earl of Rinte field of Flodden, where, ancient English poet, he disting by a furious attempt to retrieve

"Then on the Scottish part, rig The Earl of Bothwell then And stepping forth, with ston Into the enemies' through he And Bethwell! Bethwell! or To cause his souldiers to en But there he caught a wellcon The Englishmen straight do Thus Haburn through his has the feet fore investigations.

Thus Haburn through his har His fatal fine in conflict four Flodden Field, a Po H. Weber. E

Adam was grandfather to J Bothwell, too well known in Queen Mary.

92. For that a messenger fri In vain to James had a Against the English a

This story is told by Pitscott teristic simplicity:-

"The King, seeing that Frno support of him for that tim
clamation, full hastily, through
of Scotland, both east and we
north, as well in the isles as in
to all manner of men between
teen years, that they should be
twenty days, to pass with him, victual, and to meet at the I
Edinburgh, and there to pass
he pleased. His proclamation
obeyed, contrary to the Cosme
will; but every man loved his
that they would on no ways di
every man caused make his p
hastily, conform to the charge
proclamation.

"The King came to Lithg happened to be for the time a very sad and dolorous, making God, to send him good chance his voyage. In this meantime man, clad in a blue gown, in at and belted about him in a roll a pair of brotkins? on his feet, his legs; with all other hose an form thereto; but he had nothin but syde † red yellow hair behin but syde † red yellow hair behin

which wan down to his shoulders; forehead was bald and bare. He to be a man of two-and-fifty years, great pikestaff in his hand, and came ard among the lords, crying and speirthe King, saying, he desired to speak
L. While, at the last, he came where
the was sitting in the desk at his prayers;
he saw the king, he made him little e or salutation, but leaned down groff-he desk before him, and said to him in ner, as after follows:—'Sir King, my hath sent me to you, desiring you not at this time, where thou art purposed; ru does, thou wilt not fare well in thy nor none that passeth with thee. she bade thee mell; with no woman, their counsel, nor let them touch thy or thou theirs; for if thou do it, thou confounded and brought to shame.' this man had spoken thir words unto the race the evening-song was near done, King paused on their words, studying him an answer; but, in the meantime, in King's eyes, and in the presence of rds that were about him for the time, vanished away, and could no ways be comprehended, but vanished away as been a blink of the sun, or a whip of seen a nink of the sun, or a whip of lwind, and could no more be seen. I y, Sir David Lindesay Lyon-herauld, n Inglis the marshal, who were, at that ung men, and special servants to the grace, were standing presently beside g, who thought to have laid hands on , that they might have speired further it him: But all for nought; they could h him; for he vanished away betwixt

id was no more seen.' he wild-buck bells.

glad of an opportunity to describe the se deer by another word than braying, it he latter has been sanctified by the he Scottish metrical translation of the

Bell seems to be an abbreviation of This sylvan sound conveyed great to our ancestors, chiefly, I suppose, ociation. A gentle knight in the reign y VIII. Sir Thomas Wortley, built Lodge, in Wancliffe Forest, for the 'as an ancient inscription testifies) of ag to the hart's bell."

une saw his father's overthrow.

ebellion against James III. was sigby the cruel circumstance of his son's in the hostile army. When the king own banner displayed against him, and not the faction of his enemies, he lost the rage he had ever possessed, fled out of , fell from his horse as it started at a and water-pitcher, and was slain, it is understood by whom. James IV. after e, passed to Stirling, and hearing the seks. † Asking. † Meddle. monks of the chapel-royal deploring the death of his father, their founder, he was seized with deep remorse, which manifested itself in severe penances. (See a following note on stanza ix. of canto v.) The battle of Sauchie-burn, in which James III. fell, was fought 18th June 188

95. The Borough-moor.

The Borough, or Common Moor of Edinburgh, was of very great extent, reaching from the southern walls of the city to the bottom of Braid Hills. It was anciently a forest; and, in that state, was so great a nuisance, that the inhabitants of Edinburgh had permission granted to them of building wooden galleries, projecting over the street, in order to encourage them to consume the timber, which they seem to have done very effectually. When James IV. mustered the array of the kingdom there, in 1513, the Borough-moor was, according to Hawthornden, "a field spacious, and delightful by the shade of many stately and aged oaks." Upon that, and similar occasions, the royal standard is traditionally said to have been displayed from the Hare-Stane, a high stone, now built into the wall, on the left hand of the highway leading towards Braid, not far from the head of Bruntsfield Links. The Hare-Stane probably derives its name from the British word Har, signifying an army.

96. —— in proud Scotland's royal shield, The ruddy lion ramp'd in gold.

The well-known arms of Scotland. If you will believe Boethius and Buchanan, the double tressure round the shield, mentioned, counter fleur-de-lysed or lingued and armed azure, was first assumed by Echaius, King of Scotland, contemporary of Charlemagne, and founder of the celebrated League with France; but later antiquaries make poor Eochy, or Achy, little better than a sort of King of Brentford, whom old Grig (who has also swelled into Gregorius Magnus) associated with himself in the important duty of governing some part of the north-eastern coast of Scotland.

98. --- Caledonia's Queen is changed.

The Old Town of Edinburgh was secured on the north side by a lake, now drained, and on the south by a wall, which there was some attempt to make defensible even so late as 1745. The gates, and the greater part of the wall, have been pulled down, in the course of the late extensive and beautiful enlargement of the city. My ingenious and valued friend, Mr. Thomas Campbell, proposed to celebrate Edinburgh under the epithet here borrowed. But the "Queen of the North" has not been so fortunate as to receive from so eminent a pea the proposed distinction.

99. The cloth-yard arrows.

This is no poetical exaggeration. In some of the counties of England, distinguished for

archery, shafts of this extraordinary length were actually used. Thus, at the battle of Blackheath, between the troops of Henry VII. and the Cornish insurgents, in 1405, the bridge of Dartford was defended by a picked band of archers from the rebel army, "whose arrows," says Hollinshed, "were in length a full cloth yard." The Scottish, according to Ascham, had a proverb, that every English archer carried under his belt twenty-four Scots, in allusion to his bundle of unerring shafts.

100. He saw the hardy burghers there Marcharm'd, on foot, with faces bare.

The Scottish burgesses were, like yeomen, appointed to be armed with bows and sheaves, appointed to be armed with bows and sheaves, sword, buckler, kuife, spear, or a good axe instead of a bow, if worth £roo; their armour to be of white or bright harness. They wore while halfs, i.e. bright steel caps, without crest or visor. By an act of James IV, their wonform-channings are appointed to be held four times a year, under the aldermen or bailiffs.

100. On foot the yeoman too

Each at his back (a slender store)

Bows and quivers were in vain recommended Hows and quivers were in vain recommenced to the peasantry of Scotland, by repeated statutes; spears and axes seem universally to have been used instead of them. Their defensive armour was the plate-jack, hauberk, or brigantine; and their missile weapons cross-bows and culverins. All wore swords of excelbows and culverins. All wore swords of excel-lent temper, according to Patter; and a volu-minous handkerchief round their neck, "not for cold, but for cutting." The mace also was much used in the Scottish army. The old poem on the battle of Flodden mentions a band—

"Who manfully did meet their foes, With leaden mauls, and lances long."

When the feudal array of the kingdom was called forth, each man was obliged to appear with forty days provision. When this was expended, which took place before the battle of Flodden, the army melted away of course. Almost all the Scottish forces, except a few knights, men-at-arms, and the Border-prickers, who formed excellent light cavalry, acted upon foot.

101. A banquet rich, and costly wines, To Marmion and his train.

To Marmion and his train.

In all transactions of great or petty importance, and among whomsoever taking place, it would seem that a present of wine was a uniform and indispensable preliminary. It was not to Sir John Falstaff alone that such an introductory preface was necessary, however well judged and acceptable on the part of Mr. Brook; for Sir Ralph Sadler, while on an embassy to Scotland in 1330-40, mentions, with complacency, "the same night came Rothesay (the herald so called) to me again, and brought me wine from the King, both white and red.—Ciliford's edition, p. 320. Clifford's edition, p. 39

That bound his breast in pe In memory of his father il

Few readers need to be syminated at to the weight of which James added ounces every year that he fived founds his belief, that James was so the battle of Flodden, because the never had this token of the iron belto any Scottishman. The person and of James are delineated according to of James are delineated according to historians. His romantic disposition historians. His remantic disposition, which highly to relish gaiety approaching twae, at the same time, tinged with ent devotion. These propensities sometime a strange contrast. He was went, diffes of devotion, to assume the dress, form to the rules, of the order of Francisco and when he had thus done penance time in Stirling, to plunge again into of pleasure. Probably, too, with positions of pleasure, he sometimes laughe superstitious observances to which he times subjected himself. times subjected himself.

102. Sir Hugh the Heron's wife.

It has been already noticed (stanza xiii. of capto i.) that King quaintance with Lady Heron of For Our historians impute to the King's Our historians impute to the King passion the delays which led to the fa of Flodden. The author of "The Cof the Heron Family" condeavour, able anxiety, to clear the Lady Ford scandal: that she came and week between the armies of James and certain. See Proberter's History, with a control of the control of authorities he refers to, vol. ii. p. 99.

- the fair Queen of Fran Sent him a turquisis ring and And charged him, as her kn

For her to break a lance; And strike three strokes with brand.

"Also the Queen of France wrot letter to the King of Scotland, calling love, showing him that she had suffer rebuke in France for the defendin honour. She believed surely that I recompense her again with some of k support in her necessity; that is to as would raise her an army, and come to f ground on English ground, for her that effect she sent him a ring off h with fourteen thousand French en pay his expenses."—Pilsaettie, p. 110 quois ring; probably this fattal gift James's sword and dagger, preserve College of Heralds, London

104. Archibald Bell-the-Cat.

Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angu-

popular name of Bell-the-Cat, upon gremarkable occasion:—James the whom Pitscottie complains that he ore in music and "policies of build-in hunting, hawking, and other ises, was so ill advised as to make of his architects and musicians, same historian irreverently terms fiddlers. His nobility, who did tise in the King's respect for the were extremely incensed at the nferred on those persons, particu-chrane, a mason, who had been t of Mar; and seizing the oppor-n in 1482 the King had convoked rray of the country to march against they held a midnight council in the auder, for the purpose of forcibly ese minions from the King's person. ad agreed on the propriety of this ord Gray told the assembly the the Mice, who had formed a resoit would be highly advantageous to inity to tie a bell round the cat's hey might hear her approach at a ut which public measure unforcarried, from no mouse being willtake the task of fastening the bell. nd the moral," said Angus, "and, e propose may not lack execution, ie cat."

inst the war had Angus stood, chafed his royal lord.

s an old man when the war against is resolved upon. He earnestly it that measure from its commence on the eve of the battle of Flodden, i so freely upon the impolicy of the King said to him, with scora ion, "If he was afraid he might go e Earl burst into tears at this insult, and retired accordingly, leav-George, Master of Angus, and Sir lenbervie, to command his followers. both slain in the battle, with two tlemen of the name of Douglas, it, broken-hearted at the calamities and his country, retired into a ret, where he died about a year after hodden.

tallon Hold.

of Tantallon Castle occupy a high ing into the German Ocean, about st of North Berwick. The building neipal eastle of the Douglas family, in Earl of Angus was banished, in nued to hold out against James V. eat in person against it, and for its trowed from the Castle of Dunbar, ig to the Duke of Albany, two great hrawn-mouth'd Meg and her Markow great botcards and two moyan, falcons and four quarter falcons." standing all this apparatus, James o raise the siege, and only after-

wards obtained possession of Tantallon by treaty with the governor, Simon Panango. When the Earl of Angus returned from banishment, upon the death of James, he again obtained possession of Tantallon, and it actually afforded refuge to an English ambassador. under circumstances similar to those described in the text. This was no other than the celebrated Sir Ralph Sadler, who resided there for some time under Angus's protection, after the failure of his negotiation for matching the infant Mary with Edward VI.

105. Their motto on his blade.

A very ancient sword, in possession of Lord Douglas, bears, among a great deal of flourishing, two hands pointing to a heart, which is placed betwixt them, and the date 1329, being the year in which Bruce charged the good Lord Douglas to carry his heart to the Holy Land.

105. This awful summons came.

This supernatural citation is mentioned by all our Scottish historians. It was, probably, like the apparition at Linlithow, an attempt, by those averse to the war, to impose upon the superstitious temper of James IV.

106. — Martin Swart.

A German general, who commanded the auxiliaries sent by the Duchess of Burgundy with Lambert Simnel. He was defeated and killed at Stokefield. The name of this German general is preserved by that of the field of battle, which is called, after him, Swart-moor. There were songs about him long current in England.—See Dissertation prefixed to Ritton's Ancient Songs, 1792, p. lxi.

107. The Cross.

The Cross of Edinburgh was an ancient and curious structure. The lower part was an octagonal tower, sixteen feet in diameter, and about fifteen feet high. At each angle there was a pillar, and between them an arch, of the Grecian shape. Above these was a projecting battlement, with a turret at each corner, and medalions, of rude but curious workmanship, between them. Above this rose the proper Cross, a column of one stone, upwards of twenty feet high, surmounted with a unicorn. This pillar is preserved in the grounds of the property of Drum, near Edinburgh.

110. — one of his own ancestry, Drove the Monks forth of Coventry.

This relates to the catastrophe of a real Robert de Marmion, in the reign of King Stephen, whom William of Newbury describes with some attributes of my fictitious hero: "Homo bellicorus, ferocia, et astucia free nullo sun tempore impar." This Baron, having expelled the monks from the church of Coventry, was not long of experiencing the Divine judgment, as the same monks, no doubt, termed his disaster. Having waged a feudal war with the Earl of Chester, Marmion's horse fell, as he charged in the van of his troop against a body

of the Earl's followers: the rider's thigh being broken by the fall, his head was cut off by a common foot-soldier, ere he could receive any succour. The whole story is told by William of Newbury.

At Iol more deep the mead did drain.

The Iol of the heathen Danes (a word still applied to Christmas in Scotland was solemnized with great festivity. The humour of the Danes at table displayed itself in pelting each other with bones; and Torfæns tells a long and curious story, in the history of Hrolfe Kraka, of one Hottus, an inmate of the Court of Denmark, who was so generally assailed with these missiles, that he constructed, out of the bones with which he was overwhelmed, a very respectable entrenchment against those who continued the raillery.

111. On Christmas Eve.

In Roman Catholic countries, mass is never said at night, except on Christmas eve.

112. Who lists may in their mumming see Traces of ancient mystery.

It seems certain, that the Manmers of England, who (in Northumberland at least) used to go about in disguise to the neighbouring houses, bearing the then useless ploughshare; and the Guisards of Scotland, not yet in total disuse, present, in some indistinct degree, a shadow of the old mysteries, which were the origin of the English drama. In Scotland, (me ifso teste) we were wont, during my boyhood, to take the characters of the apostles, at least of Peter, Paul, and Judas Iscariot; the first had the keys, the second carried a sword, and the last the bag, in which the dole of our neighbours' plumcake was deposited. One played a champion, and recited some traditional rhymes; another was

"Alexander, King of Macedon, Who conquer'd all the world but Scotland alone."

These, and many such verses, were repeated, but by rote and unconnectedly. There was also, occasionally, I believe, a Saint George. In all, there was a confused resemblance of the ancient mysteries, in which the characters of Scripture, the Nine Worthies, and other popular personages, were usually exhibited.

113. The Highlander— Will, on a Friday morn, look pale, If ask'd to tell a fairy tale.

The Daoine shi, or Men of Peace, of the Scottish Highlanders, rather resemble the Scandinavian Duergar than the English Fairies. Notwithstanding their name, they are, if not absolutely malevolent, at least peevish, discontented, and apt to do mischief on slight provocation. The belief of their existence is deeply impressed on the Highlanders, who think they are particularly offended at mortals who talk of them, who wear their favourite colour, green, who wear their favourite colour, green,

or in any respect interfere with This is especially to be avoided on I whether as dedicated to Venus, w Germany, this subterraneous penearly connected, or for a more sethey are more active, and pessesspower. Some curious particular the popular superstitions of the may be found in Dr. Graham's Sketches of Perthshire.

113. The towers of Franchimo The journal of the friend to who Canto of the Poem is inscribed, with the following account of a sition:

"Passed the pretty little village mont (near Spaw), with the rom the old castle of the Counts of the road leads through many deligit a rising ground; at the extremity stands the ancient castle, now many superstitious legends. It is by the neighbouring pensantry. Baron of Franchemont deposited, vanits of the castle, a ponderous ing an immense treasure in go which, by some magic spell, was the care of the Devil, who is on sitting on the chest in the shape of Any one adventurous enough to its instantly seized with the palso occasion, a priest of noted piety whe vanit; he used all the arts to persuade his infernal majesty to would sign the valid in the huntsman remaines he told him that he would agree chest, if the exorciser would sign blood. But the priest understood and refused, as by that act he willivered over his soul to the Devel body can discover the mystic wor, person who deposited the tream onunce them, the fiend roust item I had many stories of a similar a peasant, who had himself seen the shape of a great cat."

117. the huge and excep Which wont of yore, in ba His forman's limbs to she As wood-knife lops the say

The Earl of Angus had strength activity corresponding to his con of Kilspindle, a favourite of Jame spoken of him lightly, the Earl is hawking, and, compelling him to at one blow cut asunder his the killed him on the spot. But ere he James's pardon for this slaughter obliged to yield his castle of Henchange for that of Bothwell, who diminution to the family greatness with which he struck so remarkab presented by his descendant Jameston, afterwards Regent of Scot.

of the Byres, when he defied Bothwell tombat on Carberry Hill. See Introthe Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.

nd hopest thou hence unscathed to go? n. by St. Bride of Bothwell, no! – b drawbridge, grooms!—what, War-

der, ho! Let the portcullis fall.

ullition of violence in the potent Earl is not without its example in the real the house of Douglas, whose chief-sessed the ferocity, with the heroic a savage state. The most curious occurred in the case of Maclellan, Bombay, who, having refused to acthe pre-eminence claimed by Douglas gentlemen and barons of Galloway, and imprisoned by the Earl, in his he Thrieve, on the borders of Kirkshire. Sir Patrick Gray, commander ames the Second's guard, was uncle or of Bombay, and obtained from the weet letter of supplication," praying deliver his prisoner into Gray's hand. Patrick arrived at the castle, he was ith all the honour due to a favourite the King's household; but while he nner, the Earl, who suspected his used his prisoner to be led forth and

After dinner, Sir Patrick presented i letter to the Earl, who received it affectation of reverence: "and took hand, and led him forth to the green, gentleman was lying dead, and n the manner, and said, "Sir Patrick, me a little too late; yonder is your lying, but he wants the head: take and do with it what you will."—Sir swered again, with a sore heart, and lord, if ye have taken from him his me upon the body as ye please; and illed for his horse, and leaped thereon; he was on horseback, he said to the is manner, 'My lord, if I live, you ewarded for your labours that you at this time, according to your de-

saying the Earl was highly offended, for horse. Sir Patrick, seeing the spurred his horse, but he was chased ourgh ere they left him; and had it is led horse was so tried and good, n taken."—Pitscottie's History, p. 39.

'etter forged!—Saint Jude to speed! I ever knight so foul a deed!

reader should partake of the Earl's mt, and consider the crime as incomathe and the manners of the period, I have him of the numerous forgeries (partly by a female assistant) devised by Artois, to forward his suit against the fatilda; which, being detected, occafight into England, and proved the se of Edward the Third's memorable

wars in France. John Harding, also, was expressly hired by Edward VI. to forge such documents as might appear to establish the claim of fealty asserted over Scotland by the English monarchs.

120. Twisel Bridge.

On the evening previous to the memorable battle of Flodden, Surrey's head-quarters were at Barmoor Wood, and King James held an inaccessible position on the ridge of Flodden-hill, one of the last and lowest eminences detached from the ridge of Cheviot. The Till, a deep and slow river, winded between the armies. On the morning of the 9th September, 1513, Surrey marched in a north-westerly direction, and crossed the Till, with his van and artillery, at Twisel Bridge, nigh where that river joins the Tweed, his rear-guard column passing about a mile higher, by a ford. This movement had the double effect of placing his army between King James and his supplies from Scotland, and of striking the Scottish monarch with surprise, as he seems to have relied on the depth of the river in his front. But as the passage, both over the bridge and through the ford, was difficult and slow, it seems possible that the English might have been attacked to great advantage while struggling with these natural James's forbearance to want of military skill, or to the romantic declaration which Pitscottle puts in his mouth, "that he was determined to have his enemies before him on a plain field," and therefore would suffer no interruption to be given, even by artillery, to their passing the river.

121. Hence might they see the full array Of either host, for deadly fray.

The reader cannot here expect a full account of the battle of Flodden; but, so far as is necessary to understand the romance, I beg to remind him, that, when the English army, by their skilful countermarch, were fairly placed between King James and his own country, the Scottish monarch resolved to fight; and, setting fire to his tents, descended from the ridge of Flodden to secure the neighbouring eminence of Brankstone, on which that village is built. Thus the two armies met, almost without seeing each other, when, according to the old poem of "Flodden Field,"

"The English line stretch'd east and west, And southward were their faces set; The Scottish northward proudly prest, And manfully their foes they met."

The English army advanced in four divisions. On the right, which first engaged, were the sons of Earl Surrey, namely, Thomas Howard, the Admiral of England, and Sir Edmund, the Knight-Marshal of the army. Their divisions were separated from each other; but, at the request of Sir Edmund, his brother's hattalion was drawn very near to his own. The centre was commanded by Surrey in person; the left

wing by Sir Edward Stanley, with the men of Lancashire, and of the palatinate of Chester. Lord Dacre, with a large body of horse, formed a reserve. When the smoke, which the wind had driven between the armies, was somewhat dispersed, they perceived the Scots, who had moved down the hill in a similar order of battle, and in deep silence. The Earls of Huntly and of Home commanded their left wing, and charged Sir Edmund Howard with such success as entirely to defeat his part of the Euclish charged. Sir Edmund. Howard with such suc-cess as entirely to defeat his part of the English right wing. Sir Edmund's banner was beaten down, and he himself escaped with difficulty to his brother's division. The Admiral, however, stood firm; and Dacre advancing to his support with the reserve of cavalry, probably between the interval of the divisions commanded by the brothers Howard, appears to have kept the victors in effectual check. Home's men, chiefly victors in effectual check. Troine's men, chieny Borderers, began to pillage the baggage of both armies; and their leader is branded by the Scottish historians with negligence or treachery. On the other hand, Huntly, on whom they bestow many encomiums, is said by the English historians to have left the field after the first historians to have left the field after the first charge. Meanwhile the Admiral, whose flank these chiefs ought to have attacked, availed himself of their inactivity, and pushed forward against another large division of the Scottish army in his front, headed by the Earls of Craw-ford and Montrose, both of whom were slain, and their forces routed. On the left, the suc-cess of the Enclish was yet more decisive: for cess of the English was yet more decisive; for cess of the English was yet more decisive, nor the Scottish right wing, consisting of undis-ciplined Highlanders, commanded by Lennox and Argyle, was unable to sustain the charge of Sir Edward Stanley, and especially the savere execution of the Lancashire archers. severe execution of the Lancashire archers. The King and Surrey, who commanded the respective centres of their armies, were meanwhile engaged in close and dubious conflict. James, surrounded by the flower of his kingdom, and impatient of the galling discharge of arrows, supported also by his reserve under Bothwell, charged with such fury, that the standard of Surrey was in danger. At that critical moment, Stanley, who had routed the left wing of the Scottish, pursued his career of victory, and arrived on the right flank, and in the rear of James's division, which, throwing itself into a circle, disputed the battle till night came on. Surrey then drew back his forces; for the Scottish centre not having been broken, and their left wing being victorious, he yet doubted the event of the field. The Scottish army, however, felt their loss, and abandoned doubted the event of the field. The Scottish army, however, felt their loss, and abandoned the field of battle in disorder, before dawn. They lost, perhaps, from eight to ten thousand men; but that included the very prime of their nobility, gentry, and even clergy. Scarce a family of eminence but has an ancestor killed at Flodden; and there is no province in Scotland, even at this day, where the battle is mentioned without a sensation of terror and sorrow. The English lost also a great number of men, perhaps within one-third of the vanquished, but they were of inferior note.

rat. — Brian Tanthall,
Sir Brian Tunstall, called,
language of the time, Tunstals
was one of the few Englishma
Flodden. He figures in the
poem, to which I may safely e
as an edition, with full expla
been published by my friend h
Tunstall, perhaps, derived his
filed from his white armour
latter bearing a white cock, a
well as from his unstained by
faith. His place of residenc
Castle.

125. Reckless of life, he den And fell on Floriden And well in death his Firm clenk'd within Bessem'd the Monary

There can be no doubt that in the battle of Flodden. He the curious French Garette, length of the Earl of Surrey account adds, that none of made prisoners, though man circumstance that testifies of their resistance. The Scottish many of the idle reports whi the vulgar of their day. He by the popular voice, not or support the King, but even of him out of the field, and mure this tale was revived in my an unauthenticated story of a s in a bull's hide, and surround chain, said to have been four chain, said to have been four Home Castle; for which, on never find any better authority of the parish having said, that cleaned ont, he would not be a discovery. Home was the a discovery. Home was the the King, and his prime fa much to lose (in fact did lo quence of James's death, and to gain by that event; but to activity of the left wing which after defeating Sir Edmund H the circumstance of his return loaded with spoil, from so fattered the propagation of any dered the propagation of any him easy and acceptable. Oth still more romantic turn to the averred that James, weary of the carnage among his noble pilgrimage, to merit absolution his father, and the he to Henry. In particular, it was English that they could never of the iron belt; which, hower enough to have laid aside on t as encumbering his personal produce a better evidence, the and dagger, which are still Heralds' College in London. corded a degrading story of the which the remains of the unit

e treated in his time. An unhewn column rks the spot where James fell, still called the g's Stone.

15. The fair cathedral storm'd and took.

his storm of Lichfield Cathedral, which had n garrisoned on the part of the King, took e in the Great Civil War. Lord Brook, , with Sir John Gill, commanded the as-

sailants, was shot with a musket-ball through the vizor of his helmet. The Royalists remarked that he was killed by a shot fired from St. Chad's cathedral, and upon St. Chad's day, and received his death-wound in the very eye with which he had said he hoped to see the ruin of all the cathedrals in England. The magnificent church in question suffered cruelly upon this and other occasions; the principal spire being ruined by the fire of the besiegers.

NOTES TO THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

---- the heights of Uam-Var, And roused the cavern, where, 'tis told, A giant made his den of old.

'a-var, as the name is pronounced, or more perly *Uaighmor*, is a mountain to the north-of the village of Callander in Menteith, of the village of Callander in Menteith, ving its name, which signifies the great den, cavern, from a sort of retreat among the is on the south side, said, by tradition, to e been the abode of a giant. In latter es, it was the refuge of robbers and banditti, have been only extirpated within these y or fifty years. Strictly speaking, this nghold is not a cave, as the name would by, but a sort of small enclosure, or recess, nunded with large rocks, and onen above. ounded with large rocks, and open above

34. Two dogs of black Saint Hubert's breed, Unmatch'd for courage, breath, and

The hounds which we call Saint Hubert's nds are commonly all blacke, yet neuerthe-, the race is so mingled at these days, that find them of all colours. These are the ads which the abbots of St Hubert haue sys kept some of their race or kind, in our or remembrance of the saint, which was moter with S. Eustace. Whereupon we may zeine that (by the grace of God, all good tamen shall follow them into paradise." moble Art of Venerie or Hunting, trans-d and collected for the Use of all Noblemen Gentlemen. Lond. 1611. 4to, p. 15.

15. For the death-wound and death-halloo Muster'd his breath, his whinyard drew.

ben the stag turned to bay, the ancient ter had the perilous task of going in upon, killing or disabling the desperate animal. ertain times of the year this was held par-arly dangerous, a wound received from a 's horn being then deemed poisonous, and dangerous than one from the tusks of a , as the old rhyme testifies-

thou be hurt with hart, it brings thee to thy bier, at barber's hand will boar's hurt heal, there-

fore thou need'st not fear.

At all times, however, the task was dangerous, and to be adventured upon wisely and warily, either by getting behind the stag while he was gazing on the hounds, or by watching an opportunity to gallop roundly in upon him, and kill him with the sword.

136. And now to issue from the glen, No pathway meets the wanderer's ken, Unless he climb, with footing nice, A far-projecting precipice.

Until the present road was made through the romantic pass which I have presumptuously attempted to describe in the preceding stanzas, there was no mode of issuing out of the defile called the Trosachs, excepting by a sort of ladder, composed of the branches and roots of trees.

136. To meet with Highland plunderers here.

Were worse than loss of steed or deer.

The clans who inhabited the romantic regions in the neighbourhood of Loch Katrine, were, even until a late period, much addicted to predatory excursions upon their Lowland neigh-

138. A grey-hair'd sire, whose eye intent Was on the vision'd future bent.

If force of evidence could authorize us to believe facts inconsistent with the general laws of nature, enough might be produced in favour of the existence of the Second-sight. called in Gaelic Taishitaraugh, from Taish, an unreal or shadowy appearance; and those pos-sessed of the faculty are called *Taishatrin*, which may be aptly translated visionaries. Martin, a steady believer in the second-sight, gives the following account of it :-

"The second-sight is a singular faculty of seeing an otherwise invisible object without any previous means used by the person that used it for that end: the vision makes such a lively impression upon the seers, that they neither see nor think of anything else, except the vision, as long as it continues; and then they appear pen-sive or jovial, according to the object that was represented to them.
"At the sight of a vision, the eyelids of the

person are erected, and the eyes continue starting until the object vanish. This is obvious to others who are by when the persons happen to see a vision, and occurred more than once to my own observation, and to others that were with me."

"If a woman is seen standing at a man's left hand, it is a presage that she will be his wife, whether they be married to others, or unmarried

whether they be married to others, or unmarried at the time of the apparition.

"To see a spark of fire fall upon one's arm or breast is a forerunner of a dead child to be seen in the arms of those persons; of which there are several fresh instances."

"To see a seat empty at the time of one's sitting in it, is a pressage of that person's death soon after." — Martin's Description of the Western Islands, 1716, 8vo, p. 300, et seq.

To these particulars innumerable examples might be added, all attested by grave and credible authors. But, in despite of evidence which neither Bacon, Boyle, nor Johnson were able to resist, the Taish, with all its visionary properties, seems to be now universally abandoned to the use of poetry. The exquisitely beautiful poem of Lochiel will at once occur to the recollection of every reader.

139. Here, for retreat in dangerous hour, Some chief had framed a rustic bower,

The Celtic chieftains, whose lives were continually exposed to peril, had usually, in the most retired spot of their domains, some place of retreat for the hour of necessity, which, as circumstances would admit, was a tower, a cavern, or a rustic hut, in a strong and secluded dimetric. One of these last reasons are to the continuous contractions of the contraction of the cavern, or a rustic flut, in a strong and sectuded situation. One of these last gave refuge to the unfortunate Charles Edward, in his perilous wanderings after the battle of Culloden.

139. My sire's tall form might grace the part Of Forragus or Ascabart.

These two sons of Anak flourished in romantic fable. The first is well known to the admirers of Ariosto, by the name of Ferrau. He was an antagonist of Orlando, and was at length slain

by him in single combat.

Ascapart, or Ascabart, makes a very material figure in the History of Bevis of Hampton, by whom he was conquered. His effigies may be seen guarding one side of a gate at Southampton, while the other is occupied by Sir Bevis himself.

139. Though all unask'd his birth and name.

The Highlanders, who carried hospitality to a punctilions excess, are said to have considered a punctional excess, are said to have considered it as churish to ask a stranger his name or lineage, before he had taken refreshment. Feuds were so frequent among them, that a contrary rule would in many cases have pro-duced the discovery of some circumstance which might have excluded the guest of the benefit of the assistance he stood in need of.

142. Morn's genial influence t strei grey.

To a late period Highland chie in their service the bard, as a fan

- the Grame

The ancient and powerful fam (which, for metrical reasons, is h the Scottish promunciation becomes in the possessions in the counties of D. Stirling. Few families can bear torical renown, having claim to most remarkable characters in annals. Sir John the Grzene, the undaunted partaker of the labour warfare of Wallace, fell in the un of Falkirk, in 1298. The celebr of Montrose, in whom De Rett abstract idea of the heroes of the terroes of the cered of the terroes of the second of these worthies. standing the severity of his ter mandates of the princes whom h not hesitate to name as a third, J Claverhouse, Viscount of Dundee death in the arms of victory may cancel the memory of his cruel conformists, during the reigns conformists, d

143. This harp, which erst sway'd.

I am not prepared to show the was a performer on the harp. It no unsaintly accomplishment: for stan certainly did play upon the which retaining, as was natural the sanctity attached to its mass announced future events by it sound. sound

143. Ere Douglasses, to rule i Were exited from their u

The downfall of the Douglass of Augus during the reign of J. event alluded to in the text.

144. In Holy-Rood a knight hi

This was by no means an amerence in the Court of Scotland; sence of the sovereign him self scar-the ferocious and invetorate feu-the perpetual source of bloodsh Scottish nobility. The murder Stuart of Ochiltree, called The celebrated Francis, Earl of Best named among many. Soe Yelm, Rerum Britannicarum, ab annum 1628, Amstelodami, 165

144. The Douglas, like a stric Dixoun'd by svery noble

The exiled state of this powers exaggerated in this and subscip The hatred of James against the sa-was so inveterate, that accessors were, and disregarded as the regal authority and usually been in similar cases, their nearest intends, even in the most remote parts of Scotand, durst not entertain them, unless under the strictest and closest disguise.

RAA. - Maronnan's cell.

The parish of Kılmaronock, at the eastern extremity of Loch Lomond, derives its name from a cell or chapel, dedicated to Saint Marobock, or Maronnan, about whose macrity very little is now remembered. There a fountain devoted to him in the same parish; but its virtues, like the merits of its patron, have fallen into oblivion.

145. - Bracklinn's thundering wave.

This is a beautiful cascade madelby a mountain cream called, the Keltie, at the Bridge of Bracklinn, about amle from the village of Callander in Menteith.

145. For Tine-man forged by fairy lore.

Archibald, the third Earl of Douglas, was so temfortunate in all his enterprises, that he encurred the epithet of Tine MAN, because he stand, or lost, his followers in every battle which he fourth.

243. Did, self-unscabbarded, foreshow The footstep of a secret foe.

The ancient warriors, whose hope and confidence rested chiefly in their blades, were accustomed to deduce omens from them, especially from such as were supposed to have been fabricated by enchanted skill, of which we have various instances in the romances and legends of the time.

146. Those thrilling sounds that call the might Of Old Clan Alpine to the fight.

The connoisseurs in pipe-music affect to discover, in a well-composed pibroch, the imitative sounds of march, conflict, flight, pursuit, and all the "current of a heady fight."

146. Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!

Besides his ordinary name and surname, which were chiefly used in the intercourse with the Lowlands, every Highland chief had an epithet expressive of his patriarchal dignity as head of the clan, and which was common to all his predecessors and successors, as Pharaoh to the kings of Egypt, or Arsaces to those of Parthia. This name was usually a patronymic, expressive of his descent from the founder of the family. Thus the Duke of Argyle is called MacCallum More, or the son of Colin the Great.

132. And while the Fiery Cross glanced, like a meteor, round.

When a chiestain designed to summon his clan, upon any sudden or important emergency, he slew a goat, and making a cross of any light

wood, seared its extremities in the fire, and extinguished them in the blood of the animal. This was called the Fiery Cross, also Crean Tarigh, or the Cross of Shame, because disobedience to what the symbol implied, inferred infamy. It was delivered to a swift and trusty messenger, who ran full speed with it to the next hamlet, where he presented it to the principal person, with a single word, implying the place of rendezvous. He who received the symbol was bound to send it forward, with equal dispatch, to the next village; and thus it passed with incredible celerity through all the district which owed allegiance to the chief, and also among his allies and neighbours, if the danger was common to them. At sight of the Fiery Cross, every man, from sixteen years old to sixty, capable of bearing arms, was obliged instantly to repair, in his best arms and accou-trements, to the place of rendezvous. He who failed to appear, suffered the extremities of fire and sword, which were emblematically denounced to the disobedient by the bloody and burnt marks upon this warlike signal. During the civil war of 1745-6, the Fiery Cross often made its circuit; and upon one occasion it passed through the whole district of Breadalbane, a tract of thirty-two miles, in three hours.

153. That monk, of savage form and face.

The state of religion in the middle ages afforded considerable facilities for those whose mode of life excluded them from regular worship, to secure, nevertheless, the ghostly assistance of confessors, perfectly willing to adapt the nature of their doctrine to the necessities and peculiar circumstances of their flock. Robin Hood, it is well known, had his celebrated domestic chaplain, Friar Tuck.

153. Of Brian's birth strange tales were told.

The legend which follows is not of the author's invention. It is possible he may differ from modern critics, in supposing that the records of human superstition, if peculiar to, and characteristic of, the country in which the scene is laid, are a legitimate subject of poetry. He gives, however, a ready assent to the narrower proposition which condemns all attempts of an irregular and disordered fancy to excite terror, by accumulating a train of fantastic and incoherent horrors, whether borrowed from all countries, and petched upon a narrative belonging to one which knew them not, or derived from the author's own imagination. In the present case, therefore, I appeal to the record which I have transcribed, with the variation of a very few words, from the geographic I collections made by the Laird of Macfarlane. I know not whether it be necessary to remark, that the miscellaneous concourse of youths and maiden on the night and on the spot where the miracle is said to have taken place, might, even in a credulous age, have somewhat diminished the wonder which accumpanied the conception of Gilli-Doir-Magrevolich.

"There is bot two myles from Inverloghie, the church of Kilmalee, in Lochyeld. In ancient tymes there was ane church builded upon ane hill, which was above this church, which doeth now stand in this toune; and ancient men doeth say, that there was a battell foughten on ane litle hill not the tenth part of a myle from this church, be certaine men which they did not know what they were. And long tyme thereafter, certaine herds of that toune, and of the next toune, called Umatt, both wenches and youthes, did on a tyme conveen with others on that hill; and the day being somewhat cold, did gather the bones of the dead men that were slayne long tyme before in that place, and did make a fre to warm them. At last they did all remove from the fire, except one maid or wench, which was verie cold, and she did remaine there for a space. She being quyetlie her alone, without anie other companie, took up her cloaths above her knees, or thereby, to warm her; a wind did come and caste the ashes upon her, and she was conceived of ane man-chyld. Several tymes thereafter she was verie sick, and at last she was knowne to be with chyld. And then her parents did ask at her the matter heiroff, which the wench could not weel answer which way to satisfie them. At last she resolved them with ane answer. As fortune fell upon her corming this marvellous miracle, the chyld being borne, his name was called Gili-doir Maghrer-wellich, that is to say, the Black Child, Son to the Bones. So called, his grandfather sent him to school, and so he was a good schollar and goddie. He did build this church which doeth now stand in Lochyeld, called Kilmalie."

- Macfalane, it stands.

153. Yet ne'er again to braid her hair The virgin mood did Alice wear.

The swood, or riband, with which a Scottish lass braided her hair, had an emblematical signification, and applied to her maiden character. It was exchanged for the curch, toy, or coif, when she passed, by marriage, into the matron state. But if the damsel was so unfortunate as to lose pretensions to the name of maiden, without gaining a right to that of matron, she was neither permitted to use the snood, nor advanced to the graver dignity of the curch. In old Scottish songs there occur many sly allusions to such misfortune; as in the old words to the popular tune of "Ower the mair amang the heather."

"Down amang the broom, the broom,
Down amang the broom, my dearie,
The lassie lost her silken snood
That gard her greet till she was wearie."

154. The fatal Ben-Shie's boding scream.

Most great families in the Highlands were supposed to have a tutelar, or rather a domestic spirit, attached to them, who took an interest in their prosperity, and intimated, by its wailings, any approaching disaster. A superstition

of the same kind is, I believe und ceived by the inferior ranks of the to

154. Sounds, too, had come in with Of charging steeds encuring Along Benharrow's things Where mortal horoman a ride.

A presage of the kind alluded to is still believed to announce des ancient Highland family of M'Limbuy. The spirit of an ancestor sto is heard to gallop along a stony but to ride thrice around the family resign his fairy bridle, and thus in approaching calamity.

On ficeter foot man merer in

The present brogwe of the His made of half-dried leather, with he and let out the water; for walking dry-shod is a matter altogether out tion. The ancient buskin was sall made of undressed deer's hide we outwards; a circumstance which is Highlanders the well-known couls should.

156. The dismal coronack.

The Coronach of the Highlands Ulalatus of the Romans, and the the Irish, was a wild expression of a poured forth by the mourners over a departed friend. When the wond articulate, they expressed the pradecessed and the loss the clan we by his death.

158. Not faster o'er thy heathery Balquhidder, speeds the mid

It may be necessary to inform it reader, that the heath on the So lands is often set fire to, that the have the advantage of the young he duced, in room of the tough sid her This custom (executed by sportson occasionally the most beautiful in pearances, similar almost to the divolcano. This simile is not new The charge of a warrior, in the fit Hardyknute, is said to be "like firset."

159. By many a bard in Celtic to Has Coir-nan-Uriskin been

This is a very steep and most rom in the mountain of Benvenie, over south-eastern extremity of Loch k is surrounded with stupendous rock shadowed with birch-trees, magles the spontaneous production of the even where its cliffs appear demains

161. The Taghairm called; by a Our sires foresame the event.

The Highlanders, like all rule parious superstitions makes it.

e of the most noted was the Tagoned in the text. A person was in the skin of a newly-slain bulosited beside a waterfall, or at f a precipice, or in some other and unusual situation, where the d him suggested nothing but obr. In this situation, he revolved he question proposed; and whatressed upon him by his exalted passed for the inspiration of the pirits, who haunt the desolate re-

hat huge cliff, whose ample verge tion calls the Hero's Targe.

rock so named in the Forest of y which a tumultuary cataract ree. This wild place is said in o have afforded refuge to an outs supplied with provisions by a wered them down from the brink e above. His water he procured y letting down a flagon tied to a e black pool beneath the fall.

spills the foremost foeman's life, arty conquers in the strife.

is be in the text described as a rel'aghairm, or Oracle of the Hide, an augury frequently attended to. e battle was often anticipated in n of the combatants, by observing irst shed blood. It is said that rs under Montrose were so deeply his notion, that, on the morning of Tippermoor, they murdered a rdsman, whom they found in the to secure an advantage of so ence to their party.

runds yon stroke on beech and oak, moonlight circle's screen? r comes here to chase the deer, ved of our Elfin Queen?

ot positively malevolent, are caasily offended. Like other prosits, they are peculiarly jealous of vert and vention. This jealousy ribute of the northern Duergar, many of whose distinctions the have succeeded, if, indeed, they ne class of beings.

to may dare on wold to wear iries fatal green?

in: Shi' or Men of Peace, wore hey were supposed to take offence tals ventured to assume their fa-

Indeed, from some reason which aps, originally a general superstiled in Scotland to be unlucky to a and counties. The Caithness this belief, allege as a reason, that ore that colour when they were battle of Flodden; and for the bey avoid crossing the Ord on a Monday, being the day of the week on which their ill-omened array set forth. Green is also disliked by those of the name of Ogilvy; but more especially is it held fatal to the whole clan of Grahame. It is remembered of an aged gentleman of that name, that when his horse fell in a fox-chase, he accounted for it at once by observing, that the whipcord attached to his lash was of this unlucky colour.

164. For thou wert christen'd man.

The elves were supposed greatly to envy the privileges acquired by Christian initiation, and they gave to those mortals who had fallen into their power a certain precedence, founded upon this advantageous distinction. Tamlane, in the old ballad, describes his own rank in the fairy procession:—

"For I ride on a milk-white steed, And aye nearest the town; Because I was a christen'd knight, They gave me that renown."

169. Who ever reck'd, where, how, or when, The prowling fox was trapp'd or slain?

St. John actually used this illustration when engaged in confuting the plea of law proposed for the unfortunate Earl of Strafford: "It was true, we gave laws to hares and deer, because they are beasts of chase; but it was never accounted either cruelty or foul play to knock foxes or wolves on the head as they can be found, because they are beasts of prey. In a word, the law and humanity were alike; the one being more fallacious, and the other more barbarous, than in any age had been vented in such an authority."—Clarendon's History of the Rebellion. Oxford, 1702, fol. vol. p. 183.

170. — his Highland cheer, The harden'd flesh of mountain-deer.

The Scottish Highlanders in former times had a concise mode of cooking their venison, or rather of dispensing with cooking it, which appears greatly to have surprised the French whom chance made acquainted with it. The Vidame of Charters, when a hostage in England, during the reign of Edward VI., was permitted to travel into Scotland, and penetrated as far as to travel into Scotland, and penetrated as far as to the remote Highlands (an fin fond des Sauvages). After a great hunting party, at which a most wonderful quantity of game was destroyed, he saw these Scottish Savages devour a part of their venison raw, without any farther preparation than compressing it between two batons of wood, so as to force out the blood, and render it extremely hard. This they reckoned a great delicacy; and when the Vidame partook of it, his compliance with their taste rendered him extremely popular.

172. Not then claim'd sovereignty his due While Albany, with feeble hand, Held borrow d to uncheon of command.

There is scarcely a more disorderly period in Scottish history than that which succeeded the battle of Flodden, and occupied the minority of

James V. Feuds of ancient standing broke out like old wounds, and every quarrel among the independent nobility, which occurred daily, and almost hourly, gave rise to fresh bloodshed.

To show the reed on which you leant, Deeming this path you might pursue Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.

This incident, like some other passages in the poem, illustrative of the character of the ancient Gael, is not imaginary, but borrowed from fact. The Highlanders, with the inconsizency of most nations in the same state, were alternately capable of great exertions of gene-rosity, and of cruel revenge and perfidy.

174. On Bochastle the mouldering lines. Where Rome, the Empress of the world, Of yore her eagle-wings unfurl'd.

The torrent which discharges itself from Loch The torrent which discharges itself from Loch Vennacher, the lowest and eastmost of the three lakes which form the scenery adjoining to the Trosachs, sweeps through a flat and extensive moor, called Bochastle. Upon a small eminence, called the *Dun* of Bochastle, and indeed on the plain itself, are some intrenchments, which have been thought Roman. There is, adjacent to Callander, a sweet villa, the residence of Cantain Callander, a sweet villa, the residence of Captain Fairfoul, entitled the Roman Camp.

174 See, here, all vantageless I stand, Arni'd, like thyself, with single brand

The duellists of former times did not always stand upon those punctilios respecting equality of arms, which are now judged essential to fair combat. It is true, that in former combats in the lists, the parties were, by the judges of the field, put as nearly as possible in the same circumstances. But in private duel it was often otherwise.

174 Ill faved it then with Roderick Dhu, That on the field his targe he threw.

A round target of light wood, covered with strong leather, and studded with brass or iron, was a necessary part of a Highlander's equip-ment. In charging regular troops, they received the thrust of the bayonet in this buckler, twisted it aside, and used the broad-sword against the encumbered soldier. In the civil war of 1745, most of the front rank of the clans were thus armed: and Captain Grose informs us, that, in 1747, the privates of the 42d regiment, then in Flanders, were, for the most part, permitted to carry targets.—Military Antiquities, vol. i. p. 164

176. The burghers hold their sports to-day.

Every burgh of Scotland, of the least note but more especially the considerable towns, had their solemn play, or festival, when feats of archery were exhibited, and prizes distributed to those who excelled in wrestling, hurling the bar, and the other gymnastic exercises of the period. Stirling, a usual place of a dence, was not likely to be deficient upon such occasions, especially mer was very partial to them. His read pation in these popular as seen and the second of th

177. Robin Hood.

try. Robin Head.

The exhibition of this remowned on his band was a favourite frolic at such as we are describing. This sporting, kings did not disdain to be actors, hibited in Scotland upon the Refiam a statute of the 6th Parliament of Quee. 6t, A.D. 1555, which ordered, und penalties, that "na manuser of person Robert Hude, nor Little John, Abbreason, Queen of May, nor otherwise 1561, the "rascal multitude," says lid "were stirred up to make a Robin Hu enormity was of many years left and a statute and act of Parliament; yet wont be forbidden." Accordingly, they very serious tumult, and at leng prisoners the magistrates who enden very serious lumuit, and at leng prisoners the magistrates who ender suppress it, and would not release they extorted a formal promise the should be punished for his share of the ance. It would seem, from the contract the General Assembly of the Kirk, profine for the finish. profane festivities were continued do

177. Prize of the wrestling match. To Douglas gave a golden re

The usual prize of a wrestling was a ring, but the animal would have en my story. Thus, in the Cokes Tale of ascribed to Chaucer:

"There happed to be there besid Tryed a wrestling: And therefore there was y sette A ram and als a ring.

181. These drew not for their sword, Like tenants of a feudal lord Nor owned the patriarchal of Of Chieftain in their leader's Adventurers they -

The Scottish armies consisted chie nobility and barons, with their vassals, lands under them, for military service selves and their tenants. The p influence exercised by the heads of the Highlands and Borders was of nature, and sometimes at variance u principles. It flowed from the Patrin exercised by the chieftain as represented in the patring of the whole name, often obeyed in contradiction to a superior.

Thou now hast glee-maiden and harp! (iet thee an ape, and trudge the land, The leader of a juggler band.

he jongleurs, or jugglers, used to call in the of various assistants, to render these pertances as captivating as possible. The -maiden was a necessary attendant. Her r was tumbling and darcing: and therefore Anglo-Saxon version of Saint Mark's Gospel es Herodias to have vaulted or tumbled re King Herod.

35. That stirring air that peals on high, O'er Dermid's race our victory.— Stribe it!

here are several instances, at least in tradii, of persons so much attached to particular
es, as to require to hear them on their deathi. Such an anecdote is mentioned by the
Mr. Riddel of Glenriddel, in his collection
Border tunes, respecting an air called the
handling of the Bairns, for which a certain
llovidian laird is said to have evinced this
mag mark of partiality. It is popularly told
a famous freebooter, that he composed the
is known by the name of Macpherson's
set, while under sentence of death, and
yed it at the gallows-tree. Some spirited
rds have been adapted to it by Burns. A
allar story is recounted of a Welsh bard, who
mposed and played on his death-bed the air
led Dafyddy Garregg Wen.

185. Battle of Beal' an Duine.

A skirmish actually took place at a pass thus led in the Trosachs, and closed with the barkable incident mentioned in the text. It a greatly posterior in date to the reign of the V

189. And Snowdoun's Knight is Scotland's King.

This discovery will probably remind the reader of the beautiful Arabian tale of 11 Bondocani. Yet the incident is not borrowed from that elegant story, but from Scottish tradition. James V. of whom we are treating, was a monarch whose good and benevolent intentions often rendered his romantic freaks venial, if not respectable, since, from his anxious attention to the interests of the lower and most oppressed class of his subjects, he was, as we have seen, popularly termed the King of the Commons. For the purpose of seeing that justice was regularly administered, and frequently from the less justifiable motive of gallantry, he used to traverse the vicinage of his several palaces in various disguises. The two excellent comic songs, entitled, "the Gaberlunzic man," and "We'll gae nae mair a roving," are said to have been founded upon the success of his amorous adventures when travelling in the disguise of a beggar. The latter is perhaps the best comic ballad in any language.

190. — Stirling's tower Of yore the name of Snowdown claims.

William of Worcester, who wrote about the middle of the fifteenth century, calls Stirling Castle Snowdoun. Sir David Lindsay bestows the same epithet upon it in his complaint of the Papingo:—

"Adieu, fair Snawdoun, with thy towers high, Thy chaple-royal, park, and table round; May, June, and July, would I dwell in thee, Were I a man, to hear the birdis sound, Whilk doth againe thy royal rock rebound."

NOTES TO THE VISION OF DON RODERICK.

95. And Cattracth's glens with voice of triumph rung, And mystic Merlin harp'd, and greyhair'd Llywarch sung!

is locality may startle those readers who not recollect that much of the ancient poetry served in Wales refers less to the history of Principality to which that name is now ited, than to events which happened in the rith-west of England, and south-west of Scot-d, where the Britons for a long time made a set against the Saxons. The battle of Cateth, lamented by the celebrated Aneurin. is poosed, by the learned Dr. Leyden, to have an fought on the skirts of Ettrick Forest. It known to the English reader by the pararase of Gray, beginning,

"Had I but the torrent's might, With headlong rage and wild affright," &c. 196. - Minchmore's haunted spring.

A belief in the existence and nocturnal revels of the fairies still lingers among the vulgar in Selkirkshire. A copious fountain upon the ridge of Minchmore, called the Cheesewell, is supposed to be sacred to these fanciful spirits, and it was customary to propitiate them by throwing in something upon passing it. A pin was the usual oblation: and the ceremony is still sometimes practised, though rather in jest than earnest.

196. — the rude villager, his labour done, In verse spontaneous chants some favour'd name.

The flexibility of the Italian and Spanish languages, and perhaps the liveliness of their genius, renders these countries distinguished for the talent of improvvisation, which is found

And are his hours in such dull penance past For fair Florinde's plunder'd charms to pay.

Almost all the Spanish historians, as well as the voice of tradition, ascribe the invasion of the Moors to the forcible violation committed by Roderick upon Florinda, called by the Moors, Caba or Cava. She was the daughter of Count Julian, one of the Gothic monarch's principal lieutenants, who, when the crime was perpetrated, was engaged in the defence of Ceuta against the Moors. In his indignation at the ingratitude of his sovereign, and the dishonour of his daughter, Count Julian forgot the duties of a Christian and a patriot, and, forming an alliance with Musa, then the Caliph's lieutenant in Africa, he countenanced the invasion of Spain by a body of Saracens and Africans, commanded by the celebrated Tarik; the issue of which was the defeat and death of Roderick, and the occupation of almost the whole peninsula by the Moors.

201. The Techir war-cry and the Lelie's yell.

The Techir (derived from the words Alla achar, God is most mighty' was the original war-cry of the Saracens. It is celebrated by Hughes in the Siege of Damascus:

"We heard the Tecbir; so these Arabs call Their shout of onset, when with loud appeal They challenge Heaven, as if demanding conquest."

The Lelie, well known to the Christians during the crusades, is the shout of Alla illa Alla, the Mahommedan confession of faith. It is twice used in poetry by my friend Mr. W.

The bo much pr casteness chacks as lass.

206. H

The he monarch repeat th Castilla was care of Josep

207. F.

Those mere vir to work people, deprive who had the very use of, a the high natural enthusia doned t the prot are, ho having tion, or of the n heroical long, st three) former

ere defeated after taking ossible advantage of arms ely not to be wondered , under the circumstances are, internal treason, and incident to a temporary government, should have n, uniform, and prolonged after myriads of those run the world—that some , like Galicia, after being lies, and overrun by their ed their freedom by their tions; that others, like d by the treason which ses, and the force which I not only have continued have attained over their aperiority, which is even besiege and retake the to untold in the revoluthat such a people cannot e presumption similar to te ted that Spain could a year, or Portugal for esistance which has been ng a space, when the er enemies on the Contiless successful, when rebroken the reputation of id when they are likely it desperation) to seek occui prophecy as improbable

tot Zaragoza, but her i's bloody tomb.

ount of Mr. Vaughan has acquainted with the first The last and fatal siege voted city is detailed with precision in the "Edinter" for 1809—a work in Spain have been treated responding to their deep seculiar sources of inforistorian. The following ts from this splendid his-

n made in the mud walls, ormer siege, the war was sets and houses; but the thir by experience, that in the Zaragozans derived he feeling and principle and the cause for which nly means of conquering oy it house by house, and upon this system of de-

f the Siege of Zaragoza, /aughan, Esq. 1809. The R. C. Vaughan is now er at Washington. struction they proceeded. Three companies of miners, and eight companies of sappers, carried on this subterraneous war; the Spaniards, it is said, attempted to oppose them by countermines; these were operations to which they were wholly unused, and, according to the French statement, their miners were every day discovered and suffocated. Meantime, the bombardment was incessantly kept up. 'Within the last 48 hours,' said Palafox in a letter to his friend General Doyle, '6,000 shells have been thrown in. Two-thirds of the town are in ruins, but we shall perish under the ruins of the remaining third rather than surrender.' In the course of the siege, above 17,000 bombs were thrown at the town; the stock of powder with which Zaragoza had been stored was exhausted; they had none at last but what they manufactured day by day; and no other cannon-balls than those which were shot into the town, and which they collected and fired back upon the enemy."

In the midst of these horrors and privations, the pestilence broke out in Zaragoza. To various causes, enumerated by the annalist, he adds, "Scantiness of food, crowded quarters, unusual exertion of body, anxiety of mind, and the impossibility of recruiting their exhausted strength by needful rest, in a city which was almost incessantly bombarded, and where every hour their sleep was broken by the tremendous explosion of mines. There was now no respite, either by day or night, for this devoted city; even the natural order of light and darkness was destroyed in Zaragoza; by day it was involved in a red sulphureous atmosphere of smoke, which hid the face of heaven; by night the fire of cannons and mortars, and the flames of burning houses, kept it in a state of terrific illumination.

"When once the pestilence had begun, it was impossible to check its progress, or confine it to one quarter of the city. Hospitals were immediately established,—there were above thirty of them; as soon as one was destroyed by the bombardment, the patients were removed to another, and thus the infection was carried to every part of Zaragoza. Famine aggravated the evil; the city had probably not been sufficiently provided at the commencement of the siege, and of the provisions which it contained, much was destroyed in the daily ruin which the mines and bombs effected. Had the Zaragozans and their garrison proceeded according to military rules, they would have surrendered before the end of January; their batteries had then been demolished, there were open breaches in many parts of their weak walls, and the enemy were already within the city. On the 30th, about sixty houses were blown up, and the French obtained possession of the monasteries of the Augustines and Las Monicas, which adjoined each other, two of the last defensible places left. The enemy forced their way into the church; every column, every chapel, every altar, became a point of defence,

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Yet, seventeen days after sustaining these extremities, did the heroic inhabitants of Zaragoza continue their defence; nor did they then surrender until their despair had extracted from the French generals a capitulation, more honourable than has been granted to fortresses of the first order.

the first order.

Who shall venture to refuse the Zaragozans the eulogium conferred upon them by the eloquence of Wordsworth!—" Most gloriously have the citizens of Zaragoza proved that the true army of Spain, in a contest of this nature, is the whole people. The same city has also exemplified a melancholy, yea, a dismal truth.—yet consolatory and full of joy,—that when a people are called suddenly to fight for their liberty, and are sorely pressed upon, their best field of battle is the floors upon which their children have played; the chambers where the family of each man has slept (his own or his neighbours); upon or under the roofs by which they have been sheltered; in the gardens of their recreation; in the street, or in the market-place; before the altars of their temples, and among their congregated dwellings, blazing or

uprooted.

"The government of Spain must never forget Zaragoza for a moment. Nothing is wanting to produce the same effects everywhere, but a leading mind, such as that city was blessed with. In the latter contest this has been proved: for Zaragoza contained, at that time, bodies of men from almost all parts of Spain. The narrative of these two sieges should be the manual of every Spaniard. He may add to it the ancient stories of Numantia and Saguntum; let him sleep upon the book as a pillow, and if he be a devout adherent to the religion of his country,

anu un and ha he disc

211.

B

Beh

I ha of the prophe them is in the their i they si tary d and de followi

a day mornii people the lik to the devou flame E.den wilder 4. Th of hor 5. Lil mount flame and the moon shall be dark, and the ll withdraw their shining."

aoth also, which announces the renorthern army, described in such plours, into a "land barren and deid the dishonour with which God m for having "magnified themselves it things," there are particulars not to the retreat of Massena:—Divine: having, in all ages, attached disenatural punishment of cruelty and th.

r rudest sentinel, in Britain born, Vith horror paused to view the havoc done.

ne his poor crust to feed some wretch forlorn.

unexampled gallantry of the British he campaign of 1810-11, although fought but to conquer, will do them in history than their humanity, atsoften to the utmost of their power s which war, in its mildest aspect, ys inflict upon the defenceless inhahe country in which it is waged, and his occasion, were tenfold augmented parous cruelties of the French. Soupere established by subscription among , wherever the troops were quartered gth of time. The commissaries congth of time. The commissaries con-he heads, feet, &c. of the cattle i for the soldiery; rice, vegetables, , where it could be had, were purthe officers. Fifty or sixty starving rere daily fed at one of these regiablishments, and carried home the leir famished households. The ematches, who could not crawl from were speedily employed in pruning s. While pursuing Massena, the inced the same spirit of humanity. de to know such facts without feeling onfidence, that those who so well dery are most likely to attain it?—It least of Lord Wellington's military at the slightest disposition towards meets immediate punishment. In-ly of all moral obligation, the army ost orderly in a friendly country, has oved most formidable to an armed

in-glorious sugitive!

ench conducted this memorable remuch of the fanfaronnade proper to ry, by which they attempt to impose s, and perhaps on themselves, a bewy are triumphing in the very motheir discomfiture. On the 30th of 11, their rear-guard was overtaken by the British cavalry. Being well d conceiving themselves safe from into were indeed many miles in the from artillery, they indulged themparading their bands of music, and

actually performed "God save the King," Their minstrelsy was, however, deranged by the undesired accompaniment of the British horse-artillery, on whose part in the concert they had not calculated. The surprise was sudden, and the rout complete; for the artillery and cavalry did execution upon them for about four miles, pursuing at the gallop as often as they got beyond the range of the guns.

213. Vainly thy squadrons hide Assuava's plain, And front the flying thunders as they roar, With frantic charge and tenfold odds, in vain!

In the severe action of Fuentes d'Honoro, upon 5th May 1811, the grand mass of the French cavalry attacked the right of the British position, covered by two guns of the horseartillery, and two squadrons of cavalry. After suffering considerably from the fire of the guns, which annoyed them in every attempt at formation, the enemy turned their wrath entirely towards them, distributed brandy among their troopers, and advanced to carry the field-pieces with the desperation of drunken fury. They were in no wise checked by the heavy loss which they sustained in this daring attempt, but closed, and fairly mingled with the British cavalry, to whom they bore the proportion of ten to one. Captain Ramsay (let me be permitted to name Captain Ramsay (let me be permitted to name a gallant countryman), who commanded the two guns, dismissed them at the gallop, and putting himself at the head of the mounted artillerymen, ordered them to fall upon the French, sabre in hand. This very unexpected conversion of artillerymen into dragoons contributed greatly to the defeat of the enemy, already disconcerted by the reception they had met from the two British squadrons; and the preserving of comments with respective process. appearance of some small reinforcements, notwithstanding the immense disproportion of force, put them to absolute rout. A colonel or major of their cavalry, and many prisoners (almost all intoxicated), remained in our possession. Those who consider for a moment the differ-ence of the services, and how much an artilleryman is necessarily and naturally led to identify his own safety and utility with abiding by the tremendous implement of war to the exercise of which he is chiefly, if not exclusively, trained, will know how to estimate the presence of mind which commanded so bold a manœuvre, and the steadiness and confidence with which it was executed.

213. And what avails thee that, for Cameron slain,
Wild from his bloided would the well

Wild from his plaided ranks the yell was given.

The gallant Colonel Cameron was wounded mortally during the desperate contest in the streets of the village called Fuentes d'Honoro. He fell at the head of his native Highlanders, the 71st and 79th, who raised a dreadful shriek of grief and rage. They charged, with irresis-

tible fury, the finest body of French grenadiers ever seen, being a part of Bonapartie's selected guard. The officer who led the French, a man remarkable for stature and symmetry, was telled on the spot. The Frenchman who stepped out of his rank to take aim at Colonel Cameron was also bayoneted, pierced with a thousand wounds, and almost form to pieces by the furious Highlanders, who, under the command of Colonel Cadogan, hore the euemy out of the contested ground at the point of the bayonet. Massens pays my countrymen a singular compliment in his account of the attack and defence of this village, in which he says the British lost many officers, and Scotch.

213. O who shall grudge him Alburra's bays.

Who brought a race regenerate to the field.

Roused them to emulate their father's praise.

Temper'd their headlong rage, their courage steel'd,

And reised fair Lusitania's fallow shield.

Nothing during the war of Portugal seems, to a distinct observer, more deserving of praise, than the self-devotion of Field-Marshal Beresford, who was contented to undertake all the hizard of obloquy which might have been founded upon any miscarriage in the highly important experiment of training the Portuguese troops to an improved state of discipline. In exposing his military reputation to the censure of imprudence from the most moderate, and all manner of unatterable calumnies from the ignorant and malignant, he placed at stake the dearest pledge which a military man had to offer, and nothing but the deepest conviction of the high and essential importance attached to success can be supposed an adequate motive. How great the chance of miscarriage was supposed, may be estimated from the general

opinion of officers of unque experience, passessed of exinformation: how complete, has succeeded, and how in patriotism of our ancient allirated, is evident, not only frin which they have borne a dibut from the liberal and manner in which these opin tracted. The success of the important consequences, and fatigable exertions of Field-3

> Whose war-cry of that rwell.

This stamm alludes to the ments of the warlike fami Grahume. They are said, by descended from the Scottish command his countrymen sto by the Emperor Severus bet Forthand Clyde, the fragmen popularly called Græme's Dy Græme, "the hardy, wight, known as the friend of Sir Alderne, Kilsythe, and Tibbe of the victories of the heroic trose. The pass, of Killyterathe action between King W the Highlanders in 1686,

"Where glad Dundee in fain

It is seldom that one line ca heroes, and yet more rare w to the glory of a living descenits ancient renown.

The allusions to the private racter of General Grahame of by referring to the eloquent ar of Mr. Sheridan, upon the vo Victors of Barosa.

NOTES TO ROKEBY.

222. On Barnard's towers, and Tees's stream, &c.

"Barnard Castle," saith Old Leland, "standeth stately upon Tees." It is founded upon a very high bank, and its runs inpend over the river, including within the area a circuit of six acres and upwards. This once magnificent fortress derives its name from its founder, Barnard Baliol, the ancestor of the short and unfortunate dynasty of that name, which succeeded to the Scottish throne under the patronage of Edward I, and Edward III. Baliol's Tower, afterwards mentioned in the poem, is a round tower of great size, situated at the western extremity of the building. It

bears marks of great antiq markable for the curious of vaulted roof, which has be injured by the operations of whom the tower has been lead of making parent shot! The top of Baliol's Tower commagnificent view of the wor Tees.

223. The morion's plames And the buff cost, in Mantles his form's gi

The use of complete suit fallen into disuse during the

they were still worn by leaders of rank and im-portance. "In the reign of King James I." says our military antiquary," no great altera-tions were made in the article of defensive armour, except that the buff-coat, or jerkin, which was originally worn under the curass, now became frequently a substitute for it, it having been found that a good buff leather would of itself resist the stroke of a sword; this, however, only occasionally took place among the light-armed cavalry and infantry, complete suits of armour being still used among the heavy horse. Buff-coats continued to be worn by the city trained-bands till within the memory of persons now living, so that defensive armour may, in some measure, be said to have terminated in the same materials with which it began, that is, the skins of animals, or leather."

Grose's Military Antiquities. Lond. 1801, 4to, vol. ii. p. 323.

Of the buff-coats, which were worn over the corselets, several are yet preserved; and Captain Grose has given an engraving of one which was used in the time of Charles I. by Sir Francis Rhodes, Bart. of Balbrough Hall, Derbyshire.

223. On his dark face a scorching clime, And toil, had done the work of time.

Death had he seen by sudden blow, By wasting plague, by tortures slow.

In this character I have attempted to sketch one of those West India adventurers, who, during the course of the seventeenth century, were popularly known by the name of Buca-niers. The successes of the English in the predatory incursions upon Spanish America, during the reign of Elizabeth, had never been forgotten; and, from that period downward, the exploits of Drake and Raleigh were imitated, upon a smaller scale indeed, but with equally desperate valour, by small bands of pirates, gathered from all nations, but chiefly French and English. The engrossing policy of the Spaniards tended greatly to increase the number of these freebooters, from whom their commerce and colonies suffered, in the issue, dreadful calamity.

- on Marston heath. Met, front to front, the ranks of death.

well-known and desperate battle of Long-Marston Moor, which terminated so un-fortunately for the cause of Charles, commenced under very different auspices. Prince Rupert had marched with an army of 20,000 men for the relief of York, then besieged by Sir Thomas Fairfax, at the head of the Parliamentary army, and the Earl of Leven, with the Scottish auxiliary forces. In this he so completely succeeded, that he compelled the besiegers to retreat to Marston Moor, a large open plain, about eight miles distant from the city. Thither about eight miles distant from the city. Thither they were followed by the Prince, who had now

united to his army the garrison of York, p bably not less than ten thousand men stro under the gallant Marquis (then Earl) of Ne castle. Whitelocke has recorded, with me impartiality, the following particulars of t eventful day:—"The right wing of the Pari ment was commanded by Sir Thomas Fairfi and consisted of all his horse, and three re ments of the Scots horse; the left wing w commanded by the Earl of Manchester a Colonel Cromwell. One body of their foot w commanded by Lord Fairfax, and consisted his foot, and two brigades of the Scots foot reserve; and the main body of the rest of t

festere; and the fadin boy of the rest of the foot was commanded by General Leven.

"The right wing of the Prince's army we commanded by the Earl of Newcastle; the lwing by the Prince himself; and the main boy General Goring. Sir Charles Lucas, a Major-General Porter. Thus were both sid

drawn up into battalia

"July 3d, 1644.—In this posture both armifaced each other, and about seven o'clock the morning the fight began between the The Prince, with his left wing, fell on the Pr liament's right wing, routed them, and pursu them a great way; the like did General Gorin Lucas, and Porter, upon the Parliament's ma body. The three generals, giving all for lo hasted out of the field, and many of the soldiers fled, and threw down their arms; t King's forces too eagerly following them, t victory, now almost achieved by them, wagain snatched out of their hands. For Colon again snatched out of their hands. For Colon Cromwell, with the brave regiment of I countrymen, and Sir Thomas Fairfax havin rallied some of his horse, fell upon the Prince right wing, where the Earl of Newcastle wa and routed them; and the rest of their cor panions rallying, they fell altogether upon the divided bodies of Rupert and Goring; at totally dispersed them, and obtained a cost plete victory, after three hours fight.

"From this battle and the pursuit, son

reckon were buried 7,000 Englishmen; all agr that above 3,000 of the Prince's men were sla in the battle, besides those in the chase, at 3,000 prisoners taken, many of their chief officer twenty-five pieces of ordnance, forty-seve colours, ro,000 arms, two waggons of carabi and pistols, 130 barrels of powder, and all the bag and baggage."—Whitelocke's Memoir fol. p. 89. Lond. 1682.

227. Monchton and Mitton told the news, How troops of Roundheads choked to Ouse,

And many a bonny Scot, aghast, Spurring his palfrey northward, pas Cursing the day when zeal or meed First lured their Lesley o'er the Twee

Monckton and Mitton are villages near tl river Ouse, and not very distant from the fie of battle. The particulars of the action we violently disputed at the time.

227. With his barb'd horse, fresh tidings

Stout Cromwell has redeen'd the day.

Cromwell, with his regiment of cuirassiers had a principal share in turning the fate of the day at Marston Moor; which was equally matter of triumph to the Independents, and of grief and heart-burning to the Presbyterians and to the Scottish.

227. Do not my native dales prolong Of Percy Rede the tragic song, Train'd forward to his bloody fall, By Girsonfield, that treacherous Hall?

In a poem, entitled "The Lay of the Reed-water Minstrel," Newcastle, 1809, this tale, with many others peculiar to the valley of the Reed, is commemorated:—"The particulars of the traditional story of Parcy Reed of Troughend, and the Halls of Girsonfield, the author had from a descendant of the family of Reed. From his account, it appears that Per-cival Reed, Esquire, a keeper of Reedsdale, was betrayed by the Halls (hence denominated the false-hearted Ha's) to a band of moss-troopers of the name of Crosier, who slew him at Batinghope, near the source of the Reed.

"The Halls were, after the murder of Parcy Reed, held in such universal abhorrence and contempt by the inhabitants of Reedsdale, for concempt by the inhabitants of Reedsdafe, for their cowardly and treacherous behaviour, that they were obliged to leave the country." In another passage, we are informed that the ghost of the injured Borderer is supposed to haunt the banks of a brook called the Pringle. These Reeds of Towards These Reeds of Troughend were a very ancient family, as may be conjectured from their de-riving their surname from the river on which they had their mansion. An epitaph on one of their tombs affirms, that the family held their lands of Troughend, which are situated on the Reed, nearly opposite to Otterburn, for the incredible space of nine hundred years.

227. And near the spot that gave me name, The moated mound of Kisingham, Where Reed upon her margin sees Sweet Woodburne's cottages and trees, Some ancient sculptor's art has shown An outlaw's image on the stone.

Risingham, upon the river Reed, near the beautiful hamlet of Woodburn, is an ancient Roman station, formerly called Habitancum. Camden says, that in his time the popular account bore, that it had been the abode of a deity, or giant, called Magon; and appeals, in support of this tradition, as well as to the etymology of Risingham, or Reisenham, which signifies, in German, the habitation of the giants, to two Roman altars taken out of the river, inscribed Deo Mogonyr Cadenorus, About half a mile distant from Risingham, upon an eminence covered with scattered birch-teres and ferrors. trees and fragments of rock, there is cut upon a large rock, in alto relievo, a remarkable figure called Robin of Risingham, or Robin of

Reedsdale. It presents a brain raised in one hand, and in the o to be a hare. There is a quise the figure, and he is dressed in kirtle, coming down to the kne close, with a girdle bound a Horseley, who saw all monum with Roman eyes, inclines to the a Roman archer: and certain rather of the ancient size than was so formidable in the hand archers of the middle ages. of the whole figure prevents strongly upon mere inaccuracy The popular tradition is, that giant, whose brother resided at he himself at Risingham. It a subsisted by bunting, and that subsisted by nunting and significant of them, poisoned his companie memory the anonument was engaged and tragic circumstance cealed under this legend, or utterly apocryphal, it is now discover.

- Do thou res The statutes of the Burn

The "statutes of the Bucan reality, more equitable than co expected from the state of socie they had been formed. They as may readily be conjectured tion and the inheritance of their

When the expedition was fund of prize-money acquired gether, each party taking his or retained or concealed no part of stock. If any one transgress portant particular, the punish being set ashore on some desc to shift for himself as he could the vessel had then their share expenses of the outfit. These old pirates, settled at Tobago Domingo, or some other Fre settlement. The surgeon's salaries, with the price of pro-nition, were also defrayed. compensation due to the main rated according to the damage tained: as six hundred pieces slaves, for the loss of an arm o proportion.

"After this act of justice and remainder of the booty was d many shares as there were B commander could only lay class share, as the rest; but they con with two or three, in proportion quitted himself to their satisfact vessel was not the property of pany, the person who had fin furnished it with necessary arm tion, was entitled to a third of Eavour had never any influence the booty, for every share was determined lot. Instances of such rigid justice as this not easily met with, and they extended even the dead. Their share was given to the man ho was known to be their companion when live, and therefore their heir. If the person ho had been killed had no intimate, his part as sent to his relations, when they were mown. If there were no friends or relations, it was distributed in charity to the poor and to thurches, which were to pray for the person in whose name these benefactions were given, the fruits of inhuman but necessary piratical plunders."—Raynul's History of European Settlements in the East and West Indies, by Justamond. Lond. 1776, 8vo, iii. p. 41.

231. The course of Tees.

The view from Barnard Castle commands the rich and magnificent valley of Tees. Insendiately adjacent to the river, the banks are wery thickly wooded; at a little distance they are more open and cultivated; but, being interspersed with hedge-rows, and with isolated trees of great size and age, they still retain the richness of woodland scenery. The river itself flows in a deep trench of solid rock, chiefly limestone and marble. The finest view of its romantic course is from a handsome modern-built bridge over the Tees, by the late Mr. Mooritt of Rokeby.

231. Egliston's gray ruins.

The ruins of this abbey, or priory (for Tanner calls it the former, and Leland the latter), are beautifully situated upon the angle formed by a little dell called Thorsgill, at its junction with the Tees.

232. Raised by that Legion long renound, Whose votive shrine asserts their claim, Of pious, faithful, conquering fame.

Close behind the George Inn at Greta Bridge, there is a well-preserved Roman encampment, surrounded with a triple ditch, lying between the river Greta and a brook called the Tutta. The four entrances are easily to be discerned.

232. Rokeby's turrets high.

This ancient manor long gave name to a family by whom it is said to have been possessed from the Conquest downward, and who are at different times distinguished in history. It was the Baron of Rokeby who finally defeated the insurrection of the Earl of Northumberland, fempore Henry IV. The Rokeby, or Rokesby family, continued to be distinguished until the great Civil War, when, having embraced the cause of Charles I, they suffered severely by fines and confiscations. The estate then passed from its ancient possessors to the family of the Robinsons, from whom it was purchased by the father of my valued friend, the present proprietor.

232. A stern and lone, yet lovely road As eer the foot of Minstrel trod

What follows is an attempt to descri romantic glen, or rather ravine, through the Greta finds a passage between Roke Mortham; the former situated upon the bank of Greta, the latter on the right about half a mile nearer to its junction w Tees.

233. What gales are sold on Lapland s How whistle rash hids tempests Of witch, of mermaid, and of sp Of Erick's cap and Elmo's light

"Also I shall shew very briefly wha conjurers and witches have in constraini elements enchanted by them or other they may exceed or fall short of their i order: premising this, that the extream North Finland and Lapland was so witchcraft formerly in heathenish times they had learned this cursed art from astres the Persian; though other inha by the sea-coasts are reported to be bew with the same madness; for they exerci devilish art, of all the arts of the world. miration; and in this, or other such lik chief, they commonly agree. The Finl were wont formerly, amongst their other of gentilisme, to sell winds to merchant were stopt on their coast by contrary we and when they had their price, they knit magical knots, not like to the laws of C bound up with a thong, and they gave unto the merchants; observing that rul when they unloosed the first they should a good gale of wind; when the seco stronger wind; but when they untied the they should have such cruel tempests, the should not be able to look out of the forto avoid the rocks, nor move a foot to pull the sails, nor stand at the helm to gove ships; and they made an unhappy trial truth of it who denied that there was an

power in these knots.

"Ericus, King of Sweden, in his tin held second to none in the magical art: was so familiar with the evil spirits, whe exceedingly adored, that which way swe turned his cap, the wind would presently that way."—Claus Magnus's History Goths, Swedes, and Vandals. London 1658, pp. 45 and 47.

233. The Demon Frigate.

This is an allusion to a well-known is superstition concerning a fantastic vessel, by sailors the Flying Dutchman, and sup to be seen about the latitude of the C Good Hope. She is distinguished from a vessels by bearing a press of sail when all are unable, from stress of weather, to shinch of canvas. The cause of her wan is not altogether certain; but the gener count is, that she was originally a vessel with great wealth, on board of which

horrid act of murder and piracy had been committed; that the plague broke out among the wicked crew who had perpetrated the crime, and that they sailed in vain from port to port, offering, as the price of shelter, the whole of their ill-gotten wealth; that they were excluded from every harbour for fear of the contagion which was devouring them; and that, as a punishment of their crimes, the apparition of the ship still continues to haunt those seas in which the catastrophe took place, and is considered by the mariners as the worst of all possible omens.

233. - By some desert isle or key.

What contributed much to the security of the Bucaniers about the Windward Islands, was the great number of little islets, called in that country keps. These are small sandy patches, appearing just above the surface of the ocean, covered only with a few bushes and weeds, but sometimes affording springs of water, and, in general, much frequented by turtle. Such little uninhabited spots afforded the pirates good harbours, either for refitting or for the purpose of ambush; they were occasionally the hidingplace of their treasure, and often afforded a shelter to themselves. As many of the atrocities which they practised on their prisoners were committed in such spots, there are some of these keys which even now have an indifferent reputation among seamen, and where they are with difficulty prevailed on to remain ashore at night, on account of the visionary terrors incident to places which have been thus contaminated.

233. Before the gate of Mortham stood.

The Castle of Mortham, which Leland terms "Mr. Rokesby's Place, in ripa citer, scant a quarter of a mile from Greta Bridge, and not a quarter of a mile beneath into Tees," is a picturesque tower, surrounded by buildings of different ages, now converted into a farm-house and offices.

Its situation is eminently beautiful, occupying a high bank, at the bottom of which the Greta winds out of the dark, narrow, and romantic dell which the text has attempted to describe, and flows onward through a more open valley to meet the Tees about a quarter of a mile from the castle. Mortham is surrounded by old trees, happily and widely grouped with Mr. Morritt's new plantations.

235. There dig, and tomb your precious heap; And bid the dead your treasure keep.

If time did not permit the Bucaniers to lavish away their plunder in their usual debaucheries, they were wont to hide it, with many superstitious solemnities, in the desert islands and keys which they frequented, and where much treasure, whose lawless owners perished without reclaiming it, is still supposed to be concealed. The most cruel of mankind are often the most superstitious; and these pirates are said to have

recourse to a horrid ritual, in and an uncarthly guardinn to their true killed a Negro or Spaniani, and with the treasure, believing that hi haust the spot, and terrily away a I cannot produce any other author this custom is ascribed to them maritime tradition, which is, how sufficient for the purposes of poetry

235. The power .

That unsubdued and lark To take the felon by surpr And force him, as by mag In his despite his guilt to t

All who are conversant with the tion of criminal justice, must remoccasions in which malefactors approached the malefactors approached to the property of the property and the property of the property

238. Nobles and knights, so from Must fine for freedom and

Right heavy shall his runse Unless that maid compound

After the battle of Marston Moo of Newcastle retired beyond sea in many of his followers laid down the made the best composition they committees of Parliament. Fin posed upon them in proportion to t and degrees of delinquency, and were often bestowed upon such purely many content bestowed the content bestowed the content bestowed the content bestowed the content best properties.

deserved well of the Commons. In some circumstances it happened that the oppressed tavaliers were fain to form family alliances with some powerful person among the triumphant party.

239. In Redesdale his youth had heard Each art her wily dalesmen dared, When Rooken-edge, and Redswair high, To bugle rung and bloodhound's cry.

"What manner of cattle-stealers they are that inhabit these valieys in the marches of both kingdoms, John Lesley, a Scotche man himself, and Bishop of Ross, will inform you. They sally out of their own borders in the might, in troops, through unfrequented by-ways and many intricate windings. All the day-time they refresh themselves and their horses in lurking holes they had pitched upon before, till they arrive in the dark in those places they have a design upon. As soon as they have seized upon the booty, they, in like manner, return home in the night, through blind ways, and fetching many a compass. The more skilful any captain is to pass through those wild deserts, crooked turnings, and deep precipics, in the thickest mists, his reputation is the greater, and he is looked upon as a man of an excellent head."—Camden's Britannia.

The inhabitants of the valleys of Tyne and Reed were, in ancient times, so inordinately addicted to these depredations, that, in 1564, the incorporated Merchant-adventurers of Newcastle made a law that none born in these districts should be admitted apprentice. The inhabitants are stated to be so generally addicted to rapine, that no faith should be reposed in those proceeding from "such lewde and wicked progenitors." This regulation continued to stand unrepealed until 1771. A beggar, in an old play, describes himself as "born in Redesdale, in Northumberland, and come of a wight-riding surname, called the Robsons, good honest men and true, saving a little skifting for their living. God help them!"—a description which would have applied to most Borderers on both sides.

239. Hiding his face, lest foemen spy The sparkle of his swarthy eye.

After one of the recent battles in which the Irish rebels were defeated, one of their most active leaders was found in a bog, in which he was immersed up to the shoulders, while his head was concealed by an impending ledge of turf. Being detected and seized, notwithstanding his precaution, he became solicitous to know how his retreat had been discovered. "I caught," answered the Sutherland Highlander, by whom he was taken, "the sparkle of your eye." Those who are accustomed to mark hares upon their form usually discover them by the same circumstance.

241. Of my marauding on the clowns Of Calverley and Bradford downs.

The troops of the King, when they first to the field, were as well disciplined as could expected from circumstances. But as the c cumstances of Charles became less favourable and his funds for regularly paying his for decreased, habits of military licence prevails among them in greater excess. Lacy the plays who served his master during the Civil Webrought out, after the Restoration, a piece call. The Old Troop, in which he seems to have comemorated some real incidents which occurr in his military career. The names of the office of the Troop sufficiently express their habit. We have Flea-flint Plunder-Master-Gener. Captain Ferretfarm, and Quarter-Master Burdrop. The officers of the Troop are in leag with these worthies, and connive at the plundering the country for a suitable share the booty. All this was undoubtedly dray from the life, which Lacy had an opportunit os tudy. The moral of the whole is computed in a rebuke given to the lieutenar whose disorders in the country are said to predict the field could recompense. The piece is a not means void of farcical humour.

242. — Brignall's woods, and Scargill wave, E'en now, o'er many a sister cave.

The banks of the Greta, below Rutherfo Bridge, abound in seams of greyish slate, whi are wrought in some places to a very gre depth under ground, thus forming artificaverns, which, when the seam has been e hausted, are gradually hidden by the unde wood which grows in profusion upon tomantic banks of the river. In times of pub confusion, they might be well adapted to the purposes of banditti.

244. When Spain waged warfare with on land.

There was a short war with Spain in 1625; which will be found to agree pretty well withe chromology of the poem. But probab Bertram held an opinion very common amouthe maritime heroes of the age, that "the was no peace beyond the Line." The Spani guarda-costas were constantly employed aggressions upon the trade and settlements the English and French; and, by their or severities, gave room for the system of but neering, at first adopted in self-defence a retaliation, and afterwards persevered in fre habit and thirst of plunder.

245. --- our comrades' strife.

The laws of the Bucaniers, and their succesors the Pirates, however severe and equitabwere, like other laws, often set aside by the stronger party. Their quarrels about the dision of the spoil fill their history, and they

frequently arose out of mere frolic or the tyrannical humour of their chiefs. An anec-dote of Teach (called Blackbeard) shows that their habitual indifference for human life extended to their companions, as well as their enemies and captives :-

"One night, druking in his cabin with Hands, the pilot, and another man, Blackbeard, without any provocation, privately draws out a small pair of pistols, and cocks them under the table, which, being perceived by the man, he withdrew upon deck, leaving Hands, the pilot, and the captain together. When the pistols were ready, he blew out the candles, and crossing his hands, discharged them at his commany. Hands, the master was shot through company. Hands, the master, was shot through the knee, and lamed for life; the other pistol did no execution."—Johnson's History of Pirates. Lond. 1724, 8vo, vol. î. p. 38.

- Adieu for evermore.

The last verse of this song is taken from the fragment of an old Scottish ballad, of which I only recollected two verses when the first edition of Rokeby was published. Mr. Thomas Sheridan kindly pointed out to me an entire copy of this beautiful song, which seems to ex-press the fortunes of some follower of the Stuart family:-

"It was a' for our rightful king That we left fair Scotland's strand, It was a' for our rightful king That we e'er saw Irish land, My dear, That we e'er saw Irish land

" Now all is done that man can do, And all is done in vain! My love! my native land, adieu! For I must cross the main, My dear,

For I must cross the main.

" He turn'd him round and right about, All on the Irish shore, He gave his bridle-reins a shake, With, Adieu for evermore, My dear !

Adieu for evermore!

"The soldier frae the war returns, And the merchant frae the main. But I hae parted wi' my love, And ne'er to meet again, My dear,

And ne'er to meet again. "When day is gone and night is come, And a' are boun' to sleep, I think on them that's far awa The lee-lang night, and weep, My dear,

The lee-lang night, and weep."

247. Rere-cross on Stanmore. This is a fragment of an old cross called Rerecross or Rec-cross, with its pediment, surrounded by an intreachment, upon the very summit of the waste ridge of Stammer, read a of entertainment called the Spiral tion of the cross, and the pains rain it, seem to indicate that it was in landmark of importance.

247. When Denmark's range is Triumphant through No Sky, Till, hovering near, her fa Bade Reged's Britons in

About the year of God 866, the I their celebrated leaders Inguar in Agnar), and Hubba-sons, it is us more celebrated Regnar Lods Northumberland, bringing with the standard, so often mentioned in p REAFEN, or Rumfan, from its bear of a raven. The Danes renewed a their incursions, and began to os lishing a kind of capital at York, they spread their conquests and every direction. Stanmore, which mountains of Westmoreland and was probably the boundary of the dom in that direction.

247. Beneath the shade the Nor Fix'd on each vale a Kun

The heathen Danes have left s of their religion in the upper part Balder-garth, which derives its na unfortunate son of Odin, is a tract on the very ridge of Stanmore; which falls into the Tees near B. is named after the same deity, the banks of the Tees is also ter Croft, from the supreme deity of t

249. Who has not heard how & In English blood imbrard

The O'Neale here meant-for a succeeded to the chieftainship dur succeeded to the chieftainship dan of Elizabeth—was Hugh, the gra O'Neale, called Con Bacco, or the father, Matthew O'Kelly, was ille being the son of a blacksmith's wis called Matthew the Blacksmith nevertheless, destined his success and he was created, by Elizabe Dungannon. Upon the death of this Matthew was slain by his her harrowly escaped the same fate, tected by the English. Shane uncle, called Shane Dymas, was a Turlough Lynogh O'Neale; after Hugh, having assumed the chie came nearly as formulable to than by whom it had been posses. any by whom it had been posses belied repeatedly, and as often a sions, of which it was usually a the should not only longer assum O'Neale; in lieu of which he was of Tyrone. But this condition served longer than until the press

ex in the field, and overreaching him was the induction to that nobleman's Lord Mountjoy succeeded in finally 5 O'Neale; but it was not till the of James, to whom he made personal, and was received with civility at

'chief arose his victor pride, un that brave Marshal fought and died.

f victory which Tyrone obtained over 1 was in a battle fought near Black-le he besieged a fort garrisoned by 1, which commanded the passes into

s said to have entertained a personal gainst the knight-mauchal, Sir Henry hom he accused of detaining the th he sent to Queen Elizabeth, exof his conduct, and offering terms of

The river, called by the English, is termed in Irish, Avon-Duff, the same signification. Both names ned by Spenser in his "Marriage of s and the Medway." But I underhis verses relate not to the Black-ister, but to a river of the same name hof Ireland:—

on-Duff, which of the Englishmen Blackwater."

· Tanist he to great O'Neale.

. What is that which you call Tanist try? These be names and terms 1 of nor known to us.

It is a custom amongst all the Irish, ally after the death of one of their is or captaines, they doe presently hemselves to a place generally aplknowne unto them, to choose another, where they do nominate and elect, at part not the eldest sonne, nor any dren of the lord deceased, but the nin blood,—that is, the eldest and as commonly the next brother unto have any, or the next cousin, or so by is elder in that kindred or sept; ext to them doe they choose the next to them doe they choose the next at to be Tanist, who shall next suct the said captainty, if he live thereser's View of the State of Iriel Works, Lond. 1805, 8vo, vol. viii.

iist, therefore, of O'Neale was the int of his power. This kind of succars also to have regulated, in very les, the succession to the crown of It would have been imprudent, if ble, to have asserted a minor's right on in those stormy days, when the of policy were summed up in my Wordsworth's lines:—

"the good old rule th them; the simple plan, y should take who have the power, sey should keep who can."

249. With wild majestic port and tone, Like envoy of some barbarous throne.

The Irish chiefs, in their intercourse with the English, and with each other, were wont to assume the language and style of independent royalty.

251. Great Nial of the Pledges Nine.

Neal Naighvallach, or Of the Nine Hostages, is said to have been Monarch of all Ireland, during the end of the fourth or beginning of the fifth century. He exercised a predatory warfare on the coast of England and of Bretagne, or Armorica; and from the latter country brought off the celebrated Saint Patrick, a youth of sixteen, among other captives, whom he transported to Ireland. Neal derived his epithet from nine nations, or tribes, whom he held under his subjection, and from whom he took hostages.

251. Shane-Dymas Wild.

This Shane-Dymas, or John the Wanton, held the title and power of O'Neale in the earlier part of Elizabeth's reign, against whom he rebelled repeatedly.

"This chieftain is handed down to us as the

"This chieftain is handed down to us as the most proud and profligate man on earth. He was immoderately addicted to women and wine. He is said to have had 200 tuns of wine at once in his cellar at Dandram, but usquebaugh was his favourite liquor. He spared neither age nor condition of the fair sex. Altho' so illiterate that he could not write, he was not destitute of address, his understanding was strong, and his courage daring. He had 600 men for his quard: 4,000 fox 4, 1,000 horse for the field. He claimed superiority over all the lords of Ulster, and called himself king thereof."—Camden's Britannia, by Gough. Lond. 1806, fol. vol. iv.

p. 442.

The reduced to extremity by the English, and forsaken by his allies, this Shane-Dymas fled to Clandeboy, then occupied by a colony of Scottish Highlanders of the family of Mac-Donell. He was at first courteously received; but by degrees they began to quarrel about the slaughter of some of their friends whom Shane-Dymas had put to death, and advancing from words to deeds, fell upon him with their broadswords, and cut him to pieces. After his death a law was made that none should presume to take the name and title of O'Neale.

251. ——— Geraldine.

The O'Neales were closely allied with this powerful and warlike family, for Henry Owen O'Neale married the daughter of Thomas, Earl of Kildare, and their son Con-More married his cousin-german, a daughter of Gerald, Earl of Kildare. This Con-More cursed any of his posterity who should learn the English language, sow corn, or build houses, so as to invite the English to settle in their country. Others ascribe this anathema to his son Con-Bacco.—See Walker's Irish Bards, p. 140.

251. — his page—the next degree, In that old time, to chivalry.

Originally the order of chivalry embraced three ranks:—1. The Page; 2. The Squire; 3. The Knight:—a gradation which seems to have been imitated in the mystery of freemasonry. But, before the reign of Charles I., the custom of serving as a squire had fallen into dissuse, though the order of the page was still, to a certain degree, in observance. This state of servitude was so far from inferring anything degrading, that it was considered as the regular school for acquiring every quality necessary for future distinction.

256. Seem'd half abandon'd to decay.

The ancient Castle of Rokeby stood exactly upon the site of the present mansion, by which a part of its walls is enclosed. It is surrounded by a profusion of fine wood, and the park in which it stands is adorned by the junction of the Greta and of the Tees. The title of Baron Rokeby of Armagh was, in 1777, conferred on the Right Reverend Richard Robinson, Primate of Ireland, descended of the Robinsons, formerly of Rokeby, in Yorkshire.

258. The Files of O'Neale was he.

The Filea, or Ollamh Re Dan, was the proper bard, or, as the name literally implies, poet. Each chieftain of distinction had one or more in his service, whose office was usually hereditary. There were itinerant bards of less elevated rank, but all were held in the high

259. Ak, Clandeboy! thy friend Slieve-Donara's oak sha more.

Clandeboy is a district of Use possessed by the sept of the O. Slieve-Donard, a romantic moss same province. The clan was r Tyrone's great rebellion, and the abode laid desolate. The ancient and uncultivated in other respects, deven to their descendants in premost free and extended hospitality.

259. Marwood-chase and Teller

Marwood-chase is the old park along the Durham side of the Tees, Barnard Castle. Toller Hill is an e the Yorkshire side of the river, con superb view of the ruins.

260. The ancient English minute

Among the entertainments present beth at Kenilworth Castle, was the if a person designed to represent minstrel, who entertained her wit story out of the Acts of King Arth person's dress and appearance Minhas given us a very accurate acc ferred by Bishop Percy to the prelisertation on Minstrels, prefixed to lof Ancient Poetry, vol. 1.

NOTES TO THE LORD OF THE ISLES.

284. Thy rugged halls, Artornish! rung.

The ruins of the Castle of Artornish are situated upon a promontory, on the Morven, or mainland side of the Sound of Mull—a name given to the deep arm of the sea which divides that island from the continent. The situation is wild and romantic in the highest degree, having on the one hand a high and precipitous chain of rocks overhanging the sea, and on the other the narrow entrance to the beautiful saltwater lake, called Loch Alline, which is in many places finely fringed with copsewood. The ruins of Artornish are not now very considerable, and consist chiefly of the remains of an old keep, or tower, with fragments of outward defences. But, in former days, it was a place of great consequence, being one of the principal strongholds which the Lords of the Isles, during the period of their stormy independence, possessed upon the mainland of Argyleshire.

It is almost opposite to the Bay of Aros, in the Island of Mull, where there was another castle, the occasional residence of the Lords of

the Isles.

284. Rude Heiskar's seal, three dark,

Wili long pursue the mins.

The seal displays a taste for r could scarcely be expected from h local predilections. They will lo boat in which any musical instrume and even a tune simply whistled ha for them. The Dean of the Isles s kar, a small uninhabited rock, a (Scottish) miles from the Isle of I infinite slaughter of seals takes plan

285. — a turret's air Siender and steep, and bai. O'erlook'd, dark Mull! Sound.

The Sound of Mull, which divide from the continent of Scotland, is most striking scenes which the Hel to the traveller. Sailing from Obar Tobermory, through a narrow c deep enough to bear vessels of burden, he has on his left the ball

tainous shores of Mull; on the right, those of that district of Argyleshire called Morven, or Morvern, successively indented by deep saltwater lochs, running up many miles inland. To the south-eastward arise a prodigious range of mountains, among which Cruachan-Ben is pre-eminent. And to the north-east is the no tess huge and picturesque range of the Adnamurchan hills. Many ruinous castles, situated generally upon cliffs, overhanging the ocean, add interest to the scene.

285. The heir of mighty Somerled.

Somerled was Thane of Argyle and Lord of the Isles, about the middle of the twelfth century. He seems to have exercised his authority in both capacities, independent of the crown of Scotland, against which he often stood in hostility. He made various incursions upon the western lowlands during the reign of Malcolm IV., and seems to have made peace with him upon the terms of an independent prince, about the year 1157. In 1164 he resumed the war against Malcolm, and invaded Scotland with a large but probably tumultuary army, collected in the isles in the mainland of Argyleshire, and in the neighbouring provinces of Ireland. He was defeated and slain in an engagement with a very inferior force, near Renfrew.

285. Lord of the Isles.

The representative of this independent principality—for such it seems to have been, though acknowledging occasionally the pre-eminence of the Scottish crown—was, at the period of the poen, Angus, called Angus Og; but the name has been, emphonic gratia, exchanged for that of Ronald, which frequently occurs in the genealogy. Angus was a protector of Robert Bruce, whom he received in his Castle of Dunaverty, during the time of his greatest distress.

286. - The House of Lorn.

The House of Lorn was, like the Lord of the Isles, descended from a son of Somerled, slain at Renfrew, in 1164. This son obtained the succession of his mainland territories, comprehending the greater part of the three districts of Lorn, in Argyleshire, and of course might rather be considered as petty princes than feudal barons. They assumed the patronymic appellation of Mac-Dougal, by which they are distinguished in the history of the middle ages.

288. Awaked before the rushing prow, The mimic fires of ocean glow, Those lightnings of the wave.

The phenomenon called by sailors Sea-fire, is one of the most beautiful and interesting which is witnessed in the Hebrides. At times the ocean appears entirely illuminated around the vessel, and a long train of lambent coruscations are perpetually bursting upon the sides of

the vessel, or pursuing her wake through the darkness.

291. That keen knight, De Argentine.

Sir Egidius, or Giles De Argentine, was one of the most accomplished knights of the period. He had served in the wars of Henry of Luxembourg with such high reputation, that he was, in popular estimation, the third worthy of the age. Those to whom fane assigned precedence over him were, Henry of Luxembourg himself, and Robert Bruce. Argentine had warred in Palestine, encountered thrice with the Saracens, and had slain two antagonists in each engagement:—an easy matter, he said, for one Christian knight to slay two Pagan dogs.

291. "Fill me the mighty cup!" he said, "Erst own'd by royal Somerlid."

A Hebridean drinking cup, of the most ancient and curious workmanship, has been long preserved in the castle of Dunvegan, in Skye, the romantic seat of Mac-Leed of Mac-Leed, the chief of that ancient and powerful clan. The horn of Rorie More, preserved in the same family, and recorded by Dr. Johnson, is not to be compared with this piece of antiquity, which is one of the greatest curiosities in Scotland.

292. — the rebellious Scottish crew, Who to Kath-Erin's shelter drew, With Carrick's outlaw'd Chief?

It must be remembered by all who have read the Scottish history, that after he had slain Comyn at Dumfries, and asserted his right to the Scottish crown, Robert Bruce was reduced to the greatest extremity by the English and their adherents. He was crowned at Scone by the general consent of the Scottish barrons, but his authority endured but a short time. According to the phrase said to have been used by his wife, he was for that year "a summer king, but not a winter one."

292. The Broach of Lorn.

It has been generally mentioned in the preceding notes, that Robert Bruce, after his defeat at Methyen, being bard pressed by the English, endeavoured, with the dispirited remnant of his followers, to escape from Breadalbane and the mountains of Perthshire into the Argyleshire Highlands. But he was encountered and repulsed, after a very severe engagement, by the Lord of Lorn. Bruce's personal strength and courage were never displayed to greater advantage than in this conflict. There is a tradition in the family of the Mac-Dougals of Lorn, that the rehieftain engaged in personal battle with Bruce himself, while the latter was employed in protecting the retreat of his men; that Mac-D ugal was struck down by the king, whose sten, the of body was equal to his vigour of mind, and would have been slain on the spot had not two of Lorn's vassals, a father and son, whom tradition terms Mac-Keoch, rescued him, by seizing the mantle of the monarch, and dragging him from above his adversary. Bruce rid himself of these foes by two blows of his redoubted battle-axe, but was so closely pressed by the other followers of Lorn, that he was forced to abandon the mantle, and brooch which fastened it, clasped in the dying grasp of the Mac-Keochs. A studded brooch, said to have been that which King Robert lost upon this occasion, was long preserved in the family of Mac-Dougal, and was lost in a fire which consumed their temporary residence.

289. When Comyn fell beneath the knife Of that fell homicide The Bruce. 293. Vain Kirkpatrick's bloody dirk, Making sure of murder's work.

Every reader must recollect that the proximate cause of Bruce's asserting his right to the crown of Scotland, was the death of John, called the Red Comyn. The causes of this act of violence, equally extraordinary from the high rank both of the perpetrator and sufferer, and from the place where the slaughter was committed, are variously related by the Scottish and English historians, and cannot now be ascertained. The fact that they met at the high altar of the Minorites, or Greyfriars' Church in Dumfries, that their difference broke out into high and insulting language, and that Bruce drew his dagger and stabbed Comyn, is certain. Rushing to the door of the church, Bruce met two powerful barons, Kirkpatrick of Closeburn and James de Lindsay, who eagerly asked him, what tidings? "Bad tidings," answered Bruce: "I doubt I have slain Comyn."—"Doubtest thou?" said Kirkpatrick; "I make sicker," (i.e. sure.) With these words, he and Lindsay rushed into the church, and despatched the wounded Comyn. The Kirkpatricks of Closeburn assumed, in memory of this deed, a hand holding a dagger, with the memorable words, "I make sicker."

293. Barendown fled fast away, Fled the fiery De La Haye.

These knights are enumerated by Barbour among the small number of Bruce's adherents, who remained in arms with him after the battle of Methyen.

296. Was't not enough, to Ronald's bower I brought thee, like a paramour?

It was anciently customary in the Highlands to bring the bride to the house of the husband. Nay, in some cases the complaisance was stretched so far, that she remained there upon trial for a twelvemonth; and the bridegroom, even after this period of cohabitation, retained an option of refusing to fulfil his engagement. It is said that a desperate feud ensued between the clans of Mac-Donald of Sleate and Mac-Leod, owing to the former chief having availed.

himself of this licence to send back he gan a sister, or daughter of the lambda. Lead, resenting the indurative data since there was no working had should be one to solemnias the day cordingly, he burned and had work tories of Mac-Donald, who retailist deadly feud, with all its accompanion place in form.

206. Since Matchless Wallace first In mockey crown d with w

There is something singularly doubt the mode in which Wallace was take he was betrayed to the English is ind and popular fame charges Sir John with the indelible infamy. "Accurs of the book of life." But John de was all along a zealous favourer of the interest, and was governor of Dumbarn by commission from Edward the Fitherefore, as the accurate Lord Halie served, could not be the friend and cas Wallace, as tradition states him to truth seems to be, that Menteith, the engaged in the English interest, pursulace closely, and made him presoner the treachery of an attendant, who Langtoft calls Jack Short.

The infamy of seizing Wallace meters to the streachery of seizing Wallace meters to the streacher and engaged in the English interest, pursulace closely, and made him presoner the treachery of an attendant, who

The infamy of seizing Wallace mufore, rest between a degenerate Soutin man, the vassal of England, and a of the obscure agent of his treachery: Sir John Menteith, son of Walter, Larteith, and the traitor Jack Short.

296. Was not the life of Athele the To soothe the tyrant's sicken's

John de Strathbogie, Rarl of Att altempted to escape out of the kingd storm cast him upon the coast, when taken, sent to London, and executed, cumstances of great barbarity, being strangled, then let down from the gallyet alive, barbarously dismembered, body burnt. Matthew of Westminet that King Edward, then extremely ill great case from the news that his rel apprehended—"Qua antite, Rex An gravissima morba tune languere lanen tulit dolorem." To this simpression the text alludes.

297. While I the blessed cross adva And expirte this unhappy che In Palestine, with sword and

Bruce uniformly professed, and probcompunction for having violated the a of the church by the slaughter of Comficially, in his last hours, in testimonfaith, penitence, and zeal, be requested Lord Douglas, to carry his bear to Je to be there deposited in the Holy Sepa

Iruce! I rose with purpose dread beak my curse upon thy head.

s the notice of Comyn's slaughter me, Bruce and his adherents were ated. It was published first by the of York, and renewed at different cularly by Lambyrton, Bishop of i, in 1308; but it does not appear to ed the purpose which the English pected. Indeed, for reasons which difficult to trace, the thunders of nded upon the Scottish mountains ect than in more fertile countries. e comparative poverty of the beneated that fewer foreign clergy settled; and the interests of the native were linked with that of their lany of the Scottish prelates, Lamprinate particularly, declared for a he was yet under the ban of the ough he afterwards again changed

ented wanderer on the wild, oreign shores a man exiled.

iot metaphorical. The echoes of lactually

odhounds that bayed for her fugi-

ious and romantic tale is told by ion this subject, which may be follows:—

see had again got footing in Scotspring of 1306, he continued to be ak and precarious condition, gain-occasional advantages, but obliged e his enemies whenever they asforce. Upon one occasion, while with a small party in the wilds of 1 Ayrshire. Aymer de Valence, Earl e, with his inveterate foe John of against him suddenly with eighthanders, besides a large body of they brought with them a or bloodhound, which, some say, ce a favourite with the Bruce hlmerefore was least likely to lose the

sose force was under four hundred used to make head against the men of Lorn had nearly cut at. Perceiving the danger of his acted as the celebrated and illina is said to have done in similares. He divided his force into there inted a place of rendezvous, and them to retreat by different routes, John of Lorn arrived at the spot divided, he caused the hound to be trace, which immediately directed pursuit of that party which Bruce his, therefore, Lorn pursued with force, paying no attention to the e king again subdivided his small see parts, and with the same result,

for the pursuers attached themselves exclusively to that which he led in person. He then caused his followers to disperse, and retained only his foster-brother in his company. The slough-dog followed the trace, and, neglecting the others, attached himself and his attendants to the pursuit of the king. Lorn became convinced that his enemy was nearly in his power, and detached five of his most active attendants to follow him, and interrupt his flight. They did so with all the agility of mountaineers. "What and with the agility of mountaineers. "What aid wilt thou make?" said Bruce to his single attendant, when he saw the five men gain ground on him. "The best I can," replied his foster-brother. "Then," said Bruce, "here I make my stand." The five pursuers came up fast. The king took three to himself, leaving the other two to his foster-brother. He slew the first who encountered him; but observing his foster-brother hard pressed, he sprung to his assistance, and despatched one of his assail-Leaving him to deal with the survivor, he returned upon the other two, both of whom he slew before his foster-brother had despatched his single antagonist. When this hard encounter was over, with a courtesy which in the whole work marks Bruce's character, he thanked his foster-brother for his aid. "It likes you to say so," answered his follower: "but you yourself slew four of the five."—"True," said the king, "but only because I had better opportunity than you. They were not apprehensive of me when they saw me encounter three, so I had a moment's time to spring to thy aid, and to

return equally unexpectedly upon my own opponents."

In the meanwhile Lorn's party approached rapidly, and the king and his foster-brother betook themselves to a neighbouring wood. Here they sat down, for Bruce was exhausted by fatigue, until the cry of the slough-hound came so near that his foster-brother entreated Bruce to provide for his safety by retreating further. "I have heard," answered the king, "that whosoever will wade a bowshot length down a running stream, shall make the slough-hound lose scent. Let us try the experiment; for were yon devilish hound silenced, I should care little for the rest."

Lorn in the meanwhile advanced, and found the bodies of his slain vassals, over whom he made his moan, and threatened the most deadly vengeance. Then he followed the hound to the side of the brook, down which the king had waded a great way. Here the hound was at fault, and John of Lorn, after long attempting in vain to recover Bruce's trace, relinquished the pursuit. "Others," says Barbour, "affirm, that upon

"Others," says Barbour, "affirm, that upon this occasion the king's life was saved by an excellent archer who accompanied him, and who, perceiving they would be finally taken by means of the bloodhound, hid himself in a thicket, and shot him with an arrow. In which way," adds the metrical biographer, "this escape happened, I am uncertain, but at that brook the king escaped from his pursuers."

209. "Alas! dearyouth, the unhappy time," Answer'd the Bruce, "must bear the crime,

Since guiltier far than you, Even 1" he paused; for Falkirk's wees

Upon his conscious soul arose.

I have followed the vulgar and inaccurate tradition, that Bruce fought against Wallace, and the array of Scotland, at the fatal battle of Falkirk. The story, which seems to have no better authority than that of Blind Harry, bears, that having made much slaughter during the engagement, he sat down to dine with the conquerors without washing the filthy witness from his hands:—

"Fasting he was, and had been in great need, Blooded were all his weapons and his weed; Southeron lords scorn'd him in terms rude, And said, Behold you Scott eats his own blood.

"Then rued he sore, for reason had be known, That blood and land alike should be his own: With them he long was, ere he got away, But contrair Scots he fought not from that day."

The account given by most of our historians, of the conversation between Bruce and Wallace over the Carron river, is equally apocryphal. There is full evidence that Bruce was not at that time on the English side, nor present at the battle of Falkirit; nay, that he acted as a guardian of Scotland, along with John Comyn, in the name of Baliol, and in opposition to the English.

300. These are the savage wilds that lie North of Strathnardill and Dunskye,

The extraordinary piece of scenery which I have here attempted to describe, is, I think, unparalleled in any part of Scotland, at least in any which I have happened to visit. It lies just upon the frontier of the Laird of MacLeod's country, which is thereabouts divided from the estate of Mr. Mac-Allister of Strathnard, called Strathnardill by the Dean of the Isles.

305. And mermaid's alabaster grot, Who bathes her limbs in sunless well Deep in Strathaird's enchanted cell.

Imagination can hardly conceive anything more beautiful than the extraordinary grotto discovered not many years since upon the estate of Alexander Mac-Allister, Esq. of Strathaird. It has since been much and deservedly celebrated, and a full account of its beauties has been published by Dr. Mac-Leay of Oban. The general impression may perhaps be gathered from the following extract from a journal, which, written under the feelings of the moment, is likely to be more accurate than any attempt to recollect the impressions then received:—"The first entrance to this celebrated cave is rude and unpromising; but the light of the torches, with which we were provided, was soon reflected from the roof, floor, and walls, which seem as

if they were sheeted with marbie, partly rough with frost-work and ments, and partly seeming to be statuary. The floor forms a steep statuary. ascent, and might be fancifully c sheet of water, which, while it rul and foaming down a declivity, h denly arrested and consolidated h dealy arrested and consolidated by an enchanter. Upon attaining this ascent, the cave opens integaltery, adorned with the most of tallizations, and finally descends to the brink of a pool, of the most of about four or five yards broad beyond this pool a portal arch, for columns of white spar, with bean upon the sides, which promises a of the cave. One of our sailors of for there is no other mode of pas formed us (as indeed we partly saw he car mi that the enchan Allister's cave terminates with this beyond which there was only a speedily choked with stones and the pool, on the brink of which w rounded by the most fanciful mo substance resembling white mark tinguished by the depth and purity might have been the bathing groun The groups of combined figures a embossed, by which the pool is su exquisitely elegant and fanciful might catch beautiful hints from the romantic disposition of those stalac is scarcely a form, or group, on fancy may not trace figures or gro ments, which have been gradually m cavern by the dropping of the cale hardening into petrifactions fine groups have been injured by rage of appropriation of recent to the grotto has lost (I am informed) the smoke of torches, something silver tint which was originally on distinctions. But enough of beaut compensate for all that may be lost Allister of Strathaird has, with gre built up the exterior entrance to order that strangers may enter tended by a guide, to prevent any the wanton and selfish injury which scene has already sustained

307. Yet to no sense of selfish we Bear witness with me, Hear My joy o'er Edward's

The generosity which does just character of an enemy, often massentiments, as recorded by the finith! He seldom mentions a fallen energian praising such good qualities as he mid shall only take one instance. Some landed in Carrick, in 1306, Bell, the English governor of Avr. wealthy yeoman, who had hitherto lower of Bruce, to undertake the tasinating him. The king learned this

a is said to have done other secrets of the by, by means of a female with whom he an intrigue. Shortly after he was possessed in infornation, Bruce, resorting to a small tet at a distance from his men, with only a le page to attend him, met the traitor, acpanied by two of his sons. They approached with their wonted familiarity, but Bruce, may his page's bow and arrow, commanded a to keep at a distance. As they still mod forward with professions of zeal for his man desrvice, he, after a second warning, the father with the arrow; and being as-mad successively by the two sons, despatched lose, who was armed with an axe; then as other charged him with a spear, avoided thrust, struck the head from the spear, and the skull of the assassin with a blow of his blanded sword.

9 And Ronin's mountains dark have sent Their hunters to the shore.

main (popularly called Rum, a name which at may be pardoned for avoiding if possible) wery rough and mountainous island, adjato those of Eigg and Cannay. There is at no arable ground upon it, so that, except e plenty of the deer, which of course are nearly extirpated, it still deserves the detion bestowed by the Archdean of the :—"Ronin, sixteen myle north-wast from lee of Coll, lyes ane ide callit Ronan Ile, of an myle long, and six in bredthe in the swest, ane forest of heigh mountains, and dance of little deir in it, quhilk deir will re be slane downwith, but the principal is man be in the height of the hill, because leir will be callit upwart ay be the tainchell, ithout tynchel they will pass upwart person the shes few to start them except deir. This spleasis to gadder, and yet by resson the a hes few to start them except deir. This yes from the west to the eist in lenth, and ains to M'Kenabrey of Colla. Many solan e are in this ile."—Monro's Description of Western 1ste, p. 18.

c) On Scooreigg next a warning light Summon'd her warriors to the fight; A numerous race, ere stern Macleod O'er their bleak shores in vengeance strode.

hese, and the following lines of the stanza, r to a dreadful tale of feudal vengeance, of ch unfortunately there are relies that still st the truth. Scoor-Eigg is a high peak in centre of the small Isle of Eigg, or Egg, of the caverns in which was the scene of a rid feudal vengeance. This noted cave has rey narrow opening, through which one can dly creep on his knees and hands. It rises p and lofty within, and runs into the bowels be rock to the depth of 255 measured feet;

the height at the entrance may be about three feet, but rises within to eighteen or twenty, and the breadth may vary in the same proportion. The rude and stony bottom of this cave is strewed with the bones of men, women, and children the sad relics of the ancient inhabi-tants of the island, 200 in number, who were slain on the following occasion:—The Mac-Donalds of the Isle of Egg, a people dependent on Clan-Ranald, had done some injury to the laird of Mac-Leod. The tradition of the isle says, that it was by a personal attack on the chieftain, in which his back was broken. But that of the other isles bears, more probably, that the injury was offered to two or three of the Mac-Leods, who, landing upon Eigg, and using some freedom with the young women, were seized by the islanders, bound hand and foot, and turned adrift in a boat, which the winds and waves safely conducted to Skye. To avenge the offence given, Mac-Leod sailed with such a body of men as rendered resistance hopeless. The natives fearing his vengeance, concealed themselves in this cavern, and, after a strict search, the Mac-Leods went on board their galleys, after doing what mischief they could, concluding the inhabitants had left the isle, and betaken themselves to the Long Island, or some of Clan-Ranald's other possessions. But next morning they espied from the vessels a man upon the island, and immediately landing again, they traced his retreat by the marks of his footsteps, a light snow being unhappily on the ground. Mac-Leod then surrounded the cavern, summoned the subterranean garrison, and demanded that the individuals who had offended him should be delivered up to him. This was peremptorily refused. The chieftain then caused his people to divert the course of a rill of water, which, falling over the entrance of the cave, would have prevented his purposed vengeance. He then kindled at the entrance of the cavern a huge fire, composed of turf and fern, and maintained it with unrelenting assiduity, until all within were destroyed by suffocation. The date of this dreadful deed must have been recent, if one may judge from the fresh appearance of those relics. I brought off, in spite of the prejudice of our sailors, a skull from among the numerous specimens of mortality which the cavern afforded. Before reembarking we visited another cave, opening to the sea, but of a character entirely different, being a large open vault, as high as that of a cathedral, and running back a great way into the rock at the same height. The height and width of the opening gives ample light to the whole. Here, after 1745, when the Catholic priests were scarcely tolerated, the priest of Eigg used to perform the Roman Catholic service, most of the islanders being of that persuasion. A huge ledge of rocks, rising about half-way up one side of the vault, served for altar and pulpit; and the appearance of a priest and Highland congregation in such an extraor-dinary place of worship, might have engaged the pencil of Salvator. 310. Scenes sung by him who sings no more,

The ballad entitled "Macphail of Colonsay, and the Mermaid of Corrievrekin" [see Border Minstrels, vol. iv. p. 285] was composed by John Leyden, from a tradition which he found while making a tour through the Hebrides about 1801, soon before his fatal departure for India, reor, soon before his ratar departure for India, where, after having made farther progress in Oriental literature than any man of letters who had embraced those studies, he died a martyr to his zeal for knowledge, in the island of Java, immediately after the landing of our forces, near Batavia, in August 1811.

310. Up Tarbal's western lake they bore, And dragg'd their bark the isthmus

The peninsula of Cantyre is joined to South Knapdale by a very narrow isthmus, formed by the western and eastern Loch of Tarbat. These two saltwater lakes, or bays, encroach so far upon the land, and the extremities come so near to each other, that there is not above a mile of land to divide them.

310. The sun, ere yet he sunk behind Ben-Ghoil, "the Mountain of the Wind." Gave his grim peaks a greeting kind, And bade Loch Ranza smile.

Loch Ranza is a beautiful bay, on the northern extremity of Arran, opening towards East Tar-bat Loch. It is well described by Pennant:— "The approach was magnificent; a fine bay in front, about a mile deep, having a ruined castle near the lower end, on a low far projecting neck of land, that forms another harbour, with a narrow passage: but within has three fathom of water, even at the lowest ebb. Beyond is a little plain watered by a stream, and inhabited by the people of a small village. The whole is by the people of a small village. The whole is environed with a theatre of mountains; and in the background the serrated crags of Grianan-Athol soar above."—Pennan's Tour to the Western Isles, pp. 191-2. Ben-Ghaoil, "the mountain of the winds," is generally known by the Kralikhand Insert and the service of the service o its English, and less poetical, name of Goatfield.

312. Each to Loch Ranza's margin spring; That blast was winded by the King!

The passage in Barbour, describing the landing of Bruce, and his being recognised by Douglas, and those of his followers who had preceded him, by the sound of his horn, is in preceded him, by the sound of his horn, is in the original singularly simple and affecting.—
The king arrived in Arran with thirty-three small row-boats. He interrogated a female if there had arrived any warlike men of late in that country "Surely, sir," she replied, "I can tell you of many who lately came hither, discomfited the English governor, and blockaded his castle of Brodick. They maintain themselves in a wood at no great distance." The king, truly conceiving that this must be Douglas and his followers, who had lately try their fortune in Arran, desire to conduct him to the wood. She

"The king then blew his horn or And gert his men that were his Hold them still, and all privy; Hold them still, and all privy; And sync again his horne blew James of Dowglas heard him I And at the last alone gan know And said, 'Soothly yon is the! I know long while since his blo The third time therewithall he And then Sir Robert Boid it ke And said, 'Yon is the king, bu Go we forth till him, better spe Then went they till the king in And him inclined courteous And blithly welcomed them the And was joyful of their meeting And kissed them; and speared How they had fared in hunting And they him told all, but less Syne laud they God of their m Syne with the king till his harl Went both joyfu' and jolly." ent both joyfu' and jolly."

Barbour's Bruce, Book v. 1

His brother b 312. But shared the weaks ashamed, With haughty laugh his hee And dash'd away the tear.

The kind, and yet fiery characte Bruce, is well painted by Barbou count of his behaviour after the banockburn. Sir Walter Ross, one few Scottish nobles who fell in tha so dearly beloved by Edward, the the victory had been lost, so Ross l

314. Thou heardst a wretched f In agony of travail-pain, And thou didst bid thy litt Upon the instant turn and And dare the worst the fee Rather than, like a knight Leave to pursuers merciles. A woman in her last distre

This incident, which illustrates s chivalrous generosity of Bruce's one of the many simple and natu-corded by Barbour. It occurred expedition which Bruce made to support the pretensions of his brot to the throne of that kingdom.

317. O'er chasms he pass'd, whe

Craved wary eye and ampi The interior of the Island of Ar with beautiful Highland scenery. being very rocky and precipitous, cataracts of great height, though of able breadth. There is one pass of Machrai, renowned for the dilemm

* Asked. twodsiW # ing tempted by the narrowness step across, succeeded in makement, but took fright when it ry to move the other foot, and posture equally ludicrous and some chance passenger assisted herself. It is said she remained s.

tick's gothic towers were seen; istings, late their English lord, had won them by the sword.

rathwick Castle, in the Isle of ient fortress near an open roaddick Bay, and not far distant harbour, closed in by the Island his important place had been time before Bruce's arrival in ies, Lord Douglas, who accomhis retreat in Rachrine, seems, 1306, to have tired of his abode it accordingly, in the phrase of what adventure God would lobert Boyd accompanied him; dge of the localities of Arran directed his course thither. he island privately, and appear umbush for Sir John Hastings, vernor of Brodick, and surable supply of arms and provitook the castle itself. Indeed, lly did so has been generally orians, although it does not ch modernized, but has a dignibeing surrounded by flourish-

with unaccustom'd ears, age much unmeet he hears.

great simplicity, gives an aneca it would seem that the vice uring, afterwards too general tish nation, was, at this time, tary men. As Douglas, after to Scotland, was roving about a country of Tweeddale, near ne, he chanced to hear some thouse say "the devil." Conish and expression, that the warlike guests, he immediately had the good fortune to make as Randolph, afterwards the furray, and Alexander Stuart, both were then in the English I come into that country with driving out Douglas. They it among Bruce's most zealous

you whence that wondrous ht, iry glow beguiled their sight?—
vas known.

are the words of an ingenious whom I am obliged for much information respecting Turnberry and its neighbourhood:—"The only tradition now remembered of the landing of Robert the Bruce in Carrick, relates to the fire seen by him from the Isle of Arran. It is still generally reported, and religiously believed by many, that this fire was really the work of supernatural power, unassisted by the hand of any mortal being; and it is said, that, for several centuries, the fame rose yearly on the same hour of the same night of the year on which the king first saw it from the turrets of Brodick Castle; and some go so far as to say, that if the exact time were known, it would be still seen. That this superstitious notion is very ancient, is evident from the place where the fire is said to have appeared being called the Bogles' Brae, beyond the remembrance of man. In support of this curious belief, it is said that the practice of burning heath for the improvement of land was then unknown; that a spunkie (Jack o' lanthorn) could not have been seen across the breadth of the Forth of Clyde between Ayrshire and Arran; and that the courier of Bruce was his kinsman, and never suspected of treachery."—Letter from Mr. Joseph Train, of Newton-Stewart.

324. The Bruce hath won his father's hall!

I have followed the flattering and pleasing tradition, that the Bruce, after his descent upon the coast of Ayrshire, actually gained possession of his maternal castle. But the tradition is not accurate. The fact is, that he was only strong enough to alarm and drive in the out-posts of the English garrison, then commanded, not by Clifford, as assumed in the text, but by Percy. Neither was Clifford slain upon this occasion, though he had several skirmishes with Bruce. He fell afterwards in the battle of Bannockburn. Bruce, after alarming the castle of Turnberry, and surprising some part of the garrison, who were quartered without the walls gartison, who were quatected without the waits of the fortress, retreated into the mountainous part of Carrick, and there made himself so strong, that the English were obliged to eva-cuate Turnberry, and at length the Castle of Ayr. Many of his benefactions and royal gifts attest his attachment to the hereditary followers of his house, in this part of the country.

325. When Bruce's banner had victorious flow'd
O'er Loudoun's mountain, and in Ury's vale.

The first important advantage gained by Bruce, after landing at Turnberry, was over Aymer de Vallance, Earl of Pembroke, the same by whom he had been defeated near Methven. They met, as has been said, by appointment, at Loudonhill, in the west of Scotland. Pembroke sustained a defeat; and from that time Bruce was at the head of a considerable flying army. Yet he was subsequently obliged to retreat into Aberdeenshire, and was there assailed by Comyn, Earl of Buchan, de-

sirous to avenge the death of his relative, the Red Comyn, and supported by a body of English troops under Philip de Mowbray. Bruce was at the time ill of a scrofulous disorder, but took horse to meet his enemies, although obliged to be supported on either side. He was victorious, and it is said that the agitation of his spirits restored his health.

325. When English blood oft deluged Douglas-dale.

The "good Lord James of Douglas" during these commotions often took from the English his own castle of Douglas, but being unable to garrison it, contented himself with destroying the fortifications, and retiring into the mountains. As a reward to his patriotism, it is said to have been prophesied, that how often soever Douglas Castle should be destroyed, it should always again rise more magnificent from its ruins. Upon one of these occasions he used fearful cruelty, causing all the store of provisions, which the English had laid up in his castle, to be heaped together, bursting the wine and beer casks among the wheat and flour, slaughtering the cattle upon the same spot, and upon the top of the whole cutting the throats of the English prisoners. This pleasantry of the "good Lord James" is commemorated under the name of the Douglas' Larder.

325. And fiery Edward routed stout St. John.

"John de St. John, with 15,000 horsemen, had advanced to oppose the inroad of the Scots. By a forced march he endeavoured to surprise them, but intelligence of his motions was timeously received. The courage of Edward Bruce, approaching to temerity, frequently enabled him to achieve what men of more judicious valour would never have attempted. He ordered the infantry, and the meaner sort of his army, to intrench themselves in strong narrow ground. He himself, with fifty horsemen well harnessed, issued forth under cover of a thick mist, surprised the English on their march, attacked and dispersed them."—Dalrymple's Annals of Scotland, quarto, Edinburga, 1779, p. 25.

325. When Randolph's war-cry swell'd the southern gale.

Thomas Randolph, Bruce's sister's son, a renowned Scottish chief, was in the early part of his life not more remarkable for consistency than Bruce himself. He espoused his uncle's party whon Bruce first assumed the crown, and was made prisoner at the fatal battle of Methven, in which his relative's hopes appeared to be ruined. Randolph accordingly not only submitted to the English, but took an active part against Bruce; appeared in arms against him; and, in the skirmish where he was so closely pursued by the bloodhound, it is said his

nephew took his standard with his But Randolph was afterwards in But Douglas in Tweeddale, and he King Robert. Some harsh lange changed between the uncle and the latter was committed for a scustody. Afterwards, however, of conciled, and Randolph was existed, and Randolph was existed, and Randolph was existed the standard property distinguished himself, first to fedinburgh Castle, and afterwassimilar enterprises, conducted wit rage and ability.

326. Stirling's to Belenguer'd by King Role And they took term of

When a long train of success, proved by Robert Bruce, had and of almost all Scotland, Striling Casto hold out. The care of the back mitted by the King to his brother concluded a treaty with Sir Phili the governor, that he should a fortress, if it were not succoursed England before St. John the B. The King severely blamed his brimpolicy of a treaty which gave King of England to ndvance to the castle with all his assembled forces, himself either to meet them in hainferior force, or to retreat with "Let all England come," answer less Edward; "we would fight the more." The consequence was, of each kingdom mustered its street pected battle; and as the space a reached from Lent to Midsunnew was allowed for that purpose.

326. And Cambria, but of late a Sent forth her mountains

Edward the First, with the usual conqueror, employed the Welsh, as subdued, to assist him in his Soom which their habits, as mountaineets, fitted them. But this policy was its risks. Previous to the battle of Welsh quarrelled with the English m and after bloodshed on both part themselves from his army, and the fethem, at so dangerous and critical was reconciled with difficulty followed his father's example in this and with no better success. They of brought to exert themselves in their conquerors. But they had an reward for their forbearance. We and clad only in scanty dresses of they appeared naked in the eyes a Scottish peasantry; and after the mockburn, were massacred by the numbers, as they retired in confait their own country. They were indicated washed to the Westley.

unoght pour'd from waste and dred tribes, whose sceptre rude k Eth O'Connor sway'd.

e Fœdera an invitation to Eth f of the Irish of Connaught, it the king was about to move ttish rebels, and therefore re-indance of all the force he could mmanded by himself in person, eman of his race. These auxise commanded by Richard de Ulster.

sarch rode along the van.

vanguard, commanded by the ter and Hereford, came in sight army upon the evening of the fruce was then riding upon a front of his foremost line, putorder. It was then that the er took place betwixt him and hun, a gallant English knight, :h had a great effect upon the

ve from the Scottisk host, g and bugle-sound were toss'd.

I tradition, that the well-known 'Hey, tutti, taitti," was Bruce's tle of Bannockburn. The late granter of propositions, doubts ts had any martial music, and s account of each soldier in the le horn, on which, at the onset, such a horrible noise, as if all had been among them. He ese horns are the only music arbour, and concludes, that it moot point whether Bruce's red by the sound even of a -Historical Essay prefixed ish Songs. It may be observed he Scottish of this period cerome musical cadence, even in rns, since Bruce was at once s followers from his mode of e tradition, true or false, has of securing to Scotland one of 1 the language, the celebrated s,-" Scots, wha hae wi' Wal-

· you barefoot Abbot stands, es them with lifted hands.

ot of Inchaffray, placing him-ace, celebrated mass in sight rmy. He then passed along ted, and bearing a crucifix in horting the Scots, in few and combat for their rights and e Scots kneeled down. 'They iward; 'see, they implore do,' answered Ingelram de Umfraville, 'but not ours. On that field they will be victorious, or die.'"—Annals of Scotland, vol. ii. p. 47.

331. Forth, Marshal, on the peasant foe! We'll tame the terrors of their bow, And cut the bow-string loose!

The English archers commenced the attack with their usual bravery and dexterity. But against a force whose importance he had learned by fatal experience, Bruce was pro-vided. A small but select body of cavalry were detached from the right, under command of Sir Robert Keith. They rounded, as I conceive, the marsh called Milton-bog, and, keeping the firm ground, charged the left flank and rear of the English archers. As the bowmen had no spears nor long weapons fit to defend themselves against horse, they were instantly thrown into disorder, and spread through the whole English army a confusion from which

they never fairly recovered.

Although the success of this manœuvre was evident, it is very remarkable that the Scottish generals do not appear to have profited by the lesson. Almost every subsequent battle which they lost against England was decided by the archers, to whom the close and compact array of the Scottish phalanx afforded an exposed and unresisting mark. The bloody battle of Halidoun-hill, fought scarce twenty years afterwards, was so completely gained by the archers, that the English are said to have lost only one knight, one esquire, and a few foot soldiers. At the battle of Neville's Cross, in 1346, where David II. was defeated and made prisoner, John de Graham, observing the loss which the Scots sustained from the English bowmen, offered to charge and disperse them, if a hundred men-at-arms were put under his command.
"But, to confess the truth," says Fordun, "he could not procure a single horseman for the service proposed." Of such little use is experience in war, where its results are opposed by habit or prejudice.

332. Each braggart churl could boast before, Twelve Scottish lives his baldric bore!

Roger Ascham quotes a similar Scottish proverb, "whereby they give the whole praise of shooting honestly to Englishmen, saying thus, 'that every English archer beareth under his girdle twenty-four Scottes. Indeed Toxo-philus says before, and truly of the Scottish nation, 'The Scottes surely be good men of warre in theyre owne feates as can be; but as for shootinge, they can neither use it to any profite, nor yet challenge it for any praise."

-Works of Ascham, edited by Bennet, 4to,

It is said, I trust incorrectly, by an ancient English historian, that the "good Lord James of Douglas" dreaded the superiority of the English archers so much, that when he made any of them a prisoner, he gave him the option

of losing the forefinger of his right hand, or his right eye, either species of mutilation rendering him incapable to use the bow. I have mislai the reference to this singular passage.

332. Dozon't down! in headlong overthrow, Horseman and horse, the foremost go.

It is generally alleged by historians, that the English men-at-arms fell into the hidden snare English men-at-atms ien into the Marbour which Bruce had prepared for them. Barbour act mention the circumstance. According to his account, Randolph, seeing the slaughter made by the cavalry on the right wing among the archers, advanced courageously against the main body of the English, and entered into close combat with them. Douglas and Stuart, who commanded the Scottish centre, led their division also to the charge, and the battle becoming general along the whole line, was obstinately maintained on both sides for a long space of time; the Scottish archers doing great execution among the English men-at-arms, after the bowmen of England were dispersed.

332. And steeds that shrick in agony.

I have been told that this line requires an explanatory note; and, indeed, those who witness the silent patience with which horses subness the suent patience with which horses sub-mit to the most cruel usage, may be permitted to doubt that, in moments of sudden and in-tolerable anguish, they utter a most melancholy cry. Lord Erskine, in a speech made in the House of Lords, upon a bill for enforcing hu-manity towards animals, noticed this remark-able fact, in language which I will not mutilate by attempting to repeat it. It was my fortune, upon one occasion, to hear a horse, in a moment upon one occasion, to hear a horse, in a moment of agony, utter a thrilling scream, which I still consider the most melancholy sound I ever heard.

333. Lord of the Isles, my trust Is firm as Ailan Rock Ruch on with Highland targe,

I with my Carrick spears

When the engagement betwee bodies had lasted some time, Br decisive movement, by bringing op-reserve. It is traditionally said, crisis, he addressed the Lord of th phrase used as a motto by some of l ants, "My trust is constant in thee intimates, that the reserve "assem field," that is, on the same line with forces already engaged: which Hailes to conjecture that the S must have been much thinned b since, in that circumscribed groun room for the reserve to fall into the the advance of the Scottish carell contributed a good deal to form to occupied by the reserve.

334. To arms they flew,-as spear,— And mimic ensigns high the

The followers of the Scottish can from the Gillies' Hill in the rear, the produced upon the English army b ing up of the Scottish reserve, and by the enthusiasm of the moment, of plunder, assumed, in a tumulti such arms as they found need sheets to tent-poles and lances, themselves like a new army

The unexpected apparition of a new army, completed the confialready prevailed among the English in every direction, and were ju

NOTES TO THE BRIDAL OF TRIERMAIN.

341. That they match with the Baron of Triermain!

Triermain was a fief of the Barony of Gilsland, in Cumberland; it was possessed by a Saxon family at the time of the Conquest, but, "after the death of Gilmore, Lord of Tryermaine and Torcrossock, Hubert Vaux gave Tryermaine and Torcrossock to his second son, Tryermaine and Torcrossock to his second son, Ranulph Yaux; which Ranulph Harrwards became heir to his elder brother Robert, the founder of Lanercost, who died without issue. Ranulph, being Lord of all Gilsland, gave Gilmore's land to his younger son, named Roland, and let the Barony descend to his eldest son Robert, son of Ranulph. Roland had issue Alexander, and he Ranulph, after whom succeeded Robert, and they were named Rolands successively, that were lords thereof, until the reign of Edward the Fourth. That house gave for arms. Vert. a bend dexter, cheoux, or and for arms, Vert, a bend dexter, chequy, or and gules."-Burn's Antiquities of War and Cumberland, vol. ii. p. 480.

342. And his who sleeps at Dune Dunmailraise is one of the grand Cumberland into Westmoreland name from a cairn, or pile of sto is said, to the memory of Dan King of Cumberland.

342. He pass'd red Penrith's Tal A circular intrenchment, about I A circular intrenchment, about if from Pencith, is thus popularly ter circle within the ditch is about on and sixty paces in circumference, ings, or approaches, directly opposite. As the ditch is on the im-could not be intended for the defence, and it has reasonably be tured, that the enclosure was design reise of feats of chivalry, and the it around for the convenience of the

'Mayburgh's mound and stones of power.

p the river Eamont than Arthur's le, is a prodigious enclosure of great rimed by a collection of stones upon a gently sloping hill, called Maythe plain which it encloses there an unhewn stone of twelve feet in vo similar masses are said to have syed during the memory of man. appears to be a monument of mes.

surface of that sable tarn.

Il lake called Scales-tarn lies so somed in the recesses of the huge alled Saddleback, more poetically is of such great depth, and so comen from the sun, that it is said its reach it, and that the reflection of y be seen at mid-day.

?aliburn's resistless brand.

the name of King Arthur's welli, sometimes also called Excalibar.

terrors of Tintadgel's spear.

Castle, in Cornwall, is reported the birthplace of King Arthur.

! burn'd and blighted where it fell.

r has an indistinct recollection of a somewhat similar to that which bed to King Arthur, having befallen ancient kings of Denmark. The h the burning liquor was presented urch is said still to be preserved in Iuseum at Copenhagen.

Saxons to subjection brought.

said to have defeated the Saxons ched battles, and to have achieved its alluded to in the text.

e Morolt of the iron mace.

cters named in the stanza are all bre or less distinguished in the sich treat of King Arthur and his e, and their names are strung toding to the established custom of on such occasions; for example, in 'the Marriage of Sir Gawaine;—

incelot, Sir Stephen bolde, iy rode with them that daye, foremost of the companye, ire rode the stewarde Kaye. id Sir Banier, and Sir Bore, I eke Sir Garratte keen, istrem too, that gentle knight, the forest fresh and greene."

348. Look'd stol'n-wise on the Queen.

Upon this delicate subject hear Richard Robinson, citizen of London, in his Assertion of King Arthur:—"But as it is a thing sufficiently apparent that she (Guenever, wife of King Arthur) was beautiful, so it is a thing doubted whether she was chaste, yea or no. Truly, so far as I can with honestie, I would spare the impayred honour and fame of noble women. But yet the truth of the historie pluckes me by the eare, and willeth not onely, but commandeth me to declare what the ancients have deemed of her. To wrestle or contend with so great authoritie were indeede unto me a controversie, and that greate."—Assertion of King Arthure. Imprinted by John Wolfe, London, 158a.

349. There were two who loved their neighbours' wives, And one who loved his own.

"In our forefathers' tyme, when Papistrie, as a standyng poole, covered and overflowed all England, fewe books were read in our tongue, savying certaine bookes of chevalrie, as they said, for pastime and pleasure; which, as some say, were made in the monasteries, by idle monks or wanton channons. As one, for example, La Morte d'Arthurr; the whole pleasure of which book standeth in two speciall poynts, in open manslaughter and bold bawdrye; in which booke they be counted the noblest knightes that do kill most men without any quarrell, and commit fowlest adoulteries by sutlest shiftes; as Sir Launcelot, with the wife of King Arthur, his master; Sir Tristram, with the wife of King Marke, his uncle; Sir Lamerocke, with the wife of King Lote, that was his own aunt. This is good stuffe for wise men to laugh at; or honest men to take pleasure at: yet I know when God's Bible was banished the Court, and La Morte d'Arthure received into the Prince's chamber."—ASCHAM'S Schoolmaster.

349. Who won the cup of Gold.

See the comic tale of the Boy and the Mantle, in the third volume of Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry, from the Breton or Norman original of which Ariosto is supposed to have taken his Tale of the Enchanted Cup.

353. Horse-milliner of modern days.

"The trammels of the palfraye pleased his sight, And the horse-millanere his head with roses dight."

Rowley's *Ballads of Charitie*.

353. Whose Logic is from Single-speech.

See "Parliamentary Logic, &c., by the Right Honourable William Gerard Hamilton," (1808,) commonly called "Single-Speech Hamilton"

NOTES TO THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

369. Thy wood, dark Soignies, holds us now.

The wood of Soignies is identified by some writers with Shakespeare's Ardennes. It is as Ardennes that Byron speaks of the forest in 'Childe Harold;' choosing, as he says, 'a name connected with nobler associations than those of mere slaughter." Tacitus mentions the spot

369. The peasant, at his labour blithe, Plies the hook'd staff and shorten'd scythe.

The reaper in Flanders carries in his left hand a stick with an iron hook, with which he collects as much grain as he can cut at one sweep with a short scythe, which he holds in his right hand. They carry on this double process with great spirit and dexterity.

370. Pale Brussels! then what thoughts were thine?

It was affirmed by the prisoners of war, that Bonaparte had promised his army, in case of victory, twenty-four hours' plunder of the city of Brussels.

371. "On! On!" was still his stern exclaim.

The characteristic obstinacy of Napoleon was never more fully displayed than in what we may be permitted to hope will prove the last of his fields. He would listen to no advice, and allow of no obstacles. An eye-witness has given the following account of his demeanour towards the end of the action:—

"It was near seven o'clock. Bonaparte, who till then had remained upon the ridge of the hill whence he could best behold what passed, contemplated with a stern countenance the scene of this horrible slaughter. The more that obstacles seemed to multiply, the more his obstinacy seemed to increase. He became inobstinacy seemed to increase. dignant at these unforeseen difficulties; and, far from fearing to push to extremities an army whose confidence in him was boundless, he ceased not to pour down fresh troops, and to give orders to march forward-to charge with the bayonet—to carry by storm. He was re-peatedly informed, from different points, that the day went against him, and that the troops seemed to be disordered; to which he only replied, - En-avant! En-avant!

"One general sent to inform the Emperor that he was in a position which he could not maintain, because it was commanded by a battery, and requested to know, at the same time, in what way he should protect his division from the murderous fire of the English artillery. 'Let him storm the battery,' replied Bonaparte, and turned his back on the aide-de-camp who brought the message."-Relativa taille de Mont-St-Jean. Parun I laire. Paris, 1815, 8vo, p. 51.

371. The fate their leader shand

It has been reported that Bonapor at the head of his guards, at the las this dreadful conflict. This, howe accurate. He came down indeed to part of the high road, leading to within less than a quarter of a mile of of La Haye Sainte, one of the p fiercely disputed. Here he harm guards, and informed them that his operations had destroyed the Britis and cavalry, and that they had only the fire of the artillery, which the attack with the bayonet. This exhaus received with shouts of View FE mper were heard over all our line, and led that Napoleon was charging in per the guards were led on by Ney; nor parte approach nearer the scene of a the spot already mentioned, which banks on each side rendered secur such balls as did not come in a str He witnessed the earlier part of the places yet more remote, particularly observatory which had been placed th King of the Netherlands, some wee for the purpose of surveying the course not meant to infer from these parti Napoleon showed on that memoral the least deficiency in personal con the contrary, he evinced the greatest and presence of mind during the wl But it is no less true that report h ascribing to him any desperate effort for recovery of the battle; and its n that during the whole carnage, n suite were either killed or wounder scarcely one of the Duke of Wellin sonal attendants escaped unhurt.

371. England shall tell the fight

In riding up to a regiment which pressed, the Duke called to the men. we must never be beat,-what will : England?" It is needless to say h peal was answered.

371. As plies the smith his clangi A private soldier of the 95th reg pared the sound which took place is

* The mistakes concerning this a have been mutual. The English supp erected for the use of Bonaparte; am writer affirms it was constructed by

itish cavalry mingling with those of to "a thousand tinkers at work ts and kettles."

nd of honour as of woes, ut bright careers 'twas thine to close!

as Picton, Sir William Ponsonby, Sir William de Lancey, were on were killed during the battle. Of med, Wellington in his despatch eutenant-General Sir T. Picton, his sustained the loss of an officer who ly distinguished himself in his serigloriously leading his division to the bayonets, by which one of the attacks made by the enemy on was repulsed." The commanderalluded to Sir W. Ponsonby as an his professiom. It was in endeavourthe too rapid and reckless advance e that Ponsonby, being intercepted chancers, in a ploughed field, was William de Lancey had been marently as the April preceding the s is the meaning of the lines—

cey change Love's bridal wreath, els from the hand of death."

ler, of the Guards, was son of Sir ller, Lord Glenlee. It is told of: his desire, when on the point of olours of his regiment were waved i. Colonel Cameron, of Fassiefern, e Bras, while heading a charge of Gordon Highlanders. "Generous Gordon" was Colonel the Honourable Sir Alexander Gordon, brother of the Earl of Aberdeen. He fell by the side of his chief, and a monument erected by his brother now marks the spot.

374. - the towers of Hougomont.

"Hougomont—a sort of château, with a garden and wood attached to it, which was powerfully and effectually maintained by the Guards during the action. This place was particularly interesting. It was a quiet-looking gentleman's house, which had been burnt by the French shells. The defenders, burnt out of the house itself, betook themselves to the little garden, where, breaking loop-holes through the brick walls, they kept up a most destructive fire on the assailants, who had possessed themselves of a little wood which surrounds the villa on one side."—Scott to the Duke of Buccleuch, Aug. 1815.

374. And Field of Waterloo.

"I went," says Byron, "twice over the field, comparing it with my recollection of similar scenes. As a plain, Waterloo seems marked out for the scene of some great action, though this may be mere imagination. I have viewed with attention those of Platza, Troy, Mantinea, Leuctra, Chzeronea, and Marathon: and the field around Mount St. Jean and Hougomont appears to want little but a better cause, and that indefinable but impressive halo which the lapse of ages throws around a celebrated spot, to vie in interest with any or all of these, except, perhaps, the last mentioned."

NOTES TO HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS.

re might I share my Surtees' happier lot.

rtees of Mainsforth, Esq., F.S.A., The History of Antiquities of the tine of Durham."

step of Bel's false priest.
reference to "The History of Bel gon," in the Apocryphal Books.

397. Matthew and Morton we as such may own— And such (if fame speak truth) the honour'd Barrington.

Bishop Matthew, Bishop Morton, and Bishop Barrington successively held the See of Durham.

NOTES TO BALLADS FROM THE GERMAN.

Switzer priest has ta'en the field. wiss clergy who were able to bear in this patriotic war.

rre-castle, thou heart of hare! ginal, Haasenstein, or Hare-stone.

beaks they hew'd from their boot-

if well-nigh load a wain.

is to allude to the preposterous ing the Middle Ages, of wearing se points or peaks turned upwards, and so long, that in some cases they were fastened to the knees of the wearer with small chains. When they alighted to fight upon foot, the Austrian gentlemen could not move about freely until they had cut off these peaks, that they might move with the necessary activity.

429. The Austrian Lion 'gan to growl.

A pun on the Archduke's name, Leopold.

429. The Mountain Bull he bent his brows.

A pun on the URUS, or wild-bull, which gives name to the Canton of Uris

NOTES TO BALLADS.

436. How blazed Lord Ronald's beltane-tree.

The fires lighted by the Highlanders, on the 1st of May, in compliance with a custom de-rived from the Pagan times, are termed The Beltane-tree. It is a festival celebrated with various superstitious rites, both in the north of Scotland and in Wales

437. The seer's prophetic spirit found.

437. The see's prophetic spirit jound.
I can only describe the second sight, by adopting Dr. Johnson's definition, who calls it "An impression, either by the mind, by which things distant and future are perceived and seen as if they were present." To which I would only add, that the spectral appearances, thus presented, usually presage misfortune: that the faculty is painful to those who suppose they possess it; and that they usually acquire it while themselves under the pressure of melanwhile themselves under the pressure of melancholy.

437. Will good St. Oran's rule prevail?

St. Oran was a friend and follower of St Columba, and was buried at Icolmkill. His pretensions to be a saint were rather dubious. According to the legend, he consented to be buried alive, in order to propitiate certain deburied alive, in order to propulate cerain de-mons of the soil, who obstructed the attempts of Columba to build a chapel. Columba caused the body of his friend to be dug up, after three days had elapsed; when Oran, to the horror and scandal of the assistants, declared, that there was neither a God, a judgment, nor a future state! He had no time to make further discoveries, for Columba caused the earth once discoveries, for Columna caused the earth once more to be shovelled over him with the utmost despatch. The chapel, however, and the ceme-tery, were called *Relig Ourna*; and, in memory of his rigid celibacy, no female was permitted to pay her devotions, or be buried in that place. This is the rule alluded to in the poem.

439. And thrice St. Fillan's powerful prayer. 439. Anathrice St. Pittate's powerful prayer,
St. Fillan has given his name to many chapels,
holy fountains, &c. in Scotland. He was, according to Camerarius, an Abbot of Pittenweem,
in Fife; from which situation he retired, and
died a hermit in the wilds of Glenurchy, A.D.
649. While engaged in transcribing the Scriptures, his left hand was observed to send forth
such a splendour, as to afford light to that with
which he wrote; a miracle which saved many
candles to the convent, as St. Fillan used to which he wrote; a miracle which saved many candles to the convent, as St. Fillan used to spend whole nights in that exercise. The oth of January was dedicated to this saint, who gave his name to Kilfillan, in Renfrew, and St. Phillans, or Forgend, in Fife. Lesley, lib. 7, tells us, that Robert the Bruce, was possessed of Fillan's miraculous and laminous arm, which he enclosed in a silver shrine, and had it carried at the head of his army. Previous to the Battle of Bannockburn, the king's chaplain, a man of little faith, abstracted the relig, and depo-it in a place of security, lest it should fail the hands of the English. But, lot a Robert was addressing his prayers to the er-casket, it was observed to open and alm-denly; and, on impection, the saint was 6 to have himself deposited his arm in the sl as an assurance of victory. Such is the in Lesley. But though Bruce little meeded the arm of St. Fillan should assist his own dedicated to him, in gratitude, a priory at K-upon Loch Tay.

In the Scots Magazine for July, 1800 to

dedicated to thim, higheritates a print upon Loch Tay.

In the Scots Magazine for July, 1869, this a copy of a very curious crown grant, 6 and July, 487, by which James III. confet to Malice 10 ire, an inhabitant of Strathful in Perthshire, the peaceable exercise and su ment of a relic of St. Fillian, being apparente he head of a pastoral staff called the Queen which he and his predecessors are said in his possessed since the days of Robert Brace. the Quegrich was used to cure diseases, i document is probably the most ancient par ever granted for a quack medicine. The in nious correspondent, by whom it is furnish farther observes, that additional particular concerning St. Fillan are to be found in BLENDEN'S Boxee, Book 4, folio cesiii, and PRINNANT'S Tour in Scotland, 1772, pp. 11,

440. The calastrophe of the tale is foun upon a well-known Irish tradition

There is an old and well-known Irish tr tion, that the bodies of certain spirits and de are scorchingly hot, so that they leave u are scorchingly hot, so that they leave a anything they touch an impress as if of red iron. It is related of one of Melancthon's lations, that a devil seized hold of her ha which bore the mark of a burn to her dy day. The incident in the poem is of a sim nature—the ghost's hands "secorch'd like a fi brand," leaving a burning impress on the n and the lady's wrist. Another class of fiends reported to be icy-cold, and to freeze the of any one with whom they come in contact.

440. He came not from where Aucram Me Ran red with English blood.

Lord Evers and Sir Brian Latoun, during year 1544, committed the most dreadful fava upon the Scottish frontiers, compelling most the inhabitants, and especially the men Liddesdale, to take assurance under the K of England. Upon the 17th November, in the year, the sum total of their depredations in hus, in the bloody ledger of Lord Evers:

Towns, towers, barnekynes, pary she church bastill houses, burned and destroyed Scots slain, Prisoners taken

12,492 and geldings 1,206 200 AURDIN'S State Papers, vol. i. p. 51.

iese services Sir Ralph Evers was made

of Parliament.

Ling of England had promised to these ons a feudal grant of the country, which I thus reduced to a desert; upon hearing Archibald Douglas, the seventh Earl of is said to have sworn to write the deed titure upon their skins, with sharp pens dy ink, in resentment for their having the tombs of his ancestors at Melrose. ort. In 1545 Lord Evers and Latoun neered Scotland, with an army consist-1,000 mercenaries, 1,500 English Bor-and 700 assured Scottish men, chiefly ngs, Turnbulls, and other broken clans. second incursion, the English generals tceeded their former cruelty. Evers the tower of Broomhouse, with its lady and aged woman, says Lesley) and her amily. The English penetrated as far amily. The English penetrated as sea, which they had destroyed last year, ich they now again pillaged. As they I towards Jedburgh, they were followed is at the head of 1,000 horse, who was after joined by the famous Norman with a body of Fife-men. The English, robably unwilling to cross the Teviot he Scots hung upon their rear, halted ncram Moor, above the village of that and the Scottish general was deliberatether to advance or retire, when Sir Scott, of Buccleuch, came up at full ith a small but chosen body of his rethe rest of whom were near at hand. advice of this experienced warrior (to onduct Pitscottie and Buchanan ascribe cess of the engagement), Angus with-om the height which he occupied, and his forces behind it, upon a piece of ground, called Panier-heugh, or Paniel-The spare horses being sent to an emi-

he Editor has found no instance upon of this family having taken assurance ngland. Hence, they usually suffered illy from the English forays. In August ie year preceding the battle), the whole elonging to Buccleuch, in West Teviot-ere harried by Evers: the outworks, or n, of the tower of Branxholm burned; cots slain, thirty made prisoners, and an e prey of horses, cattle, and sheep, off. The lands upon Kale Water, be-to the same chieftain, were also plunand much spoil obtained; 30 Scots slain : Moss Tower (a fortress near Eckford)
very sore. Thus Buccleuch had a long t to settle at Ancram Moor."-MURDIN'S Dapers, pp. 45, 46.

nence in their rear, appeared to the English to be the main body of the Scots in the act of flight. Under this persuasion, Evers and Latoun hurried forward, and having ascended the hill, which their foes had abandoned, were no less dismayed than astonished to find the phalanx of Scottish spearmen drawn up, in firm array upon the flat ground below. The Scots in their turn became the assailants. A heron, roused from the marshes by the tumult, soared away betwit the encountering armies: "O!" exclaimed Angus, "that I had here my white goss-hawk, that we might all yoke at once!"—GODSCROFT. The English, breathless and fairly the control of th tigued, having the setting sun and wind full in their faces, were unable to withstand the resolute and desperate charge of the Scottish lances. No sooner had they begun to waver, than their own allies, the assured Borderers, who had been waiting the event, threw aside their red crosses, and, joining their countrymen, made a most merciless slaughter among the English fugitives, the pursuers calling upon each other to "remember Broomhouse!"—LESLEV, p. 478.

In the battle fell Lord Evers and his son, together with Sir Brian Latoun and 800 English-

men, many of whom were persons of rank. A thousand prisoners were taken. Among these was a patriotic alderman of London, Read by was a partiolic alterman of Louton, Read by name, who, having contumaciously refused to pay his portion of a benevolence, demanded from the city by Henry VIII., was sent by royal authority to serve against the Scots. These, at settling his ransom, he found still

more exorbitant in their exactions than the monarch.—REDPATH'S Border History, p. 563.
Evers was much regretted by King Henry, who swore to avenge his death upon Angus, against whom he conceived himself to have particular grounds of resentment, on account of favours received by the earl at his hands. The answer of Angus was worthy of a Douglas: "Is our brother-in-law offended," said he, "that I, our rother-in-izw onleted, said he, said he, as a good Scotsman, have avenged my ravaged country, and the defaced tombs of my ancestors, upon Ralph Evers? They were better men upon Kaipn Evers! They were better men than he, and I was bound to do no less—and will he take my life for that? Little knows King Henry the skirts of Kirnetable: † I can keep myself there against all his English host." -Godscroft.

Such was the noted battle of Ancram Moor. The spot on which it was fought is called Lilyard's Edge, from an Amazonian Scottish woman of that name, who is reported, by tra-dition, to have distinguished herself in the same manner as Squire Witherington. The old people point out her monument, now broken and defaced. The inscription is said to have been legible within this century, and to have run thus:

Angus had married the widow of James IV.,

sister to King Henry VIII.

† Kirnetable, now called Cairntable, is a mountainous tract at the head of Douglasdale. 1 See Chruy Chase.



London:
R. Clay, Son, and Taylor, Printers,
Bread Street Hill.

445. Sound, merry huntsman! sound the pryse !

Pryse-The note blown at the death of the Parne -In Caledonia olim frequens erat syl-Destris quidam bos, nunc vero rarior, qui,
Colore candidissimo, jubam densam et demissam instar leonis gestat, truculentus ac ferus ab humano genere abhorrens, ut quecunque homines vel manibus contrectarint, vel halitu berflaverint, ab iis multos post dies omnino ubstinuerunt. Ad hoc tanta audacia huic hooi indita erat, ut non solum irritatus quites furenter prosterneret, sed ne tantillum ocessitus omnes promiscue homines cornibus ne ungulis peterit; ac canum, qui apud nos ferocissimi sunt, impetus plane contemneret. Bjus carnes cartilaginose, sed suporis suavis-aimi. Erat is olim per illam vastissimam Caledoniu sylvam frequens, sed humana ingluvie jam assumptus tribus tantum locis est reliquus, Strivilingii, Cumbernaldie, et Kincarnie. — LESLEUS, Scotie Descriptio, p. 13.

445. Stern Claud replied, with darkening

Lord Claud Hamilton, second son of the Duke of Chatelherault, and commendator of the Abbey of Paisley, acted a distinguished part during the troubles of Queen Mary's reign. and remained unalterably attached to the cause of that unfortunate princess. He led the van of her army at the fatal battle of Langside, and was one of the commanders at the Raid of Stirling, which had so nearly given complete success to the Queen's faction. He was ancestor of the present Marquis of Abercorn.

445. Few suns have set since Woodhouselee.

This barony, stretching along the banks of the Esk, near Auchendinny, belonged to Bothwellhaugh, in right of his wife. The ruins of the mansion, from whence she was expelled in the brutal manner which occasioned her death, are still to be seen in a hollow glen beside the river. Popular report tenants them with the restless ghost of the Lady Bothwellhaugh; whom, however, it confounds with Lady Anne Postbaell whose Lament is so popular. This Bothwell, whose Lament is so popular. This spectre is so tenacious of her rights, that, a part of the stones of the ancient edifice having been employed in building or repairing the present Woodhouselee, she has deemed it a part of her privilege to haunt that house also; and, even of very late years, has excited considerable dis-turbance and terror among the domestics. This is a more remarkable vindication of the rights of ghosts, as the present Woodhouselee, which gives his title to the Honourable Alexander Fraser Tytler, a senator of the College of Justice, is situated on the slope of the Pentland hills, distant at least four miles from her proper abode. She always appears in white, and with her child in her arms.

446. Prives to the leap his juded steed.

Birrel informs us, that Bothwellhaugh, bei closely pursued, "after that spur and wa had failed him, drew forth his dagger, a strocke his horse behind, whilk caused t by whilk means he escapit, and gat away fro all the rest of the horses."—Birrel.' Dist p. 18.

446. From the wild Border's humbled sia

Murray's death took place shortly after expedition to the Borders; which is thus co memorated by the author of his elegy :-

"So having stablischt all things in this sort, To Liddisdaill agane he did resort: Throw Ewisdail, Eskdail, and all the da

rode he,

And also lay three nights in Cannabie, Whair na prince lay thir hundred yeiris befo Nae thief durst stir, they did him feir sa sair And, that thay suld na mair thair thift allege Threescore and twelf he brocht of thame pledge,

Syne wardit thame, whilk maid the rest ke ordour:

Than mycht the rasch-bus keep ky on t Border. Scottish Poems, 16th century, p. 2

446. With hackbut bent, my secret stand

Harkbut Fent - Gun cocked The carbi with which the Regent was shot, is preserv at Hamilton Polace. It is a brass piece, of middling length, very small in the bore, at what is rather extraordinary, appears to he been rifled or indented in the barrel. It has matchlock, for which a modern firelock I been injudiciously substituted,

446. Park Merton, girt with many a spe-

Of this noted person, it is enough to say, the he was active in the murder of David Rizz and at least privy to that of Darnley.

446 The wild Macfarlanes' plaided clan

This clan of Lennox Highlanders was tached to the Regent Murray Hollinsh speaking of the battle of Langside, says, Hollinsh this batayle the vallancie of an Heiland genman, named Macfarlane, stood the Reger part in great steede; for, in the hottest bru of the fighte, he came up with two hundred his friendes and countrymen, and so manft give in upon the flankes of the Queen's peop that he was a great cause of the disordering them. This Macfarlane had been lately befo as I have heard, condemned to die, for so outrage by him committed, and obtaining p don through suyte of the Countess of Murr he recompensed that elemencie by this piece service now at this batayle." Calderwoo account is less favourable to the Macfarlan

